Parsons's Select

British Classics,

a well chosen Collection of

CLASSICAL ESSAYS,

By the most esteemed & admired Authors.

VOL. 12.

Containing the Eighth Volume of the

SPECTATOR.

LONDON.

Printed for J. Parsons, N.° 21. Paternoster Row.

1793.

THE SPECTATOR.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

LONDON:

Printed for J. PARSONS, No. 21, Paternoster-Row.

1793.

24 SEP 1941

TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, Eſq.

THE ſeven former volumes of the *Spectator* having been dedicated to ſome of the moſt celebrated perſons of the age, I take leave to inſcribe this eighth and laſt to you, as to a gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the beſt company.

You are now wholly retired from the buſy part of mankind, and at leiſure to reflect upon your paſt atchievements; for which reaſon I look upon you as a perſon very well qualified for a dedication.

I may poſſibly diſappoint my readers, and yourſelf too, if I do not endeavour on this occaſion to make the world acquainted with your virtues. And here, Sir, I ſhall not compliment you upon your birth, perſon, or fortune; nor any other the like perfections, which you poſſeſs whether you will or no: but ſhall only touch upon thoſe, which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one muſt allow you have a real merit.

Your janty air and eaſy motion, the volubility of your diſcourſe, the ſuddenneſs of your laugh, the management of your ſnuff-box, with the whiteneſs of your hands and teeth, (which have juſtly gained you the envy of the moſt polite part of the male world, and the love of the greateſt beauties in the female) are intirely to be aſcribed to your own perſonal genius and application.

You are formed for theſe accompliſhments by a happy turn of nature, and have finiſhed yourſelf in them by the utmoſt improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of theſe qualifications (whatever may be the ſecret ambition of his heart) muſt never hope to make the figure you have done, among the faſhionable part of his ſpecies. It is therefore no wonder, we ſee ſuch multitudes of aſpiring young men fall ſhort of you in all theſe beauties of your character, notwithſtanding the ſtudy and practice of them is the whole buſineſs of their lives. But I need not tell you that the free and diſengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many aukward beaus, as the eaſineſs of your favourite *Waller* hath made inſipid poets.

At preſent you are content to aim all your charms at your own ſpouſe, without farther thought of miſchief to any others of the ſex. I know you had formerly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals who call themſelves philoſophers; and yet, to your honour be it ſpoken, there is not a ſage of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one of the moſt important points of life: I mean in that generous diſregard of popular opinion which you ſhewed ſome years ago, when you choſe for your wife an obſcure young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly

ly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if ſhe could but reckon up their names.

I muſt own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confeſſed your age, and from eight and forty (where you had ſtuck ſo many years) very ingeniouſly ſtepped into your grand climacteric. Your deportment has ſince been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, you make a regular appearance every quarter-ſeſſions among your brothers of the *Quorum*; and if things go on as they do, ſtand fair for being a colonel of the militia. I am told that your time paſſes away as agreeably in the amuſements of a country life, as it ever did in the gallantries of the town: and that you now take as much pleaſure in the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in the cutting down of your old ones. In ſhort, we hear from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look into your own eſtate.

After having ſpoken thus much of my patron, I muſt take the privilege of an author in ſaying ſomething of myſelf. I ſhall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purpoſely omitted ſetting thoſe marks to the end of every paper, which appeared in my former volumes, that you may have an opportunity of ſhewing Mrs. *Honeycomb* the ſhrewdneſs of your conjectures, by aſcribing every ſpeculation to its proper author: though you know how often many profound critics in ſtyle and ſentiments have very judiciouſly erred in this particular, before they were let into the ſecret.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt faithful

humble ſervant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE

SPECTATOR.

No. DLVI. TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1714.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina paſtus,
Frigida ſub terrâ tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc poſitis novus exuviis, nitiduſque juventâ,
Lubrica convolvit ſublato pectore terga
Arduus ad ſolem, & linguis micat ore triſulcis.

VIRG.

So ſhines renew'd in youth, the creſted ſnake,
Who ſlept the winter in a thorny brake;
And caſting off his ſlough, when ſpring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Reſtor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent ſides
Reflect the ſun, and rais'd on ſpires he rides:
High o'er the graſs hiſſing he rolls along,
And brandiſhes by fits his forky tongue. DRYDEN.

UPON laying down the office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the world with my deſign of electing a new club, and of opening my mouth in it after a moſt ſolemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now paſt; but not finding it ſo eaſy, as I at firſt imagined, to break through a fifty years ſilence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, till I had arrived at a full freedom of ſpeech.

I ſhall reſerve for another time the hiſtory of ſuch club or clubs of which I am now a talkative, but unworthy

worthy member; and ſhall here give an account of this ſurpriſing change which has been produced in me, and which I looked upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in Hiſtory, ſince that which happened to the ſon of Crœſus, after having been many years as much tongue-tied as myſelf,

Upon the firſt opening of my mouth, I made a ſpeech, conſiſting of about half a dozen well-turned periods; but grew ſo very hoarſe upon it, that for three days together, inſtead of finding the uſe of my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite loſt it. Beſides, the unuſual extenſion of my muſcles, on this occaſion, made my face ach on both ſides to ſuch a degree, that nothing but an invincible reſolution and perſeverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monoſyllables.

I afterwards made ſeveral eſſays towards ſpeaking; and that I might not be ſtartled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I uſed to read aloud in my chamber, and have often ſtood in the middle of the ſtreet to call a coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to ſpeak much by myſelf, and to draw upon me the whole attention of thoſe I converſed with, I uſed, for ſome time, to walk every morning in the Mall, and talk in chorus with a parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modeſty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are ſo very ſociable, as to think they are never better company, than when they are all ſpeaking at the ſame time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female converſation, and that I ſhould have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myſelf into an aſſembly of ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them; and found that if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The

The coffee-houſes have ever ſince been my chief places of reſort, where I have made the greateſt improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular care never to be of the ſame opinion with the man I converſed with. I was a tory at Button's, and a whig at Child's, a friend to the Engliſhmen, or an advocate for the Examiner, as it beſt ſerved my turn; ſome fancy me a great enemy to the French king, though in reality, I only make uſe of him for a help to diſcourſe. In ſhort, I wrangle and diſpute for exerciſe; and have carried this point ſo far that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

——————Nil fuit unquam
Tam diſpar ſibi —————— Hor.

Nothing was ever ſo unlike itſelf.

My old acquaintance ſcarce know me; nay I was aſked the other day by a Jew at Jonathan's, whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman, who uſed to come to that coffee-houſe? But I think I never was better pleaſed in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it acroſs the table with a young templar, his companion gave him a pull by the ſleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in diſcourſe, I ſhall appear in the world with this addition to my character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new-acquired loquacity.

Thoſe who have been preſent at public diſputes in the univerſity, know that it is uſual to maintain hereſies for argument's ſake. I have heard a man a moſt impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox divine all his life after. I have taken the ſame method to accompliſh myſelf in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelvemonth, not ſo much for the benefit of my hearers, as of myſelf. But ſince I have now gained the faculty, I have been ſo long endeavouring

deavouring after, I intend to make a right uſe of it, and ſhall think myſelf obliged, for the future, to ſpeak always in truth and ſincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practiſes both on friend and foe; but when he is a maſter in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right ſide.

That this laſt alluſion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my deſign in this paper, I muſt here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no intereſts but thoſe of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but thoſe of vice and folly. Though I make more noiſe in the world than I uſed to do, I am ſtill reſolved to act in it as an indifferent Spectator. It is not my ambition to increaſe the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wiſe and good men, and I could heartily wiſh there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me ſufficient matter to work upon, without deſcending to thoſe which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of counſellors there is ſafety, we ought to think ourſelves the ſecureſt nation in the world. Moſt of our garrats are inhabited by ſtateſmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a ſhift to keep themſelves from ſtarving, by taking into their care the properties of their fellow-ſubjects.

As theſe politicians of both ſides have already worked the nation into a moſt unnatural ferment, I ſhall be ſo far from endeavouring to raiſe it to a greater height, that, on the contrary, it ſhall be the chief tendency of my papers, to inſpire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by thoſe reproaches, which they caſt upon one another. The moſt likely method of rectifying any man's conduct, is by recommending to him the principles of truth and honour, religion and virtue; and ſo long as he acts with an eye to theſe principles, whatever party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good Engliſhman, and a lover of his country.

As

As for the perſons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at leaſt of ſuch as deſire it, ſhall be publiſhed hereafter: till which time I muſt intreat the curious reader to ſuſpend his curioſity, and rather to conſider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjuſted all neceſſary preliminaries with my reader, I ſhall not trouble him with any more prefatory diſcourſes, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with ſpeculations on every uſeful ſubject that falls in my way.

No. DLVII. MONDAY, JUNE 21.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyrioſque bilingues.
VIRG.

He fears th' ambiguous race, and Tyrians double-tongu'd.

THERE is nothing, ſays Plato, ſo delightful as the hearing or the ſpeaking of truth. For this reaſon there is no converſation ſo agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following paſſage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cauſe of his client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a ſingle witneſs in a point where the law required the teſtimony of two perſons; upon which the advocate inſiſted on the integrity of that perſon whom he had produced: but the Prætor told him, that where the law required two witneſſes he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himſelf. Such a ſpeech from a perſon who ſat at the head

head of a court of juſtice, while Cato was ſtill living, ſhews us, more than a thouſand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his ſincerity.

When ſuch an inflexible integrity is a little ſoftned and qualified by the rules of converſation and good-breeding, there is not a more ſhining virtue in the whole catalogue of ſocial duties. A man however ought to take great care not to poliſh himſelf out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This ſubject is exquiſitely treated in the moſt elegant ſermon of the great Britiſh preacher. I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe out of it two or three ſentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I ſhall make the chief entertainment of this ſpeculation.

'The old Engliſh plainneſs and ſincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honeſty of diſpoſition, which always argues true greatneſs of mind, and is uſually accompanied with undaunted courage and reſolution, is in a great meaſure loſt among us.

'The dialect of converſation is now-a-days ſo ſwelled with vanity and compliment, and ſo ſurfeited (as I may ſay) of expreſſions of kindneſs and reſpect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago ſhould return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to underſtand his own language, and to know the true intrinſic value of the phraſe in faſhion; and would hardly, at firſt, believe at what a low rate the higheſt ſtrains and expreſſions of kindneſs imaginable do commonly paſs in current payment; and when he ſhould come to underſtand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himſelf, with a good countenance and a good conſcience, to converſe with men upon equal terms and in their own way.

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curioſity, and which may ſerve as an exemplification to the foregoing paſſage cited out of this moſt excellent prelate. It is ſaid to have been written in King Charles II's reign by the ambaſſador of Bantam, a little after his arrival in England.

Maſter,

'Master,

'THE people, where I now am, have tongues further 'from their hearts than from London to Bantam, 'and thou knoweſt the inhabitants of one of theſe 'places do not know what is done in the other. They 'call thee and thy ſubjects Barbarians, becauſe we ſpeak 'what we mean; and account themſelves a civilized peo-'ple, becauſe they ſpeak one thing and mean another: truth 'they call barbarity, and falſehood politeneſs. Upon my 'firſt landing, one who was ſent from the king of this place 'to meet me, told me, "That he was extremely ſorry "for the ſtorm I had met with juſt before my arrival." 'I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himſelf 'upon my account; but in leſs than a quarter of an 'hour he ſmiled, and was as merry as if nothing had 'happened. Another who came with him, told me by 'my interpreter, "He ſhould be glad to do me any ſer-'vice that lay his power." Upon which I deſired him 'to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but inſtead 'of ſerving me according to his promiſe, he laughed, 'and bid another do it. I lodged, the firſt week, at 'the houſe of one who deſired me "to think myſelf at 'home, and to conſider his houſe as my own." Ac-'cordingly, I the next morning began to knock down 'one of the walls of it, in order to let in the freſh air, 'and had packed up ſome of the houſehold-goods, of 'which I intended to have made thee a preſent; but 'the falſe varlet no ſooner ſaw me falling to work, but 'he ſent word to deſire me to give over, for that he 'would have no ſuch doings in his houſe. I had not 'been long in this nation, before I was told by one, 'for whom I had aſked a certain favour from the chief 'of the king's ſervants, whom they here call the 'Lord-Treaſurer, that I had "eternally obliged 'him." I was ſo ſurpris'd at this gratitude, that I 'could not forbear ſaying, what ſervice is there which 'one man can do for another, that can oblige him to 'all eternity! However I only aſked him for my re-'ward, that he would lend me his eldeſt daughter

'during my ſtay in this country; but I quickly 'found that he was as treacherous as the reſt of 'his countrymen.

'At my firſt going to court, one of the great men 'almoſt put me out of countenance, by aſking "ten 'thouſand pardons" of me for only treading by acci-'dent upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a com-'pliment; for when they are civil to a great man, 'they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldſt or-'der any of thy officers of ſtate to receive an hundred 'blows upon his foot. I do not know how I ſhall 'negociate any thing with this people, ſince there is 'ſo little credit to be given to them. When I go to 'ſee the king's ſcribe, I am generally told that he is 'not at home, though perhaps I ſaw him go into his 'houſe almoſt the very moment before. Thou wouldeſt 'fancy that the whole nation are phyſicians, for the 'firſt queſtion they always aſk me, is, "How I do:" 'I have this queſtion put to me above a hundred times 'a day. Nay, they are not only thus inquiſitive after 'my health, but wiſh it in a more ſolemn manner, 'with a full glaſs in their hands, every time I ſit with 'them at table, though at the ſame time they would per-'ſuade me to drink their liquors in ſuch quantities as 'I have found by experience will make me ſick. They 'often pretend to pray for thy health alſo in the ſame 'manner; but I have more reaſon to expect it from 'the goodneſs of thy conſtitution, than the ſincerity 'of their wiſhes. May thy ſlave eſcape in ſafety from 'this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay 'himſelf once more at thy feet in thy royal city of 'Bantam.

WEDNESDAY,

No. DLVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam ſibi ſortem
Seu ratio dederit, ſeu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat: laudet diverſa ſequentes?
O Fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contrà mercator, navim jactantibus auſtris,
Militia eſt potior. Quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum conſultor ubi ottia pulſat.
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem eſt,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeò ſunt multa) loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quò rem deducam. Siquis Deus, en Ego, dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modò miles,
Mercator: tu conſultus modò, ruſticus. Hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis diſcedite partibus. Eja,
Quid ſtatis? Nolint. Atqui licet eſſe beatis. Hor.

Whence is't, Mæcenas, that ſo few approve
The ſtate they're plac'd in, and incline to rove;
Whether againſt their will by fate impos'd,
Or by conſent and prudent choice eſpous'd?
Happy the merchant! the old ſoldier cries,
Broke with fatigues, and warlike enterpriſe,
The merchant, when the dreaded hurricane
Toſſes his wealthy cargo on the main,
Applauds the wars and toils of a campaign:
There an engagement ſoon decides your doom,
Bravely to die, or come victorious home.
The lawyer vows, the farmer's life is beſt,
When, at the dawn, the clients break his reſt.
The farmer, having put in bail t'appear,
And forc'd to town cries, they are happieſt there:
With thouſands more of this inconſtant race,
Would tire e'en Fabius to relate each caſe.
Not to detain you longer, pray attend
The iſſue of all this; ſhou'd Jove deſcend,

And grant to ev'ry man his raſh demand,
To run his lengths with a neglectful hand;
Firſt, grant the haraſs'd warrior a releaſe,
Bid him go trade, and try the faithleſs ſeas,
To purchaſe treaſure and declining eaſe:
Next, call the pleader from his learned ſtrife,
To the calm bleſſings of a country life:
And, with theſe ſeparate demands diſmiſs
Each ſuppliant to enjoy the promis'd bliſs:
Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,
Tho' profer'd to be happy from above. HORNECK.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates that if all the misfortunes of mankind were caſt into a public ſtock, in order to be equally diſtributed among the whole ſpecies, thoſe, who now think themſelves the moſt unhappy, would prefer the ſhare they are already poſſeſſed of, before that which would fall to them by ſuch a diviſion. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardſhips or misfortunes we lie under, are more eaſy to us than thoſe of any other perſon would be, in caſe we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on theſe two remarks, and ſeated in my elbow-chair, I inſenſibly fell aſleep; when on a ſudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by by Jupiter, that every mortal ſhould bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpoſe. I took my ſtand in the centre of it, and ſaw with a great deal of pleaſure the whole human ſpecies marching one after another, and throwing down their ſeveral loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that ſeemed to riſe above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy ſhape, who was very active in this ſolemnity. She carried a magnifying glaſs in one of her hands, and was clothed in a looſe flowing robe, embroidered with ſeveral figures of fiends and ſpectres, that diſcovered themſelves in a

thouſand

thouſand chimerical ſhapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was ſomething wild and diſtracted in her looks. Her name was *Fancy*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiouſly aſſiſted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his ſhoulders. My heart melted within me to ſee my fellow-creatures groaning under their reſpective burdens, and to conſider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however ſeveral perſons who gave me great diverſion upon this occaſion. I obſerved one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloke, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I diſcovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers ſaddled with very whimſical burdens compoſed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they ſighed as if their hearts would break under theſe burdens of calamities, they could not perſuade themſelves to caſt them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, ſhook their heads and marched away, as heavy-loaden as they came. I ſaw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and ſeveral young ones who ſtripped themſelves of a tawny ſkin. There were very great heaps of red noſes, large lips, and ruſty teeth. The truth of it is, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the greateſt part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Obſerving one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he diſpoſed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miſeries. There were likewiſe diſtempers of all ſorts, though I could not but obſerve that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diſeaſes incident to human nature and was in the hand of a great many fine people: This was called the ſpleen. But what moſt of all

ſurpriſed me, was a remark I made, that there was not one ſingle vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: At which I was very much aſtoniſhed, having concluded within myſelf, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his paſſions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not queſtion came loaden with his crimes: but upon ſearching into his bundle, I found that inſtead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthleſs rogue who flung away his modeſty inſtead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus caſt their burdens, the phantom which had been ſo buſy on this occaſion, ſeeing me an idle Spectator of what paſſed, approached towards me. I grew uneaſy at her preſence, when of a ſudden ſhe held her magnifying glaſs full before my eyes. I no ſooner ſaw my face in it, but was ſtartled at the ſhortneſs of it, which now appeared to me in its utmoſt aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a maſk. It happened very luckily, that one who ſtood by me had juſt before thrown down his viſage, which, it ſeems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a moſt ſhameful length; I believe the very chin was, modeſtly ſpeaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourſelves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune for thoſe of another perſon. But as there aroſe many new incidents in the ſequel of my viſion, I ſhall reſerve them for the ſubject of my next paper.

FRIDAY,

No. DLIX. FRIDAY, JUNE, 25.

Quid cauſæ eſt meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet, neque ſe fore poſthac
Tam facilum dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem? HOR.

Where is not juſt that Jove provok'd to heat,
Shou'd drive theſe triflers from the hollow'd ſeat,
And unrelenting ſtand when they intreat?
HORNECK.

IN my laſt paper, I gave my reader a ſight of that mountain of miſeries, which was made up of thoſe ſeveral calamities that afflict the minds of men. I ſaw, with unſpeakable pleaſure, the whole ſpecies thus delivered from its ſorrows: though at the ſame time, as we ſtood round the heap, and ſurveyed the ſeveral materials of which it was compoſed, there was ſcarce a mortal, in this vaſt multitude, who did not diſcover what he thought pleaſures and bleſſings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confuſion of miſeries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter iſſued out a ſecond proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction and to return to his habitation with any ſuch other bundle as ſhould be delivered to him.

Upon this, *Fancy* began again to beſtir herſelf, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confuſion at this time was not to be expreſſed. Some obſervations, which I made upon the occaſion, I ſhall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his eſtate, ſnatched up an undutiful ſon, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceleſs youth, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains

brains out; ſo that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his ſon again, and give back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-ſlave who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their ſtead, but made ſuch wry faces, that one might eaſily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleaſant enough to ſee the ſeveral exchanges that were made, for ſickneſs againſt poverty, hunger againſt want of appetite, and care againſt pain.

The female world were very buſy among themſelves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a ſhort waiſt for a pair of round ſhoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a loſt reputation: but on all theſe occaſions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemiſh, as ſoon as ſhe had got it into her poſſeſſion, much more diſagreeable than the old one. I made the ſame obſervation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the aſſembly brought upon himſelf, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befal us are in ſome meaſure ſuited and proportioned to our ſtrength, or that every evil becomes more ſupportable by our being accuſtomed to it, I ſhall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-ſhaped perſon with a ſtone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had ſtruck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole aſſembly of ladies who uſed to admire him, with a pair of ſhoulders peeping over his head.

I muſt not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long viſage had no ſooner taken upon him my ſhort face, but he made ſuch a groteſque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myſelf, inſomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was ſo ſenſible

of

of the ridicule, that I found he was aſhamed of what he had done: on the other ſide I found that I myſelf had no great reaſon to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I miſſed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Beſides, as my noſe was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at ſome other part of it. I ſaw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the ſame ridiculous circumſtances. Theſe had made a fooliſh ſwop between a couple of thick bandy-legs, and two long trapſticks that had no calfs to them. One of theſe looked like a man walking upon ſtilts, and was ſo lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made ſuch aukward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he ſcarce knew how to move forward upon his new ſupporters: obſerving him to be a pleaſant kind of a fellow I ſtuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at laſt diſtributed among the two ſexes, who made a moſt piteous ſight, as they wandered up and down under the preſſure of their ſeveral burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compaſſion on the poor mortals, ordered them a ſecond time to lay down their loads, with a deſign to give every one his own again. They diſcharged themſelves with a great deal of pleaſure; after which, the phantom who led them into ſuch groſs deluſions, was commanded to diſappear. There was ſent in her ſtead a goddeſs of a quite different figure: her motions were ſteady and compoſed, and her aſpect ſerious but cheerful. She every now and then caſt her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was *Patience*. She had no ſooner placed herſelf by the mount of ſorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap ſunk to ſuch a degree, that it did not appear a third part ſo big as it was before. She afterwards returned

returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the moſt commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleaſed that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Beſides the ſeveral pieces of morality to be drawn out of this viſion, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happineſs of another, ſince it is impoſſible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's ſufferings; for which reaſon alſo I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the ſorrows of my fellow-creatures with ſentiments of humanity and compaſſion.

No. DLX. MONDAY, JUNE 28.

—Verba intermiſſa retentat. Ovid.

He tries his tongue, his ſilence ſoftly breaks. Dryden.

EVERY one has heard of the famous conjurer, who according to the opinion of the vulgar, has ſtudied himſelf dumb; for which reaſon, as it is believed, he delivers out all his oracles in writing. Be that as it will, the blind Tireſias was not more famous in Greece, than this dumb artiſt has been for ſome years laſt paſt, in the cities of London and Weſtminſter. Thus much for the profound gentleman who honours me with the following epiſtle.

'SIR, From my cell, June 24, 1714.

'BEING informed that you have lately got the uſe of your tongue, I have ſome thoughts of following your example, that I may be a fortune-teller properly ſpeaking. I am grown weary of my taciturnity, and having ſerved my country many years

'under

'under the title of the dumb doctor, I ſhall now pro-
'phesy by word of mouth, and (as Mr. Lee ſays of
'the magpye, who you know was a great fortune tel-
'ler among the ancients) chatter futurity. I have hi-
'therto choſen to receive queſtions and return anſwers
'in writing, that I might avoid the tedioufneſs and
'trouble of debates, my queriſts being generally of a
'humour to think, that they have never predictions
'enough for their money. In ſhort, Sir, my caſe has
'been ſomething like that of thoſe diſcreet animals the
'monkeys, who, as the Indians tell us, can ſpeak if
'they would, but purpoſely avoid it that they may not
'be made to work. I have hitherto gained a livelihood
'by holding my tongue, but ſhall now open my mouth
'in order to fill it. If I appear a little word-bound in
'my firſt ſolutions and reſponſes, I hope it will not be
'imputed to any want of foreſight, but to the long
'diſuſe of ſpeech. I doubt not by this invention to
'have all my former cuſtomers over again; for if I have
'promiſed any of them lovers or huſbands, riches or
'good luck, it is my deſign to confirm to them *viva*
'*voce*, what I have already given them under my hand.
'If you will honour me with a viſit, I will compliment
'you with the firſt opening of my mouth, and if you
'pleaſe you may make an entertaining dialogue out of the
'converſation of two dumb men. Excuſe this trouble
'worthy Sir, from one who has been a long time.

'Your ſilent admirer,

'CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.'

I have received the following letter, or rather *billet-doux*, from a pert young baggage, who congratulates with me upon the ſame occaſion.

'Dear Mr. Prate-apace, June 23, 1714.

'I AM a member of a female ſociety who call our-
'ſelves the Chit-chat club, and am ordered by the
'whole ſiſterhood, to congratulate you upon the uſe of
'your tongue. We have all of us a mighty mind to
'hear you talk, and if you will take your place among

'us

'us for an evening, we have unanimouſly agreed to 'allow you one minute in ten, without interruption.

'I am, SIR,

'Your humble ſervant,

'S. T.'

P.S. 'You may find us at my lady Betty Clack's, who 'will leave orders with her porter, that if an elderly 'gentleman, with a ſhort face enquires for her, he ſhall 'be admitted and no queſtions aſked.'

As this particular paper ſhall conſiſt wholly of what I have received from my correſpondents, I ſhall fill up the remaining part of it with other congratulatory letters of the ſame nature.

'SIR, Oxford, June 25.

'WE are here wonderfully pleaſed with the open-'ing of your mouth, and very frequently open 'ours in approbation of your deſign; eſpecially ſince 'we find you are reſolved to preſerve your taciturnity as 'to all party matters. We do not queſtion but you are 'as great an orator as Sir Hudibras, of whom the poet 'ſweetly ſings,

——He could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

'If you will ſend us down the half-dozen well-turned 'periods, that produced ſuch diſmal effects in your 'muſcles, we will depoſit them near an old manuſcript 'of Tully's Orations, among the archives of the uni-'verſity; for we all agree with you, that there is not a 'more remarkable accident recorded in hiſtory, ſince 'that which happened to the ſon of Crœſus, nay I 'believe you might have gone higher, and have added 'Balaam's aſs. We are impatient to ſee more of your 'productions and expect what words will next fall from 'you, with as much attention as thoſe who were ſet

'to

'to watch the ſpeaking head, which Friar Bacon for-
'merly erected in this place.

'We are, worthy SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervants,

'B. R. T. D. &c.'

'Honeſt Spec, Middle-temple, June 24.

'I AM very glad to hear that thou beginneſt to prate;
'and find, by thy yeſterday's viſion, thou art ſo uſed
'to it that thou canſt not forbear talking in thy ſleep.
'Let me only adviſe thee to ſpeak like other men, for
'I am afraid thou wilt be very queer, if thou doſt not
'intend to uſe the phraſes in faſhion, as thou calleſt
'them in thy ſecond paper. Haſt thou a mind to paſs
'for a Bantamite, or to make us all Quakers? I do
'aſſure thee, dear Spec, I am not poliſhed out of my
'veracity, when I ſubſcribe myſelf

'Thy conſtant admirer,

'and humble ſervant

'FRANK TOWNLY.'

No. DLXI. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30.

——————Paulatim abolere Sichæum
Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos deſuetaque corda. VIRG.

But he——————
Works in the pliant boſom of the fair,
And molds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love reſign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind. DRYDEN.

'SIR,

'I AM a tall, broad-ſhoulder'd, impudent, black fel-
'low, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a
'rich widow: but, after having tried my fortune
'for above three years together, I have not been able
'to get one ſingle relict in the mind. My firſt attacks

'were generally ſucceſsful, but always broke off as ſoon 'as they came to the word *ſettlement*. Though I have 'not improved my fortune this way, I have my expe-'rience, and have learned ſeveral ſecrets which may be 'of uſe to thoſe unhappy gentlemen, who are common-'ly diſtinguiſhed by the name of widow-hunters, and 'who do not know that this tribe of women are, gene-'rally ſpeaking, as much upon the catch as themſelves. 'I ſhall here communicate to you the myſteries of a cer-'tain female cabal of this order, who call themſelves 'the *widow-club*. This club conſiſts of nine experi-'enced dames, who take their places once a week round 'a large oval table.

'I. Mrs. Preſident is a perſon who has diſpoſed of ſix 'huſbands, and is now determined to take a ſeventh; 'being of opinion that there is as much virtue in the 'touch of a ſeventh huſband as of a ſeventh ſon. Her 'comrades are as follow.

'II. Mrs. *Snap*, who has four jointures, by four dif-'ferent bed-fellows, of four different ſhires. She is at 'preſent upon the point of marriage with a Middleſex 'man, and is ſaid to have an ambition of extending her 'poſſeſſions through all the counties in England, on this 'ſide the Trent.

'III. Mrs. *Medlar*, who, after two huſbands and a 'gallant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of ſixty. 'Upon her making her report to the club after a 'week's cohabitation, ſhe is ſtill allowed to ſit as 'a widow, and accordingly takes her place at the 'board.

'IV. The widow *Quick*, married within a fortnight 'after the death of her laſt huſband. Her weeds have 'ſerved her thrice, and are ſtill as good as new.

'V. Lady *Catharine Swallow*. She was a widow 'at eighteen, and has ſince buried a ſecond huſband and 'two coachmen.

'VI. The Lady *Waddle*. She was married in the 15th 'year of her age to Sir *Simon Waddle*, knight, aged 'threeſcore and twelve, by whom ſhe had twins nine

months

'months after his deceaſe. In the 55th year of her 'age ſhe was married to *James Spindle* Eſq; a youth 'of one and twenty, who did not out-live the honey-'moon.

'VII. *Deborah Conqueſt.* The caſe of this lady is 'ſomething particular. She is the relict of Sir *Samp-'ſon Conqueſt*, ſome time Juſtice of the quorum. Sir '*Sampſon* was ſeven foot high, and two foot in 'breadth from the tip of one ſhoulder to the other. 'He had married three wives, who all of them died 'in child-bed. This terrified the whole ſex, who 'none of them durſt venture on Sir *Sampſon*. At 'length Mrs. *Deborah* undertook him, and gave ſo 'good an account of him, that in three years time ſhe 'very fairly laid him out, and meaſured his length 'upon the ground. This exploit has gained her ſo 'great a reputation in the club, that they have added 'Sir *Sampſon*'s three victories to hers, and give her 'the merit of a fourth widow-hood; and ſhe takes her 'place accordingly.

'VIII. The widow *Wildfire*, relict of Mr. *John '*Wildfire*, fox-hunter, who broke his neck over a ſix 'bar gate. She took his death ſo much to heart, that 'it was thought it would have put an end to her life, 'had ſhe not diverted her ſorrows by receiving the 'addreſſes of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, 'who made love to her in the ſecond month of her 'widowhood. This gentleman was diſcarded in a 'fortnight for the ſake of a young templar, who had 'the poſſeſſion of her for ſix weeks after, until he was 'beaten out by a broken officer, who likewiſe gave 'up his place to a gentleman at court. The courtier 'was as ſhort-lived a favourite as his predeceſſor, but 'had the pleaſure to ſee himſelf ſucceeded by a long 'ſeries of lovers, who followed the widow *Wildfire* 'to the 37th year of her age, at which time there 'enſued a ceſſation of ten years, when John Felt, 'Haberdaſher, took it in his head to be in love with 'her, and it is thought will very ſuddenly carry her off.

'IX. The laſt is pretty Mrs. *Runnet*, who broke her 'firſt huſband's heart before ſhe was ſixteen, at which 'time ſhe was entered of the club, but ſoon after left it, 'upon account of a ſecond, whom ſhe made ſo quick 'a diſpatch of, that ſhe returned to her ſeat in leſs 'than a twelvemonth. This young matron is looked 'upon as the moſt riſing member of the ſociety, and will 'probably be in the preſident's chair before ſhe dies.

'Theſe ladies, upon their firſt inſtitution, reſolv-'ed to give the pictures of their deceaſed huſbands 'to the club-room, but two of them bringing in their 'dead at full length, they covered all the walls: 'upon which they came to a ſecond reſolution, that 'every matron ſhould give her own picture, and ſet it 'round with her huſband's in miniature.

'As they have moſt of them the misfortune to be 'troubled with the colic, they have a noble cellar 'of cordials and ſtrong waters. When they grow 'maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their for-'mer partners with a tear. But aſk them which of their 'huſbands they condole, they are not able to tell you, 'and diſcover plainly that they do not weep ſo much 'for the loſs of a huſband as for the want of one.

'The principal rule, by which the whole ſociety 'are to govern themſelves, is this, to cry up the plea-'ſures of a ſingle life upon all occaſions, in order to 'deter the reſt of their ſex from marriage, and ingroſs 'the whole male world to themſelves.

'They are obliged when any one makes love to 'a member of the ſociety, to communicate his 'name, at which time the whole aſſembly ſit upon 'his reputation, perſon, fortune, and good humour: 'and if they find him qualified for a ſiſter of the 'club, they lay their heads together how to make 'him ſure. By this means they are acquainted with 'all the widow-hunters about town, who often af-'ford them great diverſion. There is an honeſt Iriſh 'gentleman, it ſeems, who knows nothing of this ſo-'ciety, but at different times has made love to the 'whole club.

Their

'Their converſation often turns upon their former huſbands, and it is very diverting to hear them relate their ſeveral arts and ſtratagems, with which they amuſed the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the good-natured man, until at laſt, to uſe the club phraſe, "they ſent him out of the houſe with his heels foremoſt."

'The politics, which are moſt cultivated by this ſociety of ſhe-Machiavels relate chiefly to theſe two points, how to treat a lover, and how to manage a huſband. As for the firſt ſet of artifices, they are too numerous to come within the compaſs of your paper, and ſhall therefore be reſerved for a ſecond letter.

'The management of a huſband is built upon the following doctrines, which are univerſally aſſented to by the whole club. Not to give him his head at firſt. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the world. Not to leſſen any thing of her former figure. To celebrate the generoſity, or any other virtue, of a deceaſed huſband, which ſhe would recommend to his ſucceſſor. To turn away all his old friends and ſervants, that ſhe may have the dear man to herſelf. To make him diſinherit the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection, till he has made over to her all his goods and chattles.

'After ſo long a letter, I am, without more ceremony,

'Your humble ſervant, &c.

No. DLXII. FRIDAY, JULY 2.

——Præſens, abſens ut ſies. TER.

Be preſent at if abſent.

"IT is a hard and nice ſubject for a man to ſpeak of "himſelf, ſays Cowley; it grates his own heart to "ſay any thing of diſparagement, and the reader's ears "to hear any thing of praiſe from him." Let the tenour of his diſcourſe be what it will upon this ſubject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An oſtentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an abſurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear perſon.

Some very great writers have been guilty of this fault. It is obſerved of Tully in particular, that his works run very much in the firſt perſon, and that he takes all occaſions of doing himſelf juſtice. 'Does he 'think, ſays Brutus, that his conſulſhip deſerves more 'applauſe than my putting Cæſar to death, becauſe I 'am not perpetually talking of the ides of March, as he 'is of the nones of December?' I need not acquaint my learned reader, that in the ides of March Brutus deſtroyed Cæſar, and that Cicero quaſhed the conſpiracy of Catiline in the calends of December. How ſhocking ſoever this great man's talking of himſelf might have been to his contemporaries, I muſt confeſs I am never better pleaſed than when he is on this ſubject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough inſight into his perſonal character, and illuſtrate ſeveral paſſages in the hiſtory of his life: beſides, that there is ſome little pleaſure in diſcovering the infirmity of a great man, and ſeeing how the opinion he has of himſelf agrees with what the world entertains of him.

The gentleman of Port Royal, who were more eminent for their learning and their humility than any other in France, baniſhed the way of ſpeaking in the firſt perſon out of all their works, as riſing from vain-glory and ſelf-conceit. To ſhew their particular averſion to it they

they branded this form of writing with the name of an egotiſm; a figure not to be found among the ancient Rhetoricians.

The moſt violent egotiſms which I have met with in the courſe of my reading, is that of Cardinal *Wolſey*, *Ego & rex meus*, *I and my king*; as perhaps the moſt eminent egotiſt that ever appeared in the world, was Montagne the author of the celebrated Eſſays. This lively old gaſcon has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works, and after having ſpoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publiſhes to the world how it ſtands with himſelf in that particular. Had he kept his own counſel he might have paſſed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been ſo diverting an author. The title of an eſſay promiſes perhaps a diſcourſe upon Virgil or Julius Cæſar; but when you look into it, you are ſure to meet with more upon Monſieur Montagne, than of either of them. The younger Scaliger, who ſeems to have been no great friend to this author, after having acquainted the world that his father ſold herrings, adds theſe words; La grande fadaiſe de Montagne, qui a ecrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc———que diable a-t-on à faire de Scavoir ce qu'il aime? For my part, ſays Montagne, I am a great lover of your white wines———What the devil ſignifies it to the public, ſays Scaliger, whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines.

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of egotiſts, for whom I have always had a mortal averſion, I mean the authors of memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raiſe all their productions out of this ſingle figure or ſpeech.

Moſt of our modern prefaces ſavour very ſtrongly of the egotiſm. Every inſignificant author fancies it of importance to the world, to know that he writ his book in the country, that he did it to paſs away ſome of his idle hours, that it was publiſhed at the importunity of friends, or that his natural temper, ſtudies or converſations, directed him to the choice of his ſubject.

———Id populus curat ſcilicet.

Such

Such informations cannot but be highly improving to the reader.

In works of humour, eſpecially when a man writes under a fictitious perſonage, the talking of one's ſelf may give ſome diverſion to the public; but I would adviſe every other writer never to ſpeak of himſelf, unleſs there be ſomething very conſiderable in his character: though I am ſenſible this rule will be of little uſe in the world, becauſe there is no man who fancies his thoughts worth publiſhing, that does not look upon himſelf as a conſiderable perſon.

I ſhall cloſe this paper with a remark upon ſuch as are egotiſts in converſation: theſe are generally the vain or ſhallow part of mankind, people being naturally full of themſelves when they have nothing elſe in them. There is one kind of egotiſts which is very common in the world, though I do not remember that any writer has taken notice of them; I mean thoſe empty conceited fellows who repeat as ſayings of their own, or ſome of their particular friends, ſeveral jeſts which were made before they were born, and which every one who has converſed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A forward young fellow of my acquaintance was very guilty of this abſurdity: he would be always laying a new ſcene for ſome old piece of wit, and telling us, that as he and Jack Such-an-one were together one or the other had ſuch a conceit on ſuch an occaſion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When his mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of Terence, *Tuumne, obſecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him ſtill incorrigible, and having a kindneſs for the young coxcomb who was otherwiſe a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his peruſal the Oxford and Cambridge jeſts, with ſeveral little pieces of pleaſantry of the ſame nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no ſmall confuſion to find that all his jokes had paſſed through ſeveral editions, and that what he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own uſe, had appeared in print before he or his ingenious friends were ever

heard

Corbould del. Engraved for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, July 6. 1793. Dadley Sculp.

heard of. This had ſo good an effect upon him that he is content at preſent to paſs for a man of plain ſenſe in his ordinary converſation, and is never facetious but when he knows his company.

No. DLXIII. MONDAY, JULY 5.

———Magni nominis Umbra. LUCAN.

The ſhadow of a mighty name.

I SHALL entertain my reader with two very curious letters. The firſt of them comes from a chimerical perſon, who I believe never writ to any body before.

'SIR,

'I AM deſcended from the ancient family of the 'Blanks, a name well known among all men of bu-'ſineſs. It is always read in thoſe little white ſpaces of 'writing which want to be filled up, and which for 'that reaſon are called Blank ſpaces, as of right ap-'pertaining to our family: for I conſider myſelf as 'the lord of a manor, who lays his claim to all waſtes 'or ſpots of ground that are unappropriated. I am a 'near kinſman to John a Styles and John a Nokes; 'and they, I am told, came in with the conqueror. 'I am mentioned oftener in both houſes of parliament 'than any other perſon in Great Britain. My name 'is written, or, more properly ſpeaking not written 'thus, I am one that can turn 'my hand to every thing and appear under any ſhape 'whatſoever. I can make myſelf man, woman, or child. 'I am ſometimes metamorphoſed into a year of our 'lord, a day of the month, or an hour of the day. 'I very often repreſent a ſum of money, and am ge-'nerally the firſt ſubſidy that is granted to the crown. 'I have now and then ſupplied the place of ſeveral thou-

'ſands

'lands of land ſoldiers, and have as frequently been 'employed in the ſea-ſervice.

'Now, Sir, my complaint is this, that I am only 'made uſe of to ſerve a turn, being always diſcarded as 'ſoon as a proper perſon is found out to fill up my place.

'If you have ever been in the play-houſe before the 'curtain riſes, you ſee moſt of the front boxes filled 'with men of my family, who for hwith turn out and 'reſign their ſtations upon the appearance of thoſe for 'whom they are retained.

'But the moſt illuſtrious branch of the Blanks are 'thoſe who are planted in high poſts till ſuch time as 'perſons of greater conſequence can be found out to ſup-'ply them. One of theſe Blanks is equally qualified 'for all offices; he can ſerve in time of need for a ſol-'dier, a politician, a lawyer, or what you pleaſe. I 'have known in my time many a brother Blank that 'has been born under a lucky planet, heap up great 'riches, and ſwell into a man of figure and importance, 'before the grandees of his party could agree among 'themſelves which of them ſhould ſtep into his place. 'Nay, I have known a Blank continue ſo long in one 'of theſe vacant poſts, (for ſuch it is to be reckoned 'all the time a Blank is in it) that he has grown too 'formidable and dangerous to be removed.

'But to return to myſelf. Since I am ſo very com-'modious a perſon, and ſo very neceſſary in all well-'regulated governments, I deſire you will take my caſe 'into conſideration, that I may be no longer made a 'tool of, and only employed to ſtop a gap. Such uſage, 'without a pun, makes me look very blank. For all 'which reaſons I humbly recommend myſelf to your 'protection, and am

'Your moſt obedient ſervant,

'BLANK.'

P.S. 'I herewith ſend you a paper drawn up by a 'country-attorney, employed by two gentlemen, whoſe 'names he was not acquainted with, and who did not 'think fit to let him into the ſecret, which they were

'tranſacting

'transacting. I heard him call it a blank inſtrument, 'and read it after the following manner. You may ſee 'by this ſingle inſtance of what uſe I am to the buſy 'world.

'I T. Blank, Eſq; of Blank town in the county of 'Blank, do own myſelf indebted in the ſum of Blank, 'to Goodman Blank, for the ſervice he did me in pro-'curing for me the goods following, Blank: and I do 'hereby promiſe the ſaid Blank to pay unto him the ſaid 'ſum of Blank, on the Blank day of the month of Blank 'next enſuing, under the penalty and forfeiture of Blank.'

I ſhall take time to conſider the caſe of this my imaginary correſpondent, and in the mean while ſhall preſent my reader with a letter which ſeems to come from a perſon that is made up of fleſh and blood.

'Good Mr. Spectator,

'I AM married to a very honeſt gentleman that is 'exceeding good-natured, and at the ſame time very 'choleric. There is no ſtanding before him when he 'is in a paſſion; but as ſoon as it is over he is the beſt-'humoured creature in the world. When he is angry 'he breaks all my china-ware that chances to lie in 'his way, and the next morning ſends me in twice as 'much as he broke the day before. I may poſitively 'ſay, that he has broke me a child's fortune ſince we 'were firſt married together.

'As ſoon as he begins to fret, down goes every 'thing that is within reach of his cane. I once pre-'vailed upon him never to carry a ſtick in his hand, 'but this ſaved me nothing; for upon ſeeing me do 'ſomething that did not pleaſe him, he kicked down a 'great jar, that coſt him above ten pounds but the week 'before. I then laid the fragments together in a heap, 'and gave him his cane again, deſiring him that if he 'chanced to be in anger, he would ſpend his paſſion upon 'the china that was broken to his hand; but the very 'next day upon my giving a wrong meſſage to one of 'the ſervants he flew into ſuch a rage, that he ſwept

'down

'down a dozen tea-dishes, which, to my misfortune, 'stood very convenient for a side blow.

'I then removed all my china into a room which he 'never frequents; but I got nothing by this neither, 'for my looking-glasses immediately went to rack.

'In short, Sir, whenever he is in a passion he in angry at every thing that is brittle; and if on such occasions he had nothing to vent his rage upon, I do 'not know whether my bones would be in safety. Let 'me beg of you, Sir, to let me know whether there be 'any cure for this unaccountable distemper; or if not, 'that you will be pleased to publish this letter: for my 'husband having a great veneration for your writings, 'will by that means know you do not approve of his 'conduct.

'I am,

'Your most humble servant, &c.'

No. DLXIV. WEDNESDAY, JULY 7.

——————————Adsit
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello. Hor.

Let rules be fix'd that may our rage contain,
And punish faults with a proportion'd pain;
And do not slay him who deserves alone
A whipping for the fault that he hath done. Creech.

IT is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions, and laying aside his prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon men and their actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private interest. But while I am thus employed myself, I cannot help observing, how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by prejudice and inclination, how readily they pronounce on every man's character, which they

which they can give in two words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. on the contrary, thoſe who ſearch thoroughly into human nature, will find it more difficult to determine the value of their fellow-creatures, and that men's characters are not thus to be given in general words. There is indeed no ſuch a thing as a perſon entirely good or bad; virtue and vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or leſs proportion, in every one; and if you would ſearch for ſome particular good quality in its moſt eminent degree of perfection, you will often find it in a mind, where it is darkened and eclipſed by an hundred other irregular paſſions.

Men have either no character at all, ſays a celebrated author, or it is that of being inconſiſtent with themſelves. They find it eaſier to join extremities, than to be uniform and of a piece. This is finely illuſtrated in Xenophon's life of Cyrus the Great. That author tells us, that Cyrus having taken a moſt beautiful lady named Panthea, the wife of Abradatus, committed her to the cuſtody of Araſpus, a young Perſian nobleman who had a little before maintained a diſcourſe, that a mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful paſſion. The young gentleman had not long been in poſſeſſion of his fair captive, when a complaint was made to Cyrus, that he not only ſolicited the lady Panthea to receive him in the room of her abſent huſband, but that finding his intreaties had no effect, he was preparing to make uſe of force. Cyrus, who loved the young man, immediately ſent for him, and in a gentle manner repreſenting to him his fault, and putting him in mind of his former aſſertion, the unhappy youth, confounded with a quick ſenſe of his guilt and ſhame, burſt out into a flood of tears, and ſpoke as follows.

"Oh Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two ſouls. "Love has taught me this piece of philoſophy. If I "had but one ſoul, it could not at the ſame time pant "after virtue and vice, wiſh and abhor the ſame thing. "It is certain therefore we have two ſouls: when the "good ſoul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous ac"tions; but when the bad ſoul predominates, I am

" forced to do evil. All I can say at present is, that I " find my good soul, encouraged by your presence, has " got the better of my bad."

I know not whether my readers will allow of this piece of philosophy; but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different passions in one and the same soul as can be supposed in two. We can hardly read the life of a great man who lived in former ages or converse with any who is eminent among our contemporaries, that is not an instance of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the partiality and injustice of giving our judgment upon men in gross, who are such a composition of virtues and vices, of good and evil, I might carry this reflexion still farther and make it extend to most of their actions. If on the one hand we fairly weighed every circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that action we at first sight condemn, in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeased with. If on the other hand we nicely examined such actions as appear most dazzling to the eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several parts, produced by a bad ambition, or directed to an ill end. The very same action may sometimes be so oddly circumstanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or punished. Those who compiled the laws of England were so sensible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their first maxims, 'It is better suffering a mischief than an inconvenience,' which is as much as to say in other words, that since no law can take in or provide for all cases, it is better private men should have some injustice done them, than that a public grievance should not be redressed. This is usually pleaded in defence of all those hardships which fall on particular persons in particular occasions, which could not be foreseen when a law was made. To remedy this however as much as possible, the court of chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates, and breaks the teeth of the common law

law, in cases of men's properties, while in criminal cases there is a power of pardoning still lodged in the crown.

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large government to distribute rewards and punishments strictly proportioned to the merits of every action. The Spartan commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this particular; and I do not remember in all my reading to have met with so nice an example of justice as that recorded by Plutarch, with which I shall close my paper for this day.

The city of Sparta being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful army of Thebans, was in very great danger of falling into the hands of their enemies. The citizens suddenly gathering themselves into a body, fought with a resolution equal to the necessity of their affairs, yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this occasion, to the amazement of both armies, as Isadas the son of Phœbidas, who was at that time in the bloom of his youth, and very remarkable for the comeliness of his person. He was coming out of the bath when the alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his clothes, much less his armour; however transported with a desire to serve his country in so great an exigency, snatching up a spear in one hand and a sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest ranks of his enemies. Nothing could withstand his fury: in what part soever he fought he put the enemies to flight without receiving a single wound. Whether, says Plutarch, he was the particular care of some god, who rewarded his valour that day with an extraordinary protection, or that his enemies struck with the unusualness of his dress and beauty of his shape, supposed him something more than man, I shall not determine.

The gallantry of this action was judged so great by the Spartans, that the Ephori, or chief magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a garland; but as soon as they had done so, fined him a thousand drachmas for going out to the battle unarmed.

No. DLXV. FRIDAY, JULY 9.

——————Deum namque ire per omnes
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum.
VIRG.

For God the whole created maſs inſpires;
Thro' heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depths he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
DRYDEN.

I WAS yeſterday about ſun-ſet walking in the open fields, till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours which appeared in the weſtern parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and by the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it. The galaxy appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To complete the ſcene, the full moon roſe at length in that clouded majeſty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the ſun had before diſcovered to us.

As I was ſurveying the moon walking in her brightneſs and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought roſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures. David himſelf fell into it in that reflexion, 'When I conſider the heavens the work of thy fin-'gers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt or-'dained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, 'and the ſon of man that thou regardeſt him!' In the ſame manner when I conſidered that infinite hoſt of ſtars, or to ſpeak more philoſophically, of ſuns, which were then ſhining upon me, with thoſe innumerable ſets of planets or worlds, which were moving round

their

their reſpective ſuns; when I ſtill enlarged the idea, and ſuppoſed another heaven of ſuns and worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ſtars do to us; in ſhort while I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant figure which I myſelf bore amidſt the immenſity of God's works.

Were the ſun, which enlightens this part of the creation with all the hoſt of planetary worlds that move about him utterly exſtinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſſed more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. The ſpace they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole that it would ſcarce make a blank in the creation. The chaſm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compaſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other; as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. We ſee many ſtars by the help of glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries. Huygenius carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light is not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt creation. there is no queſtion but the univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures

tures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection, which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another, in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfections. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent; and, in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence: his being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole frame of

of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which is diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſopher, he is a being whoſe centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence; he cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades, and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace is that of Sir Iſaac Newton, who calls it the ſenſorium of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their ſenſoriola, or little ſenſoriums, by which they apprehend the preſence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, infinite ſpace gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniſcience.

Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue

tinue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. "O that I knew where I might find him?" ſays Job, "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and back-"ward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, "where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hid-"eth himſelf on the right hand that I cannot ſee him." In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation aſſure us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

In this conſideration of God Almighty's omnipreſence and omniſcience every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, eſpecially ſuch of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occaſion: For, as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his creatures, ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them.

No. DLXVI. MONDAY, JULY 12.

Militæ ſpecies amor eſt—

Love is a kind of warfare.

AS my correſpondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think myſelf obliged to take ſome notice of them, and ſhall therefore make this paper a miſcellany of letters. I have, ſince my re-aſſuming the office of SPECTATOR, received abundance of epiſtles from gentlemen of the blade, who, I find, have been ſo uſed

uſed to action that they know not how to lie ſtill. They ſeem generally to be of opinion, that the fair at home ought to reward them for their ſervices abroad, and that, until the cauſe of their country calls them again into the field, they have a ſort of right to quarter themſelves upon the ladies. In order to favour their approaches, I am deſired by ſome to enlarge upon the accompliſhments of their profeſſion, and by others to give them my advice in carrying on their attacks. But let us hear what the gentlemen ſay for themſelves.

'Mr. Spectator,

'THOUGH it may look ſomewhat perverſe amidſt the 'arts of peace, to talk too much of war, it is but 'gratitude to pay the laſt office to its manes, ſince 'even peace itſelf is, in ſome meaſure, obliged to it for 'its being.

'You have, in your former papers, always recom-'mended the accompliſhed to the favour of the fair; 'and, I hope, you will allow me to repreſent ſome 'part of a military life not altogether unneceſſary to 'the forming a gentleman. I need not tell you, that 'in France, whoſe faſhions we have been formerly ſo 'fond of, almoſt every one derives his pretences to 'merit from the ſword; and that a man has ſcarce 'the face to make his court to a lady, without ſome cre-'dentials from the ſervice to recommend him. As the 'profeſſion is very ancient, we have reaſon to think 'ſome of the greateſt men among the old Romans de-'rived many of their virtues from it, their commanders 'being frequently in other reſpects ſome of the moſt ſhin-'ing characters of the age.

'The army not only gives a man opportunities 'of exerciſing thoſe two great virtues patience and 'courage, but often produces them in minds where they 'had ſcarce any footing before. I muſt add, that it 'is one of the beſt ſchools in the world to receive a 'general notion of mankind in, and a certain freedom 'of behaviour, which is not ſo eaſily acquired in any 'other place. At the ſame time I muſt own, that ſome

'military

'military airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a man who goes into the army a coxcomb will come out of it a ſort of public nuiſance: but a man of ſenſe, or one who before had not been ſufficiently uſed to a mixed converſation, generally takes the true turn. The court has in all ages been allowed to be the ſtandard of good-breeding; and I believe there is not a juſter obſervation in Monſieur Rochefoucault, than that "a man who has been bred up wholly to buſineſs, can never get the air of a courtier at court, but "will immediately catch it in the camp." The reaſon of this moſt certainly is, that the very eſſence of good-breeding and politeneſs conſiſts in ſeveral nicieties, which are ſo minute that they eſcape his obſervation, and he falls ſhort of the original he would copy after; but when he ſees the ſame things charged and aggravated to a fault, he no ſooner endeavours to come up to the pattern which is ſet before him, than, though he ſtops ſomewhat ſhort of that, he naturally reſts, where in reality he ought. I was, two or three days ago, mightily pleaſed with the obſervation of an humorous gentleman upon one of his friends, who was in other reſpects every way an accompliſhed perſon, That he 'wanted nothing but a daſh of the coxcomb in him;' by which he underſtood a little of that alertneſs and unconcern in the common actions of life, which is uſually ſo viſible among gentlemen of the army, and which a campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

'You will eaſily gueſs, Sir, by this my panegyric upon a military education, that I am myſelf a ſoldier, and indeed I am ſo. I remember, within three years after I had been in the army, I was ordered into the country a recruiting. I had very particular ſucceſs in this part of the ſervice, and was over and above aſſured, at my going away, that I might have taken a young lady, who was the moſt conſiderable fortune in the country along with me. I preferred the purſuit of fame at that time to all other conſiderations, and though I was not abſolutely bent on a wooden

Leg,

'leg, resolved at least to get a scar or two for the 'good of Europe. I have at present as much as I de-'sire of this sort of honour, and if you could recommend 'me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass 'the remainder of my days in the arms of some dear 'kind creature, and upon a pretty estate in the country. 'This, as I take it, would be following the example of 'Lucius Cincinnatus, the old Roman dictator, who at 'the end of a war left the camp to follow the plough. 'I am, Sir, with all imaginable respect,

'Your obedient,
'Humble servant,
'WILL WARLEY.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM a half-pay officer, and am at present with a 'friend in the country. Here is a rich widow in 'the neighbourhood, who has made fools of all the 'fox-hunters within fifty miles of hers. She declares she 'intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by the 'man she could like. She usually admits her humble 'admirers to an audience or two; but, after she has 'once given them denial, will never see them more. 'I am assured by a female relation, that I shall have 'fair play at her; but as my whole success depends on 'my first approaches, I desire your advice, whether I 'had best storm, or proceed by way of sap.

'I am, Sir,
'Yours, &c.

'P. S. I had forgot to tell you, that I have already 'carried one of her outworks, that is, secured her maid.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I Have assisted in several sieges in the low countries, 'and being still willing to employ my talents, 'as a soldier and engineer, lay down this morning at 'seven o'clock before the door of an obstinate fe-'male, who had for some time refused me admittance. 'I made a lodgment in an outer parlor about

'twelve

'twelve: the enemy retired to her bed-chamber, yet 'I ſtill purſued, and about two o'clock this afternoon 'ſhe thought fit to capitulate. Her demands are in- 'deed ſomewhat high, in relation to the ſettlement of 'her fortune. But being in poſſeſſion of the houſe, I 'intend to inſiſt upon carte blanche, and am in hopes, 'by keeping off all other pretenders for the ſpace of 'twenty-four hours, to ſtarve her into a compliance. I 'beg your ſpeedy advice, and am,

'SIR, your's,

'PETER PUSH.'

From my camp in Red Lion Square, Saturday four in the afternoon.

No. DLXVII. WEDNSDAY, JULY 14.

——Inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes. VIRG.

——The weak voice deceives their gaſping throats. DRYDEN.

I HAVE received private advice from ſome of my correſpondents, that if I would give my paper a general run, I ſhould take care to ſeaſon it with ſcandal. I have indeed obſerved of late that few writings ſell which are not filled with great names and illuſtrious titles. The reader generally caſts his eye upon a new book, and if he finds ſeveral letters ſeparated from one another by a daſh, he buys it up, and peruſes it with great ſatisfaction. An *M* and an *b*, a *T* and an *r*, with a ſhort line between them, has ſold many inſipid pamphlets. Nay I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well written &c——'s.

A ſprinkling of the words *faction*, *Frenchman*, *papiſt*, *plunderer*, and the like ſignificant terms in an italic character, have alſo a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaſer; not to mention *ſcribler*, *liar*, *rogue*, *raſcal*,

raſcal, *knave*, and *villain*, without which it is impoſſible to carry on a modern controverſy.

Our party-writers are ſo ſenſible of the ſecret virtue of an inuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q———n or P———t at length, though they ſpeak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private perſon. It gives a ſecret ſatisfaction to a peruſer of thoſe myſterious works, that he is able to decypher them without help, and, by the ſtrength of his own natural parts to fill up a blank-ſpace, or make out a word that has only the firſt or laſt letter to it.

Some of our authors indeed, when they would be more ſatirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall moſt unmercifully upon all the conſonants. This way of writing was firſt of all introduced by T--m Br--wn, of facetious memory, who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, uſed to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleaſed, without any danger of the ſtatute.

That I may imitate theſe celebrated authors, and publiſh a paper which ſhall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed ſatire, and, if he be acquainted with the preſent poſture of affairs, will eaſily diſcover the meaning of it.

'If there are four perſons in the nation who endea-
'vour to bring all things into confuſion, and ruin
'their native country, I think every honeſt Engl-ſh-
'm-n ought to be upon his guard. That there are
'ſuch, every one will agree with me, who hears me
'name *** with his firſt friend and favourite *** not
'to mention *** nor ***. The e people may cry
'ch--rch, ch--rch as long as they pleaſe, but, to make
'uſe of a homely proverb, 'The proof of the p--dd--ing
'is in the eating. This I am ſure of, that if a certain
'prince ſhould concur with a certain prelate, (and we
'have Monſieur Z———n's word for it) our poſte-
'rity would be in a ſweet p--ckle. Muſt the Britiſh

'nation ſuffer forſooth, becauſe my lady Q-p-t-s has 'been diſobliged? Or is it reaſonable that our Eng-'liſh fleet, which uſed to be the terror of the ocean, 'ſhould lie wind-bound for the ſake of a ———. I 'love to ſpeak out and declare my mind clearly, when 'I am talking for the good of my country. I will not 'make my court to an ill man, though he were a 'B———y or a T———y. Nay, I would not ſtick 'to call ſuch a politician, a traitor, an enemy to his 'country, and a bl-nd-rb-ſs, &c. &c.'

The remaining part of this political treatiſe, which is written after the manner of the moſt celebrated authors in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient ſeaſon. In the mean while I ſhalll leave this with my curious reader, as ſome ingenious writers do their enigmas, and if any ſagacious perſon can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and, if he pleaſes, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this ſhort eſſay will convince my readers, it is not for want of abilities that I avoid ſtate-tracts, and that if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a maſter of the political ſcratch as any the moſt eminent writer of the age. I ſhall only add, that in order to outſhine all this modern race of ſyncopiſts, and thoroughly content my Engliſh reader, I intend ſhortly to publiſh a Spectator, that ſhall not have a ſingle vowel in it.

No. DLXVII. FRIDAY, JULY 16.

———Dum recitas, incipit eſſe tuus. MART.

Reciting makes it thine.

I WAS yeſterday in a coffee-houſe not far from the Royal-Exchange, where I obſerved three perſons in cloſe conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own uſe, I lighted it at the little

little wax-candle that ſtood before them; and after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongſt them, ſat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader, that lighting a man's pipe at the ſame candle, is looked upon among brother ſmokers as an overture to converſation and friendſhip. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raiſing, I took up the laſt Spectator, and caſting my eye over it, 'The Spectator,' ſays I, 'is very witty to-day;' upon which a luſty lethargic old gentleman, who ſat at the upper-end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of ſmoke, which he had been collecting for ſome time before, 'Ay, ſays he, 'more 'witty than wiſe I am afraid.' His neighbour, who ſat at his right hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with ſo much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furniſhed me with a tobacco-ſtopper. I took it up very ſedately, and looking him full in the face, made uſe of it from time to time all the while he was ſpeaking: 'This fellow,' ſays he, can't for his life keep out of 'politicks. Do you ſee how he abuſes four great men 'here?' I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and aſked him if he meant thoſe who were meant by aſteriſks. 'Aſteriſks,' ſays he, 'do you call them? 'they are all of them ſtars. He might as well have put 'garters to 'em. Then pray do but mind the two or 'three next lines: ch-rch and p-dd-ng in the ſame ſen-'tence! Our clergy are very much beholden to him.' Upon this the third gentleman, who was of a mild diſpoſition, and, as I found, a whig in his heart, deſired him not to be too ſevere upon the Spectator neither; 'For,' ſays he, 'you find he is very cautious of giving 'offence, and has therefore put two daſhes into his 'pudding. A fig for his daſh,' ſays the angry politician. 'In his next ſentence he gives a plain inuendo, 'that our poſterity will be in a ſweet p-ckle. What 'does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does he not 'write it at length, if he means honeſtly? I have read

'over the whole ſentence,' ſays I, 'but I look upon 'the parentheſis in the belly of it to be the moſt dange- 'rous part, and as full of inſinuations as it can hold. 'But who,' ſays I, 'is my lady Q--p--t--s?' 'Ay, 'anſwer that if you can, Sir,' ſays the furious ſtateſ- man to the poor whig that ſat over againſt him. But without giving him time to reply, 'I do aſſure you,' ſays he, 'were I my lady Q--p--t--s, I would ſue him 'for ſcandalum magnatum. What is the world come 'to? Muſt every body be allowed to ——?' He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the laſt word of his ſentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with ſo much rage and trepidation, that he almoſt ſtifled the whole company. After a ſhort pauſe, I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too far in writing ſo many letters of my lady Q--p--t--s's name; 'but how- 'ever,' ſays I, 'he has made a little amends for it in 'his next ſentence, where he leaves a blank ſpace with- 'out ſo much as a conſonant to direct us. I mean,' ſays I, 'after thoſe words, The fleet, that uſed to be 'the terror of the ocean, ſhould be wind-bound for the 'ſake of ——————; after which enſues a chaſm, that 'in my opinion looks modeſt enough.' 'Sir,' ſays my antagoniſt, 'you may eaſily know his meaning by his 'gaping; I ſuppoſe he deſigns his chaſm, as you call it, 'for an hole to creep out at, but I believe it will 'hardly ſerve his turn. Who can endure to ſee the 'great officers of ſtate, the B-y's and T--t's treated 'after ſo ſcurrilous a manner?' 'I can't for my life,' ſays I, 'imagine who they are the Spectator means?' 'No!' ſays he!——————'Your humble ſervant, Sir!' Upon which he flung himſelf back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and ſmiled upon the old lethar- gic gentleman on his left hand, who I found was his great admirer. The whig, however had begun to con- ceive a good-will towards me, and ſeeing my pipe out, very generouſly offered me the uſe of his box; but I de- clined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At

At my leaving the coffee-houſe, I could not forbear reflecting with myſelf upon that groſs tribe of fools who may be termed the Over-wiſe, and upon the difficulty of writing any thing in this cenſorious age, which a weak head may not conſtrue into private ſatire and perſonal reflection.

A man who has a good noſe at an inuendo, ſmells treaſon and ſedition in the moſt innocent words that can be put together, and never ſees a vice or folly ſtigmatized, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatical fellow in the country, who upon reading over the Whole Duty of Man, had written the names of ſeveral perſons in the village at the ſide of every ſin which is mentioned by that excellent author; ſo that he had converted one of the beſt books in the world into a libel againſt the 'ſquire, churchwardens, overſeers of the poor, and all other the moſt conſiderable perſons in the pariſh. This book with theſe extraordinary marginal notes fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never ſeen it before; upon which there aroſe a current report that ſome body had written a book againſt the 'ſquire and the whole pariſh. The miniſter of the place having at that time a controverſy with ſome of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under ſome ſuſpicion of being the author, till the good man ſet the people right, by ſhewing them that the ſatirical paſſages might be applied to ſeveral others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ againſt all the ſinners in England.

No. DLXIX. MONDAY, JULY 19.

Reges dicuntur multis ugere culullis
Et torquerre mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborant,
An ſit amicitiâ dignus———— Hor.

Wiſe were the kings, who never choſe a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmaſk'd his foul,
And ſeen the bottom of his deepeſt thoughts.
Roscommon.

NO vices are ſo incurable as thoſe which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenneſs ſhould have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharſis, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humourouſly, becauſe he was drunk before any of the reſt of the company: for, ſays he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal firſt is intitled to the reward: on the contrary in this thirſty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greateſt quantity of liquor, and knocks down the reſt of the company. I was the other day with honeſt Will Funnell the Weſt-Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had paſſed through him in the laſt twenty years of his life, which according to his computation, amounted to twenty three hogſheads of October, four tuns of port, half a kilderkin of ſmall beer, nineteen barrels of cider, and three glaſſes of champagne; beſides which he had aſſiſted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention ſips, drams, and whets without number. I queſtion not but every reader's memory will ſuggeſt to him ſeveral ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnell, and can boaſt of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philoſophers obſerve, that there is a general decay of moiſture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly aſcribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own ſubſtance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature:

But

But with ſubmiſſion, they ought to throw into their account thoſe innumerable rational beings which fetch their nouriſhment chiefly out of liquids; eſpecially when we conſider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their ſhare.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themſelves, a drunken man is a greater monſter than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more deſpicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reaſonable perſons than that of a drunkard. Bonoſus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having ſet up for a ſhare in the Roman Empire, and being defeated in a great battle hanged himſelf. When he was ſeen by the army in this melancholy ſituation, notwithſtanding he had behaved himſelf very bravely, the common jeſt was, that the thing they ſaw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the perſon who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it firſt of all diſcovers every flaw in it. The ſober man, by the ſtrength of reaſon, may keep under and ſubdue every vice or folly to which he is moſt inclined; but wine makes every latent ſeed ſprout up in the ſoul, and ſhew itſelf; it gives fury to the paſſions, and force to thoſe objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philoſopher that his wife was not handſome, put leſs water in your wine, ſays the philoſopher, and you will quickly make her ſo. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealouſy, and jealouſy into madneſs. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an aſſaſſin. It gives bitterneſs to reſentment, it makes vanity inſupportable, and diſplays every little ſpot of the ſoul in its utmoſt deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and ſhew them in the moſt odious colours, but often occaſions faults to which he is not naturally ſubject. There is more of turn than of truth in a ſaying

of Seneca, that drunkenneſs does not produce but diſcover faults. Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himſelf, and infuſes qualities into the mind, which ſhe is a ſtranger to in her ſober moments. The perſon you converſe with, after the third bottle, is not the ſame man who at firſt ſat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettieſt ſayings I ever met with, which is inſcribed to Publius Syrus, *Qui ebrium ludificat lædit abſentem*; He who jeſts upon a man that is drunk, injures the abſent.

Thus does drunkenneſs act in direct contradiction to reaſon, whoſe buſineſs is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it againſt all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But beſides theſe ill effects which this vice produces in the perſon who is actually under its dominion, it has alſo a bad influence on the mind even in its ſober moments, as it inſenſibly weakens the underſtanding, impairs the memory, and makes thoſe faults habitual which are produced by frequent exceſſes.

I ſhould now proceed to ſhew the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but theſe I ſhall reſerve for the ſubject of ſome future paper.

No. DLXX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 21.

——Nugæque canoræ — Hor.

Chiming triſles. — Roscommon.

THERE is ſcarce a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honeſt mind and great abilities, it does infinite ſervice to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature. I ſhall here confine myſelf to that pretty kind of ambition, by which ſome men grow eminent for odd accompliſhments

accompliſhments and trivial performances. How many are there whoſe whole reputation depends upon a pun or a quibble? You may often ſee an artiſt in the ſtreets gain a circle of admirers by carrying a long pole upon his chin or forehead in a perpendicular poſture. Ambition has taught ſome to write with their feet, and others to walk upon their hands. Some tumble into fame, others grow immortal by throwing themſelves through a hoop.

Cætera de genere hoc adeò ſunt multa, loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium——— Hor.

With thouſands more of this ambitious race
Would tire e'en Fabius to relate each caſe. Hornecк.

I am led into this train of thought by an adventure I lately met with.

I was the other day at a tavern, where the maſter of the houſe accommodating us himſelf with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a diſcourſe with him; and talking of a certain great man, who ſhall be nameleſs, he told me, that he had ſometimes the honour to treat him with a whiſtle; (adding by the way of parentheſis) 'for you muſt know, gentlemen, that I whiſtle the beſt of any man in Europe.' This naturally put me upon deſiring him to give us a ſample of his art; upon which he called for a caſe-knife, and applying the edge of it to his mouth, converted it into a muſical inſtrument, and entertained me with an Italian ſolo. Upon laying down his knife, he took up a pair of clean tobacco-pipes; and after having ſlid the ſmall end of them over the table in a moſt melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whiſtling to them at the ſame time in conſort. In ſhort, the tobacco-pipes became muſical pipes in the hands of our virtuoſo, who confeſſed to me ingenuouſly, he had broke ſuch quantities of them, that he had almoſt broke himſelf, before he had brought this piece of muſic to any tolerable perfection. I then told him I would bring a company of friends to dine with him next week, as an encouragement

encouragement to his ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, saying, that he would provide himself with a new frying-pan against that day. I replied, that it was no matter; roast and boiled would serve our turn. He smiled at my simplicity, and told me, that it was his design to give us a tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a premise, he sent for an old frying-pan, and grating it upon the board, whistled to it in such a melodious manner, that you could scarce distinguish it from a base viol. He then took his seat with us at the table, and hearing my friend that was with me hum over a tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out, he would accompany his voice with a tobacco-pipe. As my friend had an agreeable base, he chose rather to sing to the frying-pan; and indeed between them they made a most extraordinary consort. Finding our landlord so great a proficient in kitchen-music, I asked him if he was master of the tongs and key. He told me, that he had laid it down some years since, as a little unfashionable; but that if I pleased he would give me a lesson upon the gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two bars to the gridiron, in order to give it a greater compass of sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two strings to the lute. To be short, I found that his whole kitchen was furnished with musical instruments; and could not but look upon this artist as a kind of burlesk musician.

He afterwards of his own accord fell into the imitation of several singing birds. My friends and I tossed our mistresses to the nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surprised with the music of the thrush. He next proceeded to the sky-lark, mounting up by a proper scale of notes, and afterwards falling to the ground with a very regular and easy descent. He then contracted his whistle to the voice of several birds of the smallest size. As he is a man of a larger bulk and higher stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a giant when you looked upon him, and a tom-tit when you shut your eyes. I must not omit acquainting my reader, that

that this accompliſhed perſon was formerly the maſter of a toy-ſhop near temple-bar; and that the famous Charles Mathers was bred up under him. I am told that the misfortunes which he has met with in the world, are chiefly owing to his great application to his muſic; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my readers as one who deſerves their favour, and may afford them great diverſion over a bottle of wine, which he ſells at the Queen's Arms, near the end of the Little Piazza in Covent-Garden.

No. DLXXI. FRIDAY, JULY 23.

——Cœlum quid quærimus ultra? Luc.

What ſeek we beyond heav'n!

AS the work, I have engaged in, will not only conſiſt of papers of humour and learning, but of ſeveral eſſays moral and divine, I ſhall publiſh the following one, which is founded on a former Spectator, and ſent me by a particular friend, not queſtioning but it will pleaſe ſuch of my readers, as think it no diſparagement to their underſtandings to give way ſometimes to a ſerious thought.

SIR,

IN your paper of Friday the 9th inſtant, you had occaſion to conſider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the ſame time, to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its exiſtence: or, in other words, that his omniſcience and omnipreſence are coexiſtent, and run together through the whole infinitude of ſpace. This conſideration might furniſh us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this ſubject has been handled by ſeveral excellent writers, I ſhall conſider it in a light wherein I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from this his preſence, but ſuch as proceed from Divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars, and planets move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his preſence, receives none of thoſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and neceſſary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave this our exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This

ſingle

ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from Divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! he is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcaſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of Job, when, for the trial of his patience he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! "Why haſt thou ſet me as a mark "againſt thee, ſo that I am become a burden to my-"ſelf?" But thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

The bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes.

There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always ſenſible of the Divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of ſpirits, muſt be content to know that the Spirit of God is preſent with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſe is too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakes in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is as a ſoul within the ſoul to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his Helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny and contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking

ing down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the ſcripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles; "Sacer "ineſt in nobis ſpiritus bonorum malorumque cuſtos, "& obſervator, & quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, "ita & ille nos." 'There is a holy Spirit reſiding in 'us, who watches and obſerves both good and evil men, 'and will treat us after the ſame manner that we treat 'him.' But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in Divine Revelation. "If a "man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father "will love him, and we will come unto him, and make "our abode with him.

No. DLXXII. MONDAY, JULY 26.

——Quod medicorum eſt
Promittunt medici—— HOR.

Phyſicians only boaſt the healing art.

I AM the more pleaſed with theſe my papers, ſince I find they have encouraged ſeveral men of learning and wit to become my correſpondents: I yeſterday received the following eſſay againſt quacks, which I ſhall here communicate to my readers for the good of the publick, begging the writer's pardon for thoſe additions and retrenchments which I have made in it.

THE

THE deſire of life is ſo natural and ſtrong a paſſion, that I have long ſince ceaſed to wonder at the great encouragement which the practice of phyſic finds among us. Well-conſtituted governments have always made the profeſſion of a phyſician both honorable and advantageous. Homer's Machaon, and Virgil's Iapis, were men of renown, heroes in war, and made at leaſt as much havock among their enemies as among their friends. Thoſe who have little or no faith in the abilities of a quack will apply themſelves to him, either becauſe he is willing to ſell health at a reaſonable profit, or becauſe the patient, like a drowning man, catches at every twig, and hopes for a relief from the moſt ignorant, when the moſt able phyſicians give him none. Though impudence and many words are as neceſſary to theſe itinerary Galens as a laced hat or a Merry Andrew, yet they would turn very little to the advantage of the owner, if there were not ſome inward diſpoſition in the ſick man to favour the pretenſions of the mountebank. Love of life in the one, and of money in the other, creates a good correſpondence between them.

There is ſcarce a city in Great-Britain but has one of this tribe who takes it into his protection, and on the market day harangues the good people of the place with aphoriſms and receipts. You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private intereſt, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of theſe public-ſpirited artiſts at Hammerſmith, who told his audience, 'That he had been born and bred 'there, and having a ſpecial regard for the place of his 'nativity, he was determined to make a preſent of five 'ſhillings to as many as would accept of it.' The whole croud ſtood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word: when putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown-piece, he drew out a handful of little packets, each of which he informed the ſpectators was conſtantly ſold at five ſhillings and ſixpence, but that he would bate the odd five ſhillings to every inhabitant of that place: the whole aſſembly immediately

mediately cloſed with this generous offer, and took off all his phyſic, after the doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammerſmith men.

There is another branch of pretenders to this art, who, without either horſe or pickle-herring, lie ſnug in a garret, and ſend down notice to the world of their extraordinary parts and abilities by printed bills and advertiſements. Theſe ſeem to have derived their cuſtom from an eaſtern nation which Herodotus ſpeaks of, among whom it was a law, that whenever any cure was performed, both the method of the cure, and an account of the diſtemper, ſhould be fixed in ſome publick place; but as cuſtoms will corrupt, theſe our moderns provide themſelves of perſons to atteſt the cure, before they publiſh or make an experiment of the preſcription. I have heard of a porter, who ſerves as a knight of the poſt under one of theſe operators, and, though he was never ſick in his life, has been cured of all the diſeaſes in the diſpenſary. Theſe are the men whoſe ſagacity has invented elixirs of all ſorts, pills and lozenges, and take it as an affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body elſe. The medicines "are infallible, and never "fail of ſucceſs," that is of enriching the doctor, and ſetting the patient effectually at reſt.

I lately dropt into a coffee-houſe at Weſtminſter, where I found the room hung round with ornaments of this nature. There were elixirs, tinctures, the anodyne fotus, Engliſh pills, electuaries, and in ſhort more remedies than I believe there are diſeaſes. At the ſight of ſo many inventions, I could not but imagine myſelf in a kind of arſenal or magazine, where ſtore of arms was repoſited againſt any ſudden invaſion. Should we be attacked by the enemy ſide-ways, here was an infallible piece of defenſive armour to cure the pleuriſy: ſhould a diſtemper beat up your head-quarters, here you might purchaſe an impenetrable helmet, or, in the language of the artiſt, a cephalic tincture: if your main body be aſſaulted, here are various kinds of armour in caſe of va-

rious onſets. I began to congratulate the preſent age upon the happineſs men might reaſonably hope for in life, when death was thus in a manner defeated; and when pain itſelf would be of ſo ſhort duration, that it would but juſt ſerve to enhance the value of pleaſure: While I was in theſe thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a ſtory of an ingenious gentleman of the laſt age, who lying violently afflicted with the gout, a perſon came and offered his ſervice to cure him by a method, which he aſſured him was infallible; the ſervant who received the meſſage carried it up to his maſter, who inquiring whether the perſon came on foot or in a chariot; and being informed that he was on foot: "Go ſays he, "ſend the knave about his buſineſs: Was his method "as infallible as he pretends, he would long before "now have been in his coach and ſix." In like manner I concluded, that had all theſe advertiſers arrived to that ſkill they pretend to, they would have had no need for ſo many years ſucceſſively to publiſh to the world the place of there abode, and the virtues of their medicines. One of theſe gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual cure for leanneſs: what effects it may have upon thoſe who have tried it I cannot tell; but I am credibly informed, that the call for it has been ſo great, that it has effectually cured the doctor himſelf of that diſtemper. Could each of them produce ſo good an inſtance of the ſucceſs of his medicines, they might ſoon perſuade the world into an opinion of them.

I obſerve that moſt of the bills agree in one expreſſion; viz. that (with God's bleſſing) they perform ſuch and ſuch cures: this expreſſion is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a cure is performed on a patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater ſhare in it than Virgil's Iapis in the curing of Æneas; he tried his ſkill, was very aſſiduous about the wound, and indeed was the only viſible means that relieved the hero; but the poet aſſures us it was the particular aſſiſtance of a Deity that ſpeeded the operation. An Engliſh reader may ſee the whole ſtory in Mr. Dryden's Tranſlation.

Prop'd

Prop'd on his lance the penſive hero ſtood,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd phyſician tucks his robes around,
With ready hands, and haſtens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that ſoliciting the dart,
And exerciſes all his heavn'ly art.
All ſoftning ſimples, known of ſov'reign uſe,
He preſſes out, and pours their noble juice;
Theſe firſt infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
But now the goddeſs mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, haſtens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany ſhe brought;
Which in the Cretan fields with care ſhe ſought;
Rough is the ſtem, which woolly leaves ſurround;
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple crown'd
Well-known to wounded goats; a ſure relief
To draw the pointed ſteel, and eaſe the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambroſian dews,
And od'rous panacee: unſeen ſhe ſtands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heavn'ly hands:
And pours it in a bowl already crown'd
With juice of med'cinal herbs, prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of ſuperior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging ſmart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom ſtands:
The ſteel, but ſcarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once reſtor'd.
Iapis firſt perceiv'd the cloſing wound;
And firſt the footſteps of a god he found:
Arms, arms! he cries: the ſword and ſhield prepare,
And ſend the willing chief, renew'd to war,
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hand divine.

WEDNESDAY

No. DLXXIII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 28.

——Caſtigata remordent. Juv.

Chaſtiſed, the accuſation they retort.

MY paper on the club of widows has brought me in ſeveral letters; and among the reſt, a long one from Mrs. Preſident, as follows:

'Smart SIR,

'YOU are pleaſed to be very merry, as you imagine, with us widows: and you ſeem to ground your 'ſatire on our receiving conſolation ſo ſoon after the 'death of our dears, and the number we are pleaſed 'to admit to our companions; but you never reflect 'what huſbands we have buried, and how ſhort a ſor-'row the loſs of them was capable of occaſioning. For 'my own part, Mrs. Preſident as you call me, my firſt 'huſband I was married to at fourteen by my uncle and 'guardian (as I afterwards diſcovered,) by way of ſale, 'for the third part of my fortune. This fellow looked 'upon me as a mere child, he might breed up after his 'own fancy; if he kiſſed my chamber-maid before my 'face, I was ſuppoſed ſo ignorant, how could I think 'there was any hurt in it? When he came home roar-'ing drunk at five in the morning; it was the cuſtom 'of all men that live in the world. I was not to ſee a 'penny of money, for, poor thing, how could I manage 'it? He took a handſome couſin of his into the houſe '(as he ſaid) to be my houſe-keeper, and to govern my 'ſervants; for how ſhould I know how to rule a family? 'and while ſhe had what money ſhe pleaſed, which was 'but reaſonable for the trouble ſhe was at for my good, 'I was not to be ſo cenſorious as to diſlike familiarity 'and kindneſs between near relations. I was too great 'a coward to contend, but not ſo ignorant a child to be 'thus impoſed upon. I reſented his contempt as I 'ought to do, as moſt poor paſſive blinded wives do, till

'till it pleaſed Heaven to take away my tyrant, who 'left me free poſſeſſion of my own land, and a large join-'ture. My youth and money brought me many lovers, 'and ſeveral endeavoured to eſtabliſh an intereſt in my 'heart while my huſband was in his laſt ſickneſs; the 'honourable Edward Waitfort was one of the firſt who 'addreſſed to me, adviſed to it by a couſin of his that 'was my intimate friend, and knew to a penny what I 'was worth. Mr. Waitfort is a very agreeable man, 'and every body would like him as well as he does 'himſelf, if they did not plainly ſee that his eſteem and 'love is all taken up, and by ſuch an object, as it is 'impoſſible to get the better of. I mean himſelf. He 'made no doubt of marrying me within four or five 'months, and began to proceed with ſuch an aſſured 'eaſy air, that piqued my pride not to baniſh him; 'quite contrary, out of pure malice, I heard his firſt 'declaration with ſo much innocent ſurpriſe, and bluſh-'ed ſo prettily, I perceived it touched his very heart, 'and he thought me the beſt-natured ſilly poor thing 'on earth. When a man has ſuch a notion of a wo-'man, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I 'was overjoyed to be thus revenged on him, for deſign-'ing on my fortune; and finding it was in my power 'to make his heart ach, I reſolved to complete my con-'queſt, and entertained ſeveral other pretenders. The 'firſt impreſſion of my undeſigning innocence was ſo 'ſtrong in his head, he attributed all my followers to 'the inevitable force of my charms; and from ſeveral 'bluſhes and ſide glances, concluded himſelf the favour-'ite; and when I uſed him like a dog for my diverſion, 'he thought it was all prudence and fear, and pitied 'the violence I did my own inclinations to comply with 'my friends, when I married Sir Nicholas Fribble of 'ſixty years of age. You know, Sir, the caſe of Mrs. 'Medlar, I hope you would not have had me cry out 'my eyes for ſuch a huſband. I ſhed tears enough 'for my widowhood a week after my marriage, and 'when he was put in his grave, reckoning he had been 'two years dead, and myſelf a widow of that ſtanding,

'I married

'I married three weeks afterwards John Sturdy Esq; 'his next heir. I had indeed some thoughts of taking 'Mr. Waitfort, but I found he could stay, and besides 'he thought it indecent to ask me to marry again, till 'my year was out; so privately resolving him for my 'fourth, I took Mr. Sturdy for the present. Would 'you believe, Sir, Mr. Sturdy was just five and twenty; 'about six feet high, and the stoutest fox-hunter in the 'country, and I believe I wished ten thousand times for 'my old Fribble again; he was following the dogs all 'the day, and all the night keeping them up at table 'and his companions: however I think myself oblig'ed to them for leading him a chace in which he broke 'his neck. Mr. Waitfort began his addresses anew; 'and I verily believe I had married him now, but there 'was a young officer in the guards, that had debauched 'two or three of my acquaintance, and could not forbear 'being a little vain of his courtship. Mr. Waitfort 'heard of it, and read me such an insolent lecture upon 'the conduct of women, I married the officer that very 'day, out of pure spite to him. Half an hour after I was 'married I received a penitential letter from the Honour'able Mr. Edward Waitfort, in which he begged par'don for his passion, as proceeding from the violence 'of his love: I triumphed when I read it, and could not 'help, out of the pride of my heart, shewing it to my 'new spouse; and we were very merry together upon 'it. Alas! my mirth lasted a short time; my young 'husband was very much in debt when I married him, 'and his first action afterwards was to set up a gilt 'chariot and six in fine trappings before and behind. 'I had married so hastily, I had not the prudence to 'reserve my estate in my own hands; my ready mo'ney was lost in two nights at the Groom-porters; and 'my diamond necklace, which was stole I did not know 'how, I met in the street upon Jenny Wheedle's neck. 'My plate vanished piece by piece, and I had been re'duced to down right pewter, if my officer had not been 'deliciously killed in a a duel by a fellow that had 'cheated him of five hundred pounds, and afterwards

'at

‘at his own requeſt, ſatisfied him and me too, by running ‘him through the body. Mr. Waitfort was ſtill in ‘love, and told me ſo again; and to prevent all fears ‘of ill uſage, he deſired me to reſerve every thing in ‘my own hands: but now my acquaintance began to ‘wiſh me joy of his conſtancy, my charms were de‘clining, and I could not reſiſt the delight I took in ‘ſhewing the young flirts about town, it was not yet ‘in my power to give pain to a man of ſenſe: this and ‘ſome private hopes he would hang himſelf, and what ‘a glory would it be for me, and how I ſhould be en‘vied, made me accept of being third wife to my Lord ‘Friday. I propoſed from my rank and his eſtate, to ‘live in all the joys of pride, but how was I miſtaken? ‘he was neither extravagant nor ill-natured, nor de‘bauched. I ſuffered however more with him than ‘with all my others. He was ſplenetic. I was forced ‘to ſit whole days hearkening to his imaginary ails; ‘it was impoſſible to tell what would pleaſe him; what ‘he liked when the ſun ſhined, made him ſick when it ‘rained; he had no diſtemper, but lived in conſtant ‘fear of them all: my good genius dictated to me to ‘bring him acquainted with Doctor Gruel; from that ‘day he was always contented, becauſe he had names ‘for all his complaints; the good doctor furniſhed him ‘with reaſons for all his pains, and preſcriptions for every ‘fancy that troubled him; in hot weather he lived upon ‘juleps, and let blood to prevent fevers; when it grew ‘cloudy he generally apprehended a conſumption; to ‘ſhorten the hiſtory of this wretched part of my life, he ‘ruined a good conſtitution by endeavouring to mend it, ‘and took ſeveral medicines, which ended in taking the ‘grand remedy, which cured both him and me of all ‘our uneaſineſſes. After his death, I did not expect ‘to hear any more of Mr. Waitfort, I knew he had re‘nounced me to all his friends, and been very witty upon ‘my choice, which he affected to talk of with great indif‘ferency; I gave over thinking of him being told that ‘he was engaged with a pretty woman and a great for‘tune; it vexed me a little, but not enough to make

‘ me

'me neglect the advice of my couſin Wiſhwell, that came
'to ſee me the day my lord went into the country with
'Ruſſel; ſhe told me experimentally, nothing put an
'unfaithful lover and a dear huſband ſo ſoon out of one's
'head, as a new one; and at the ſame time, propoſed to
'me a kinſman of hers; you underſtand enough of the
'world (ſaid ſhe) to know money is the moſt valuable
'conſideration, he is very rich, and I am ſure cannot
'live long; he has a cough that muſt carry him off
'ſoon. I knew afterwards ſhe had given herſelf the ſelf-
'ſame character of me to him; but however I was ſo
'much perſuaded by her, I haſtened on the match, for
'fear he ſhould die before the time came; he had the
'ſame fears, and was ſo preſſing, I married him in
'a fortnight, reſolving to keep it private a fortnight
'longer. During this fortnight Mr. Waitfort came
'to make me a viſit; he told me he had waited on
'me ſooner, but had that reſpect for me, he would not
'interrupt me in the firſt day of my affliction for my
'dead lord; that as ſoon as he heard I was at liberty to
'make another choice, he had broke off a match very
'advantageous for his fortune juſt upon the point of
'concluſion, and was forty times more in love with me
'than ever. I never received more pleaſure in my life
'than from this declaration, but I compoſed my face
'to a grave air, and ſaid the news of his engagement
'had touched me to the heart, that, in a raſh jealous
'fit, I had married a man I could never have thought
'on if I had not loſt all hopes of him. Good-natured
'Mr. Waitfort had like to have dropped down dead at
'hearing this, but went from me with ſuch an air as
'plainly ſhewed me he laid all the blame upon himſelf,
'and hated thoſe friends that had adviſed him to the
'fatal application; he ſeemed as much touched by my
'misfortune as his own, for he had not the leaſt doubt
'I was ſtill paſſionately in love with him. The truth
'of the ſtory is, my new huſband gave me reaſon to re-
'pent I had not ſtaid for him; he had married me for
'my money, and I ſoon found he loved money to diſ-
'traction; there was nothing he would not do to get

'it

'it, nothing he would not ſuffer to preſerve it; the 'ſmalleſt expence kept him awake whole nights, and 'when he paid a bill, it was with as many ſighs, and 'after as many delays as a man that endures the loſs 'of a limb. I heard nothing but reproofs for extrava-'gancy whatever I did. I ſaw very well that he would 'have ſtarved me, but for loſing my jointures; and he 'ſuffered agonies between the grief of ſeeing me have 'ſo good a ſtomach, and the fear that, if he made me 'faſt, it might prejudice my health. I did not doubt 'he would have broke my heart, if I did not break his, 'which was allowed by the law of ſelf-defence. The 'way was very eaſy. I reſolved to ſpend as much mo-'ney as I could, and, before he was aware of the ſtroke, 'appeared before him in a two thouſand pound diamond 'necklace; he ſaid nothing, but went quietly to his 'chamber, and, as it is thought, compoſed himſelf with 'a doſe of opium. I behaved myſelf ſo well upon the 'occaſion, that to this day I believe he died of an apo-'plexy. Mr. Waitfort was reſolved not to be too late 'this time, and I heard of him in two days. I am 'almoſt out of my weed at this preſent writing, and 'very doubtful whether I will marry him or no. I do 'not think of a ſeventh, for the ridiculous reaſon you 'mention, but out of pure morality that I think ſo much 'conſtancy ſhould be rewarded, though I may not do it 'after all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreaſonable 'malice of mankind can give a pretence why I ſhould 'have been conſtant to the memory of any of the deceaſed, 'or have ſpent much time in grieving for an inſolent, 'inſignificant, negligent, extravagant, ſplenetic, or co-'vetous huſband; my firſt inſulted me, my ſecond was 'nothing to me, my third diſguſted me, the fourth would 'have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the ſixth 'would have ſtarved me. If the other ladies you name 'would thus give in their huſbands pictures at length, 'you would ſee they have had as little reaſon as myſelf to 'loſe their hours in weeping and wailing.

No. DLXXIV. FRIDAY, JULY 30.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum; rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati. Hor.

Believe not thoſe that lands poſſeſs,
And ſhining heaps of uſeleſs ore,
The only lords of happineſs;
But rather thoſe that know,
For what kind fates beſtow,
And have the art to uſe the ſtore:
That have the generous ſkill to bear
The hated weight of poverty. Creech.

I WAS once engaged in diſcourſe with a Roſicrutian about the great ſecret. As this kind of men (I mean thoſe of them who are not profeſſed cheats) are over-run with enthuſiaſm and philoſophy, it was very amuſing to hear this religious adept deſcanting on his pretended diſcovery. He talked of the ſecret as of a ſpirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the higheſt perfection it is capable of. It gives a luſtre, ſays he, to the ſun and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens ſmoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added, that a ſingle ray of it diſſipates pain, and care, and melancholy from the perſon on whom it falls. In ſhort, ſays he, its preſence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven. After he had gone on for ſome time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the ſame diſcourſe, and that his great ſecret was nothing elſe but content.

This virtue does indeed produce in ſome meaſure, all thoſe effects which the alchymiſt uſually aſcribes to what he calls the philoſopher's ſtone; and if it does not bring riches,

riches, it does the ſame thing, by baniſhing the deſire of them. If it cannot remove the diſquietudes ariſing out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him eaſy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the ſoul of man, in reſpect of every being to whom he ſtands related. It extinguiſhes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It deſtroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives ſweetneſs to his converſation, and a perpetual ſerenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made uſe of for the acquiring of this virtue I ſhall only mention the two following. Firſt of all, a man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants; and ſecondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

Firſt of all, a man ſhould always conſider how much more he has than he wants. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the reply which Ariſtippus made to one who condoled him upon the loſs of a farm. 'Why,' ſaid he, 'I have three farms ſtill, and you have but one; ſo that 'I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.' On the contrary, fooliſh men are more apt to conſider what they have loſt than what they poſſeſs? and to fix their eyes upon thoſe who are richer than themſelves, rather than on thoſe who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleaſures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compaſs; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after one who has got the ſtart of them in wealth and honour. For this reaſon, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle ſort of people, who keep their wiſhes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Perſons of a higher rank live in a kind of ſplendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, becauſe inſtead of acquieſcing in the ſolid pleaſures of life, they endea-

vour to outvy one another in ſhadows and appearances. Men of ſenſe have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this ſilly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their deſires, enjoy all that ſecret ſatisfaction which others are always in queſt of. The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleaſures cannot be ſufficiently expoſed, as it is the great ſource of thoſe evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's eſtate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally ſets himſelf to ſale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good eſtate, was offered a great ſum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindneſs, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In ſhort, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or to give the thought a more agreeable turn, 'content is natural wealth,' ſays Socrates; to which I ſhall add, 'luxury is artificial poverty.' I ſhall therefore recommend to the conſideration of thoſe who are always aiming after ſuperfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their deſires, an excellent ſaying of Bion the philoſopher; namely, 'that no man has ſo much care, as he who endeavours after the moſt happineſs.'

In the ſecond place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former conſideration took in all thoſe who are ſufficiently provided with the means to make themſelves eaſy; this regards ſuch as actually lie under ſome preſſure or misfortune. Theſe may receive great alleviation from ſuch a compariſon as the unhappy perſon may make between himſelf and others, or between the misfortune which he ſuffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the ſtory of the honeſt Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmaſt, told the ſtanders-by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, ſince I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the ſaying of an old philoſopher, who, after

after having invited ſome of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a paſſion, and threw down the table that ſtood before them; 'every one' ſays he, 'has his calamity, and he is a 'happy man that has no greater than this.' We find an inſtance to the ſame purpoſe in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Biſhop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of diſtempers, when he had the gout upon him, he uſed to thank God that it was not the ſtone; and when he had the ſtone, that he had not both theſe diſtempers on him at the ſame time.

I cannot conclude this eſſay without obſerving that there was never any ſyſtem beſides that of chriſtianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto ſpeaking of. In order to make us content with our preſent condition many of the preſent philoſophers tell us that our diſcontent only hurts ourſelves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumſtances; others, that whatever evil befals us is derived to us by a fatal neceſſity, to which the gods themſelves are ſubject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miſerable, that it is neceſſary he ſhould be ſo to keep up the harmony of the univerſe, and that the ſcheme of providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwiſe. Theſe, and the like conſiderations rather ſilence than ſatisfy a man. They may ſhew him that his diſcontent is unreaſonable, but are by no means ſufficient to relieve it. They rather give deſpair than conſolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of theſe comforters, as Auguſtus did to his friend who adviſed him not to grieve for the death of a perſon whom he loved, becauſe his grief could not fetch him again: 'it is for that very reaſon,' ſaid the emperor, 'that I grieve.'

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It preſcribes to a very miſerable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it ſhews him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will

naturally end in the removal of them: It makes him easy here because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

No. DLXXV. MONDAY, AUGUST 2.

———Nec morti esse locum——— VIRG.

No room is left for death. DRYDEN.

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, 'father,' says he, 'you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.' 'True, son,' said the hermit, 'but what is thy condition if there is?' Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, in which of those two lives is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life, as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidently alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants; what would his notions of

of us be? Would not he think that we are a ſpecies of beings made for quite different ends and purpoſes than what we really are? Muſt not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and ſtation, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal puniſhment, and enjoined to purſue our pleaſures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a ſcheme of duties quite oppoſite to thoſe which are indeed preſcribed to us. And truly, according to ſuch an imagination, he muſt conclude that we are a ſpecies of the moſt obedient creatures in the univerſe; that we are conſtant to our duty; and that we keep a ready eye on the end for which we were ſent hither.

But how great would be his aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were beings not deſigned to exiſt in this world above threeſcore and ten years; and that the greateſt part of this buſy ſpecies fall ſhort even of that age? How would he be loſt in horror and admiration, when he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which ſcarce deſerves the name of exiſtence, when, I ſay, he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures are to exiſt to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparation? Nothing can be a greater diſgrace to reaſon, than that men who are perſuaded of theſe two different ſtates of beings, ſhould be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threeſcore and ten years, and neglecting to make proviſion for that, which after many myriads of years will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our endeavours for making ourſelves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever elſe we place our happineſs in, may after all prove unſucceſsful; whereas if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make ourſelves happy in the other life, we are ſure that our endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our hope.

The

The following queſtion is ſtarted by one of the ſchoolmen. Suppoſing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or maſs of the fineſt ſand, and that a ſingle grain or particle of this ſand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand years. Suppoſing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious maſs of ſand was conſuming by this ſlow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miſerable for ever after; or ſuppoſing that you might be happy for every after, on condition you would be miſerable till the whole maſs of ſand were thus annihilated at the rate of one ſand in a thouſand years: which of theſe two caſes would you make your choice?

It muſt be confeſſed in this caſe, ſo many thouſands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear ſo great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unite does to the greateſt number which you can put together in figures, or as one of thoſe ſands to the ſuppoſed heap. Reaſon therefore tells us, without any manner of heſitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reaſon might in ſuch a caſe be ſo overſet by the imagination, as to diſpoſe ſome perſons to ſink under the conſideration of the great length of the firſt part of this duration, and of the great diſtance of that ſecond duration, which is to ſucceed it. The mind, I ſay, might give itſelf up to that happineſs which is at hand, conſidering that it is ſo very near, and that it would laſt ſo very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chooſe to be happy for the ſpace of only threeſcore and ten, nay, perhaps for only twenty or ten years, I might ſay of only a day or an hour, and miſerable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miſerable for this ſhort term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are ſufficient to expreſs that folly and want of conſideration which in ſuch a caſe makes a wrong choice?

I here put the caſe even at the worſt, by ſuppoſing (what ſeldom happens) that a courſe of virtue makes us

us miſerable in this life: but if we ſuppoſe (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary courſe of vice; how can we ſufficiently admire the ſtupidity or madneſs of thoſe perſons who are capable of making ſo abſurd a choice?

Every wiſe man therefore will conſider this life only as it may conduce to the happineſs of the other, and cheerfully ſacrifice the pleaſures of a few years to thoſe of an eternity.

No. DLXXVI. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4.

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; & rapido contrarius evehor orbi. OVID.

I ſteer againſt their motions, nor am I
Born back by all the current of the ſky. ADDISON.

I REMEMBER a young man of very lively parts, and of a ſprightly turn in converſation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate deſire of appearing faſhionable. This ran him into many amours, and conſequently into many diſtempers. He never went to bed till two o'clock in the morning, becauſe he would not be a queer fellow, and was every now and then knocked down by a conſtable, to ſignalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and ſo improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be ſhort, after having fully eſtabliſhed his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into ſo many errors and inconveniences, as the deſire of not appearing ſingular; for which reaſon it is very neceſſary to form a right idea of ſingularity, that we may know when

when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the firſt place, every man of ſenſe will agree with me, that ſingularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conſcience, morality, and honour. In theſe caſes we ought to conſider, that it is not cuſtom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we ſhould be only ſo far ſociable, as we are reaſonable creatures. Truth is never the leſs ſo, for not being attended to: and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the ſpecies only as he ſoars above it. What greater inſtance can there be of a weak and puſillanimous temper, than for a man to paſs his whole life in oppoſition to his own ſentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reaſon, or when it puts them upon diſtinguiſhing themſelves by trifles. As for the firſt of theſe, who are ſingular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or diſhonourable, I believe every one will eaſily give them up. I ſhall therefore ſpeak of thoſe only who are remarkable for their ſingularity in things of no importance, as in dreſs, behaviour, converſation, and all the little intercourſes of life. In theſe caſes there is a certain deference due to cuſtom; and notwithſtanding there may be a colour of reaſon to deviate from the multitude in ſome particulars, a man ought to ſacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It muſt be confeſſed that good ſenſe often makes a humouriſt; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to perſons of a much inferior underſtanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of England, who was a remarkable inſtance of this fooliſh ſingularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himſelf, to act in the moſt indifferent parts of life according to the moſt abſtracted notions of reaſon and good ſenſe, without any regard to faſhion or example. This humour broke out

out at first in many little oddnesses: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper or sleep; because said he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his conversation with country gentlemen, he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true: he never told any of them, that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well-wisher; and would rather be called a malecontent, then drink the king's health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber-window every morning, and after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could bawl them for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out of Homer? the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration, than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason, he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the Hussars. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into bedlam, and have begged his estate; but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead. 'The ambitious and the covetous' says he 'are mad-'men to all intents and purposes as much as those who

'are

'are ſhut up in dark rooms; but they have the good 'luck to have numbers on their ſide; whereas the frenzy 'of one who is given up for a lunatic, is 'a frenzy hors 'd'œuvre;' that is, in other words, ſomething which is ſingular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madneſs of a multitude.

The ſubject of this eſſay was occaſioned by a letter which I received not long ſince, and which, for want of room at preſent, I ſhall inſert in my next paper.

No. DLXXVII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 6.

——Hoc tolerabile, ſi non
Et furere incipias—— Juv.

This might be born with, if you did not rave.

THE letter mentioned in my laſt paper is as follows.

'SIR,

'YOU have ſo lately decried that cuſtom, too 'much in uſe amongſt moſt people of making 'themſelves the ſubjects of their writings and converſation, that I had ſome difficulty to perſuade myſelf 'to give you this trouble, till I had conſidered that 'though I ſhould ſpeak in the firſt perſon, yet I could 'not be juſtly charged with vanity, ſince I ſhall not 'add my name; as alſo, becauſe what I ſhall write will 'not, to ſay the beſt, redound to my praiſe; but is 'only deſigned to remove a prejudice conceived againſt 'me, as I hope, with very little foundation. My ſhort 'hiſtory is this.

'I have lived for ſome years laſt paſt altogether in 'London, till about a mouth ago an acquaintance of 'mine, for whom I have done ſome ſmall ſervices in 'town, invited me to paſs part of the ſummer with him 'at his houſe in the country. I accepted his invita-

'tion,

'tion, and found a very hearty welcome. My friend, 'an honeſt plain man, not being qualified to paſs away 'his time without the reliefs of buſineſs, has grafted the 'farmer upon the gentleman, and brought himſelf to 'ſubmit even to the ſervile parts of that employment 'ſuch as inſpecting his plough, and the like. This 'neceſſarily takes up ſome of his hours every day; and 'as I have no reliſh for ſuch diverſions, I uſed at theſe 'times to retire either to my chamber, or a ſhady walk 'near the houſe, and entertain myſelf with ſome agree-'able author. Now you muſt know, Mr. *Spectator*, 'that when I read, eſpecially if it be poetry, it is very 'uſual with me, when I meet with any paſſage or ex-'preſſion which ſtrikes me much, to pronounce it aloud 'with that tone of the voice, which I think agreeable to 'the ſentiments there expreſſed; and to this I gene-'rally add ſome motion or action of the body. It was 'not long before I was obſerved by ſome of the family 'in one of theſe heroic fits, who thereupon received im-'preſſions very much to my diſadvantage. This how-'ever I did not ſoon diſcover, nor ſhould have done 'probably, had it not been for the following accident. 'I had one day ſhut myſelf up in my chamber, and was 'very deeply engaged in the ſecond book of Milton's 'Paradiſe Loſt. I walked to and fro with the book 'in my hand, and, to ſpeak the truth, I fear I made 'no little noiſe; when preſently coming to the following 'lines;

——————On a ſudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, &c.

'I in great tranſport threw open the door of my cham-'ber, and found the greateſt part of the family ſtanding 'on the outſide in a very great conſternation. I was in 'no leſs confuſion, and begged pardon for having diſ-'turbed them; addreſſing myſelf particularly to com-'fort one of the children, who received an unlucky fall

'in this action, while he was too intently ſurveying my 'meditations through the key-hole. To be ſhort after 'this adventure I eaſily obſerved that great part of the 'family, eſpecially the women and children, looked 'upon me with ſome apprehenſions of fear; and my friend 'himſelf, though he ſtill continues his civilities to me, 'did not ſeem altogether eaſy: I took notice, that the 'butler was never after this accident ordered to leave 'the bottle upon the table after dinner. Add to this, 'that I frequently overheard the ſervants mention me 'by the name of the crazed gentleman, the gentleman a 'little touched, the mad Londoner, and the like. This 'made me think it high time for me to ſhift my quar-'ters, which I reſolved to do the firſt handſome oppor-'tunity; and was confirmed in this reſolution by a 'young lady in the neighbourhood who frequently viſit-'ed us, and who one day, after having heard all the 'fine things I was able to ſay, was pleaſed with a ſcornful 'ſmile to bid me go to ſleep.

'The firſt minute I got to my lodgings in town I ſet 'pen to paper to deſire your opinion, whether, upon 'the evidence before you, I am mad or not. I can 'bring certificates that I behave myſelf ſoberly be-'fore company, and I hope there is at leaſt ſome merit 'in withdrawing to be mad. Look you, Sir, I am 'contented to be eſteemed a little touched, as they 'phraſe it, but ſhould be ſorry to be madder than my 'neighbours; therefore, pray let me be as much in my 'ſenſes as you can afford. I know I could bring your-'ſelf as an inſtance of a man who has confeſſed talking 'to himſelf; but yours is a particular caſe and cannot 'juſtify me, who have not kept ſilence any part of my 'life. What if I ſhould own myſelf in love? You 'know lovers are always allowed the comfort of ſoliloquy.——————But I will ſay no more upon this 'ſubject, becauſe I have long ſince obſerved, the ready 'way to be thought mad is to contend that you are not 'ſo as we generally conclude that man drunk, who 'takes pains to be thought ſober. I will therefore leave 'myſelf to your determination; but am the more de-

'ſirous

'ſirous to be thought in my ſenſes, that it may be no 'diſcredit to you when I aſſure you that I have always 'been very much

'Your admirer.

'P.S. If I muſt be mad I deſire the young lady may 'believe it is for her.'

The humble petition of John a Nokes and John a Stiles.

'Sheweth,

'THAT your petitioners have had cauſes depending 'in Weſtminſter-hall above five hundred years, and 'that we deſpair of ever ſeeing them brought to an iſſue; 'that your petitioners have not been involved in theſe 'law-ſuits out of any litigious temper of their own, but 'by the inſtigation of contentious perſons; that the 'young lawyers in our inns of court are continually 'ſetting us together by the ears, and think they do 'us no hurt, becauſe they plead for us without a fee; 'that many of the gentlemen of the robe have no other 'clients in the world beſides us two; that when they 'have nothing elſe to do, they make us plaintiffs and 'defendants, though they were never retained by any of 'us; that they traduce, condemn or acquit us, without 'any manner of regard to our reputations and good 'names in the world. Your petitioners therefore (being 'thereunto encouraged by the favourable reception 'which you lately gave to our kinſman Blank) do hum-'bly pray that you will put an end to the controverſies 'which have been ſo long depending between us your 'ſaid petitioners, and that our enmity may not endure 'from generation to generation; it being our reſolu-'tion to live hereafter as it becometh men of peaceable 'diſpoſitions.'

'And your petitioners (as in duty bound) ſhall ever pray, &c.

No. DLXXVIII. MONDAY, AUGUST 9.

——Eque feris humana in corpora tranſit,
Inque feras Noſter—— OVID.

——Th' unbodied ſpirit flies——
And lodges where it lights in man or beaſt.
DRYDEN.

THERE has been very great reaſon, on ſeveral accounts for the learned world to endeavour at ſettling what it was that might be ſaid to compoſe perſonal identity.

Mr. Locke, after having premiſed that the word perſon properly ſignifies a thinking intelligent being that has reaſon and reflexion, and can conſider itſelf as itſelf; concludes that it is conſciouſneſs alone, and not an identity of ſubſtance, which makes this perſonal identity of ſameneſs. Had I the ſame conſciouſneſs (ſays that author) that I ſaw the ark and Noah's flood, as that I ſaw an overflowing of the Thames laſt winter; or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that ſaw the Thames overflow laſt winter, and that viewed the flood at the general deluge, was the ſame ſelf, place that ſelf in what ſubſtance you pleaſe, than that I who write this am the ſame myſelf now while I write (whether I conſiſt of all the ſame ſubſtance material or immaterial or no) that I was yeſterday; for as to this point of being the ſame ſelf, it matters not whether this preſent ſelf be made up of the ſame or other ſubſtances.

I was mightily pleaſed with a ſtory in ſome meaſure applicable to this piece of philoſophy, which I read the other day in the Perſian tales, as they are lately very well tranſlated by Mr. Philips: and with an abridgment whereof I ſhall here preſent my readers.

I ſhall only premiſe that theſe ſtories are writ after the eaſtern manner, but ſomewhat more correct.

'*Fadlallah*, a prince of great virtues, ſucceeded his 'father Bin-Ortoc, in the kingdom of Mouſel. He reigned

'reigned over his faithful ſubjects for ſome time, and 'lived in great happineſs with his beauteous conſort 'queen Zemroude, when there appeared at his court a 'young Derviſe of ſo lively and entertaining a turn of 'wit, as won upon the affections of every one he con-'verſed with. His reputation grew ſo faſt every day, 'that it at laſt raiſed a curioſity in the prince himſelf to 'ſee and talk with him. He did ſo, and far from find-'ing that common fame had flattered him, he was ſoon 'convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell 'ſhort of the truth.

'*Fadlallah* immediately loſt all manner of reliſh for 'the converſation of other men; and as he was every 'day more and more ſatisfied of the abilities of this 'ſtranger, offered him the firſt poſts in his kingdom. 'The young Derviſe, after having thanked him with a 'very ſingular modeſty, deſired to be excuſed, as having 'made a vow never to accept of any employment, and 'preferring a free and independent ſtate of life to all 'other conditions.

'The king was infinitely charmed with ſo great an 'example of moderation; and though he could not get 'him to engage in a life of buſineſs, made him however 'his chief companion and firſt favourite.

'As they were one day hunting together, and hap-'pened to be ſeparated from the reſt of the company, 'the Derviſe entertained *Fadlallah* with an account of 'his travels and adventures. After having related to 'him ſeveral curioſities which he had ſeen in the Indies, "It was in this place," ſays he, "that I contracted an "acquaintance with an old Brachman, who was ſkilled "in the moſt hidden powers of nature: he died within "my arms, and with his parting breath communicated "to me one of the moſt valuable of his ſecrets on con-"dition I ſhould never reveal it to any man." The 'king immediately reflecting on his young favourite's 'having refuſed the late offers of greatneſs he had made 'him, told him he preſumed it was the power of making 'gold. "No, Sir," ſaid the Derviſe, "it is ſomewhat "more wonderful than that; it is the power of re-ani-

" mating a dead body, by flinging my own ſoul into
" it."

'While he was yet ſpeaking a doe came bounding
'by them, and the king, who had his bow ready ſhot
'her through the heart; telling the Derviſe, that a fair
'opportunity now offered for him to ſhew his art. The
'young man immediately left his own body breathleſs
'on the ground, while at the ſame inſtant that of the
'doe was re-animated; ſhe came to the king, fawned
'upon him, and after having played ſeveral wanton
'tricks, fell again upon the graſs; at the ſame inſtant
'the body of the Derviſe recovered its life. The king
'was infinitely pleaſed at ſo uncommon an operation,
'and conjured his friend by every thing that was ſacred
'to communicate it to him. The Derviſe at firſt made
'ſome ſcruple of violating his promiſe to the dying
'Brachman; but told him at laſt that he found he could
'conceal nothing from ſo excellent a prince; after
'having obliged him therefore by an oath to ſecrecy,
'he taught him to repeat two cabaliſtic words, in pro-
'nouncing of which the whole ſecret conſiſted. The
'king impatient to try the experiment, immediately
'repeated them as he had been taught, and in an inſtant
'found himſelf in the body of the doe. He had but lit-
'tle time to contemplate himſelf in this new being; for
'the treacherous Derviſe ſhooting his own ſoul into the
'royal corps, and bending the prince's own bow againſt
'him, had laid him dead on the ſpot, had not the
'king, who perceived his intent, fled ſwiftly to the
'woods.

'The Derviſe, now triumphant in his villainy, re-
'turned to Mouſel, and filled the throne and bed of the
'unhappy *Fadlallah*.

'The firſt thing he took care of, in order to ſecure
'himſelf in the poſſeſſion of his new-acquired kingdom,
'was to iſſue out a proclamation, ordering his ſubjects
'to deſtroy all the deer in the realm. The king had
'periſhed among the reſt, had he not avoided his pur-
'ſuers by re-animating the body of a nightingale
which

'which he ſaw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this 'new ſhape he winged his way in ſafety to the palace, 'where perching on a tree which ſtood near the queen's 'apartment, he filled the whole place with ſo many 'melodious and melancholy notes as drew her to the 'window. He had the mortification to ſee that inſtead 'of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his prin-'ceſs, and of a young female ſlave who was with her. 'He continued however to ſerenade her every morning, 'till at laſt the queen, charmed with his harmony, 'ſent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to em-'ploy their utmoſt ſkill to put that little creature into 'her poſſeſſion. The king pleaſed with an opportunity 'of being once more near his beloved conſort, eaſily 'ſuffered himſelf to be taken; and when he was pre-'ſented to her, though he ſhewed a fearfulneſs to be 'touched by any of the other ladies flew of his own 'accord, and hid himſelf in the queen's boſom. Zem-'roude was highly pleaſed at the unexpected fondneſs 'of her new favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an 'open cage in her own apartment. He had there an 'opportunity of making his court to her every morn-'ing, by a thouſand little actions, which his ſhape 'allowed him. The queen paſſed away whole hours 'every day in hearing and playing with him. *Fadlal-'lab* could even have thought himſelf happy in this 'ſtate of life, had he not frequently endured the inex-'preſſible torment of ſeeing the Derviſe enter the apart-'ment and careſs his queen even in his preſence.

'The uſurper, amidſt his toying wtih the princeſs, 'would often endeavour to ingratiate himſelf with her 'nightingale; and while the enraged *Fadlallah* pecked 'at him with his bill, beat his wings, and ſhewed all 'the marks of an impotent rage, it only afforded his 'rival and the queen new matter for their diverſion.

'Zemroude was likewiſe fond of a little lap-dog, 'which ſhe kept in her apartment, and which one night 'happened to die.

The

'The king immediately found himself inclined to quit 'the shape of a nightingale, and enliven this new body. 'He did so, and the next morning Zemroude saw her 'favourite bird lie dead in the cage. It is impossible 'to express her grief on this occasion, and when she 'called to mind all its little actions, which even ap- 'peared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was 'inconsolable for her loss.

'Her women immediately sent for the Dervise to come 'and comfort her, who after having in vain represented 'to her the weakness of being grieved at such an acci- 'dent, touched at last by her repeated complaints; "Well, Madam, says he, I will exert the utmost of my "art to please you. Your nightingale shall again revive "every morning and serenade you as before. The 'queen beheld him with a look which easily shewed she 'did not believe him; when laying himself down on a 'sopha, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and Zem- 'roude was amazed to see her bird revive.

'The king, who was a spectator of all that passed, 'lying under the shape of a lap-dog, in one corner of the 'room, immediately recovered his own body, and run- 'ning to the cage with the utmost indignation, twisted 'off the neck of the false nightingale.

'Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concern- 'ed at this second accident, until the king intreating 'her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

'The body of the Dervise which was found dead in 'the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left 'her no room to doubt of the truth of it: but the story 'adds, that out of an extreme delicacy (peculiar to the 'oriental ladies) she was so highly afflicted at the inno- 'cent adultery in which she had for some time lived 'with the Dervise, that no arguments even from Fadlal- 'lah himself could compose her mind. She shortly after 'died with grief, begging his pardon with her last 'breath for what the most rigid justice could not have 'interpreted as a crime.

The

'The king was so afflicted with her death, that he 'left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations, and 'passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement.'

No. DLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11.

——————Odora canum vis. VIRG.

Sagacious hounds.

IN the reign of king Charles I. the company of stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very remarkable erratum or blunder in one of their editions: for instead of "thou "shalt not commit adultery,' they printed off several thousands of copies with "thou shalt commit adultery. Archbishop Laud, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon that company in the star-chamber.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both sexes, are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers, in the first ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in christian assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens which punished this crime with death; and others of the same kind, which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers, when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon; I shall here publish the contents of a little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity, though

though by reaſon of ſome modern phraſes and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern ſophiſt.

It is well know by the learned, that there was a temple upon mount Ætna dedicated to Vulcan, which was guarded by dogs of ſo exquiſite a ſmell, (ſay the hiſtorians) that they could diſcern whether the perſons who came thither were chaſte or otherwiſe. They uſed to meet and fawn upon ſuch as were chaſte, careſſing them as the friends of their maſter Vulcan; but flew at thoſe who were polluted, and never ceaſed barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My manuſcript gives the following account of theſe dogs, and was probably deſigned as a comment upon this ſtory.

'Theſe dogs were given to Vulcan by his ſiſter 'Diana, the goddeſs of hunting and of chaſtity, having 'bred them out of ſome of her hounds, in which ſhe 'had obſerved this natural inſtinct and ſagacity. It 'was thought ſhe did it in ſpite to Venus, who, upon 'her return home, always found her huſband in a good 'or bad humour, according to the reception which ſhe 'met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple 'ſeveral years, but were ſuch ſnappiſh curs that they 'frighted away moſt of the votaries. The women of 'Sicily made a ſolemn deputation to the prieſt, by which 'they acquainted him, that they would not come up to 'the temple with their annual offerings unleſs he muzzled his maſtiffs, and at laſt compromiſed the matter with 'him, that the offering ſhould always be brought by a 'chorus of young girls, who were none of them above 'ſeven years old. It was wonderful (ſays the author) 'to ſee how different the treatment was which the dogs 'gave to theſe little maſſes, from that which they had 'ſhewn to their mothers. It is ſaid that the prince of 'Syracuſe, having married a young lady, and being 'naturally of a jealous temper, made ſuch an intereſt 'with the prieſts of this temple, that he procured a 'whelp from them of this famous breed. The young 'puppy was very troubleſome to the fair lady at firſt,

'inſomuch

'insomuch that she solicited her husband to send him 'away; but the good man cut her short with the old 'Sicilian proverb, "love me, love my dog." From 'which time she lived very peaceably with both of them. 'The ladies of Syracuse were very much annoyed with 'him, and several of very good reputation refused to 'come to court till he was discarded. There were in-'deed some of them that defied his sagacity; but it was 'observed, though he did not actually bite them, he 'would growl at them most confoundedly. To return 'to the dogs of the temple: after they had lived here in 'great repute for several years, it so happened, that as 'one of the priests who had been making a charitable 'visit to a widow who lived on the promontory of Lily-'beum, returned home pretty late in the evening, the 'dogs flew at him with so much fury, that they would 'have worried him if his brethren had not come in to 'his assistance: upon which, says my author, the dogs 'were all of them hanged, as having lost their original 'instinct.

I cannot conclude this paper without wishing, that we had some of this breed of dogs in Great Britain, which would certainly do justice, I should say honour, to the ladies of our country, and shew the world the difference between pagan women and those who are instructed in sounder principles of virtue and religion.

No. DLXXX. FRIDAY, AUGUST 13.

——Si verbo audacia detur,
Non metuam magni dixisse palatia Cœli. OVID.

This place, the brightest mansion of the sky,
I'll call the palace of the Deity. DRYDEN.

'SIR,

'I Considered in my two last letters that awful and 'tremendous subject, the ubiquity or omnipresence 'of the divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present

'preſent in all places throughout the whole extent of 'infinite ſpace. This doctrine is ſo agreeable to reaſon, 'that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened 'heathens, as I might ſhew at large, were it not alrea- 'dy done by other hands. But though the Deity be 'thus eſſentially preſent through all the immenſity of 'ſpace, there is one part of it in which he diſcovers 'himſelf in a moſt tranſcendent and viſible glory. This 'is that place which is marked out in ſcripture under 'the different appellations of "paradiſe, the third "heaven, the throne of God, and the habitation of his "glory." 'It is here where the glorified body of our "Saviour reſides, and where all the celeſtial hierar- 'chies, and the innumerable hoſts of angels, are repre- 'ſented as perpetually ſurrounding the ſeat of God with 'halelujahs and hymns of praiſe. This is that preſence 'of God which ſome of the divines call his glorious and 'others his majeſtatick preſence. He is indeed as eſſen- 'tially preſent in all other places as in this; but it is 'here where he reſides in a ſenſible magnificence, and in 'the midſt of all thoſe ſplendors which can affect the 'imagination of created beings.

'It is very remarkable that this opinion of God Al- 'mighty's preſence in heaven, whether diſcovered by 'the light of nature, or by a general tradition from our 'firſt parents, prevails among all the nations of the 'world, whatſoever different notions they entertain of 'the Godhead. If you look into Homer, that is, the 'moſt ancient of the Greek writers, you ſee the Su- 'preme Power ſeated in the heavens, and encompaſſed 'with inferior deities, among whom the muſes are re- 'preſented as ſinging inceſſantly about his throne. 'Who does not here ſee the main ſtrokes and outlines 'of this great truth we are ſpeaking of? The ſame 'doctrine is ſhadowed out in many other heathen au- 'thors, though at the ſame time, like ſeveral other re- 'vealed truths, daſhed and adulterated with a mixture 'of fables and human inventions. But to paſs over the 'notions of the Greeks and Romans, thoſe more enlight- 'ened parts of the pagan world, we find there is ſcarce a people

'a people among the late diſcovered nations who are 'not trained up in an opinion, that heaven is the habi-'tation of the divinity whom they worſhip.

'As in Solomon's Temple there was the ſanctum 'ſanctorum, in which a viſible glory appeared among 'the figures of the cherubims, and into which none but 'the High-Prieſt himſelf was permitted to enter, after 'having made an atonement for the ſins of the people; 'ſo if we conſider the whole creation as one great tem-'ple, there is in it this holy of holies, into which the 'High-Prieſt of our ſalvation entered, and took his 'place among angels and archangels, after having made 'a propitiation for the ſins of mankind.

'With how much ſkill muſt the throne of God be 'erected? With what glorious deſigns is that habita-'tion beautified, which is contrived and built by him 'who inſpired Hiram with wiſdom? How great muſt be 'the majeſty of that place, where the whole art of crea-'tion has been employed, and where God has choſen to 'ſhew himſelf in the moſt magnificient manner? what 'muſt be the architecture of Infinite Power under the 'direction of Infinite Wiſdom? A ſpirit cannot but be 'tranſported after an ineffable manner with the ſight of 'thoſe objects, which were made to affect him by that 'Being who knows the inward frame of a ſoul, and 'and how to pleaſe and raviſh it in all its moſt ſecret 'powers and faculties. It is to this majeſtic preſence 'of God, we may apply thoſe beautiful expreſſions in 'holy writ: "behold, even to the moon, and it ſhin-"eth not; yea the ſtars are not pure in his ſight." 'The light of the ſun, and all the glories of the world 'in which we live, are but as weak and ſickly glim-'merings, or rather darkneſs itſelf, in compariſon of 'thoſe ſplendors which encompaſs the throne of God.

'As the glory of this place is tranſcendant beyond 'imagination, ſo probably is the extent of it. There 'is light behind light, and glory within glory. How 'far that ſpace may reach, in which God thus appears 'in perfect majeſty, we cannot poſſibly conceive. 'Though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite: and though

'though not immeaſurable in itſelf, it may be ſo with regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has made theſe lower regions of matter ſo inconceivably wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and periſhable beings, how great may we ſuppoſe the courts of his houſe to be, where he makes his reſidence in a more eſpecial manner, and diſplays himſelf in the fulneſs of his glory, among an innumerable company of angels and ſpirits of juſt men made perfect?

'This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raiſed too high, when we think on a place where Omnipotence and Omniſcience have ſo ſignally exerted themſelves, becauſe that thay are able to produce a ſcene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impoſſible at the conſummation of all things, theſe outward apartments of nature, which are now ſuited to thoſe beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am hear ſpeaking; and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: for ſo the ſcripture ſeems to intimate when it ſpeaks of new heavens and of a new earth; wherein dwelleth righteouſneſs.

'I have only conſidered this glorious place with regard to the ſight and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other ſenſes may here likewiſe enjoy their higheſt gratifications. There is nothing which more raviſhes and tranſports the ſoul, than harmony; and we have great reaſon to believe, from the deſcriptions of this place in holy ſcripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the ſoul of man can be ſo wonderfully affected with thoſe ſtrains of muſic, which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raiſed and elevated by thoſe, in which is exerted the whole power of harmony! The ſenſes are faculties of the human ſoul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital union, without proper inſtruments in the body.

Why

'Why therefore ſhould we exclude the ſatisfaction of 'theſe faculties, which we find by experience are inlets 'of great pleaſure to the ſoul, from among thoſe enter- 'tainments which are to make up our happineſs here- 'after? Why ſhould we ſuppoſe that our hearing and 'ſeeing will not be gratified with thoſe objects which 'are moſt agreeable to them, and which they cannot 'meet with in theſe lower regions of nature; objects, "which neither eye hath ſeen, nor ear heard, nor can "it enter into the heart of man to conceive? I knew a "man in Chriſt (ſays St. Paul, ſpeaking of himſelf) "above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I "cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot "tell: God knoweth) ſuch a one caught up to the "third heaven. And I knew ſuch a man (whether in "the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God "knoweth) how that he was caught up into Paradiſe, "and heard unſpeakable words, which it is not poſſible "for a man to utter." By this is meant that what he 'heard was ſo infinitely different from any thing which 'he had heard in this world, that it was impoſſible 'to expreſs it in ſuch words, as might convey a notion 'of it to his hearers.

'It is very natural for us to take delight in enqui- 'ries concerning any foreign country, where we are 'ſome time or other to make our abode; and as we all 'hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it is both 'a laudable and uſeful curioſity, to get what informa- 'tions we can of it, while we make uſe of revelation 'for our guide. When theſe everlaſting doors ſhall be 'open to us, we may be ſure that the pleaſures and 'beauties of this place will infinitely tranſcend our pre- 'ſent hopes and expectations, and that the glorious ap- 'pearance of the throne of God, will riſe infinitely 'beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We 'might here entertain ourſelves with many other ſpe- 'culations on this ſubject, from thoſe ſeveral hints 'which we find of it in the Holy Scriptures; as whether 'there may not be different manſions and apartments of 'glory, to beings of different natures; whether as they

'excel one another in perfection, they are not admitted 'nearer to the throne of the Almighty, and enjoy 'greater manifeſtations of his preſence; whether there 'are not ſolemn times and occaſions, when all the mul- 'titude of heaven celebrate the preſence of there Maker 'in more extraordinary forms of praiſe and adoration; 'as Adam, though he had continued in a ſtate of in- 'nocence, would, in the opinion of our divines, have 'kept holy the ſabbath day, in a more particular man- 'ner than any of the other ſeven. Theſe, and the like 'ſpeculations, we may very innocently indulge, ſo long 'as we make uſe of them to inſpire us with a deſire of 'becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

'I have in this, and in two foregoing letters, treated 'on the moſt ſerious ſubject that can employ the mind 'of man, the omnipreſence of the Deity; a ſubject 'which, if poſſible, ſhould never depart from our me- 'ditations. We have conſidered the Divine Being, as 'he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his works, 'as he is preſent to the mind of man, and as he diſco- 'vers himſelf in a more glorious manner among the 'regions of the bleſt. Such a conſideration ſhould be 'kept awake in us at all times, and in all places, and 'poſſeſs our minds with a perpetual awe and reverence. 'It ſhould be interwoven with all our thoughts and 'perceptions, and become one with the conſciouſneſs of 'our own being. It is not to be reflected on in coldneſs 'of philoſphy, but ought to ſink us into the loweſt pro- 'ſtration before him, who is ſo aſtoniſhingly great, 'wonderful, and holy.

MONDAY,

No. DLXXXI. MONDAY, AUGUST 16.

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam mediocria, ſunt mala plura
Quæ legis ——————— MART.
Some good, more bad, ſome neither one nor t'other.

I AM at preſent ſitting with a heap of letters before me, which I have received under the character of Spectator; I have complaints from lovers, ſchemes from projectors, ſcandal from ladies, congratulations, compliments, and advice in abundance.

I have not been thus long an author, to be inſenſible of the natural fondneſs every perſon muſt have for their own productions; and I begin to think I have treated my correſpondents a little too uncivilly in ſtringing them all together on a file, and letting them lie ſo long unregarded. I ſhall therefore, for the future, think myſelf at leaſt obliged to take ſome notice of ſuch letters as I receive, and may poſſibly do it at the end of every month.

In the mean time, I intend my preſent paper as a ſhort anſwer to moſt of thoſe which have been already ſent me.

The public however is not to expect I ſhould let them into all my ſecrets; and though I appear abſtruſe to moſt people, it is ſufficient if I am underſtood by my particular correſpondents.

My well-wiſher *Van Nath* is very arch, but not quite enough ſo to appear in print.

Philadelphus will, in a little time, ſee his query fully anſwered by a treatiſe which is now in the preſs.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. *G.*

Miſs *Kitty* muſt excuſe me.

The gentleman who ſent me a copy of verſes on his miſtreſs's dancing, is I believe too thoroughly in love to compoſe correctly.

I have too great a reſpect for both the univerſities to praiſe one at the expence of the other.

Tom Nimble is a very honeſt fellow, and I deſire him to preſent my humble ſervice to his couſin *Fill Bumper*.

I am obliged for the letter upon prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the caſe of *Grace Grumble*.

The petition of *P. S. granted*.

That of *Sarah Loveit, refuſed*.

The papers of *A. S.* are returned.

I thank *Ariſtippus* for his kind invitation.

My friend at *Woodſtock* is a bold man, to undertake for all within ten miles of him.

I am afraid the entertainment of *Tom Turnover* will hardly be reliſhed by the good cities of London and Weſtminſter.

I muſt conſider farther of it, before I indulge *W. F.* in thoſe freedoms he takes with the ladies ſtockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious gentleman, who ſent me an ode on the ſubject of the late Spectator, and ſhall take particular notice of his laſt letter.

When the lady who wrote me a letter, dated July the 20th, in relation to ſome paſſages in a *Lover*, will be more particular in her directions, I ſhall be ſo in my anſwer.

The poor gentleman, who fancies my writings could reclaim an huſband who can abuſe ſuch a wife as he deſcribes, has I am afraid too great an opinion of my ſkill.

Philanthropos is, I dare ſay, a very well-meaning man, but a little too prolix in his compoſitions.

Conſtantius himſelf muſt be the beſt judge in the affair he mentions.

The letter dated from Lincoln is received.

Arethuſa and her friend may hear farther from me.

Celia is a little too haſty.

Harriot is a good girl, but muſt not curtſey to folks ſhe does not know.

I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs my friend Samſon Bentſtaff has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long letter which I cannot comprehend one word of.

Collidan

Collidan muſt alſo explain what he means by his *drigelling*.

I think it beneath my ſpectatorial dignity, to concern myſelf in the affair of the boiled dumpling.

I ſhall conſult ſome litterati on the project ſent me for the diſcovery of the longitude.

I know not how to conclude this paper better, than by inſerting a couple of letters which are really genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the ſmarteſt pieces I have received from my correſpondents of either ſex.

'Brother Spec,

'WHILE you are ſurveying every object that falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with one. 'Had that ſage, who demanded what beauty was, 'lived to ſee the dear angel I love, he would not have 'aſked ſuch a queſtion. Had another ſeen her, he would 'himſelf have loved the perſon in whom heaven has 'made virtue viſible; and were you yourſelf to be in 'her company, you could never, with all your loquacity, ſay enough of her good humour and ſenſe. I 'ſend you the outlines of a picture, which I can no 'more finiſh than I can ſufficiently admire the dear original. I am

'Your moſt affectionate brother,

'CONSTANTIO SPEC.'

'Good Mr. Pert,

'I WILL allow you nothing till you reſolve me the following queſtion. Pray what's the reaſon that 'while you only talk now upon Wedneſdays, Fridays, 'and Mondays, you pretend to be a greater tatler than 'when you ſpoke every day as you formerly uſed to do? 'If this be your plunging out of your taciturnity, pray 'let the length of your ſpeeches compenſate for the 'ſcarceneſs of them.

'I am, Good Mr. Pert,

'Your admirer,

'If you will be long enough for me,

'AMANDA LOVELENGTH.'

WEDNESDAY.

No. DLXXXII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18.

——— Tenet insanabile multos,
Scribendi Cacoethes ——— Juv.

The curse of writing is an endless itch. Ch. Dryden.

THERE is a certain distemper, which is mentioned neither by Galen nor Hippocrates, nor to be met with in the London Dispensatory. Juvenal, in the motto of my paper, terms it a *cacoethes*; which is a hard word for a disease called in plain English, 'The 'itch of writing. This *cacoethes* is as epidemical as the small-pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives. There is, however, this difference in these two distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the blood, seldom comes out of it. The British nation is very much afflicted with this malady, and though very many remedies have been applied to persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with satires and lampoons, but have received little or no benefit from them; others have had their heads fastened for an hour together between a cleft board, which is made use of as a cure for the disease when it appears in its greatest malignity. There is indeed one kind of this malady which has been sometimes removed, like the biting of a tarantula, with the sound of a musical instrument, which is commonly known by the name of a cat-call. But if you have a patient of this kind under your care, you may assure yourself there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of pen, ink and paper.

But to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no species of scribblers more offensive, and more incurable, than your periodical writers, whose works return upon the public on certain days and at stated times. We have not the consolation in the perusal of these authors,

thors, which we find at the reading of all others, namely, that we are ſure if we have but patience we may come to the end of their labours. I have often admired an humorous ſaying of Diogenes, who reading a dull author to ſeveral of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almoſt come to a blank leaf at the end of it, cried, 'Courage, lads, I ſee land.' On the contrary, our progreſs through that kind of writers I am now ſpeaking of is never at at end. One day makes work for another, we do not know when to promiſe ourſelves reſt.

It is a melancholy thing to conſider, that the art of printing, which might be the greateſt bleſſing to mankind, ſhould prove detrimental to us, and that it ſhould be made uſe of to ſcatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, inſtead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimſical treatiſe, intitled, William Ramſay's Vindication of Aſtrology. This profound author, among many myſtical paſſages, has the following one: 'The abſence of the ſun is not the cauſe of 'night, foraſmuch as his light is ſo great that it may 'illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad 'day; but there are tenebrificous and dark ſtars, by 'whoſe influence night is brought on, and which do ray 'all our darkneſs and obſcurity upon the earth, as the 'ſun does light.'

I conſider writers in the ſame view this ſage aſtrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are ſtars that ſcatter light, as others do darkneſs. I could mention ſeveral authors who are tenebrificous ſtars of the firſt magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen, who have been dull in conſort, and may be looked upon as a dark conſtellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with ſeveral of theſe antiluminaries. I ſuffered them to ray out their darkneſs as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a reſolution of riſing upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the Britiſh hemiſphere.

FRIDAY,

No. DLXXXIII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 20.

Ipſe thymum pinoſque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta ſerat latè circum, cui talia curæ:
Ipſe labore manum duro teret; ipſe feraces
Figat humo plantas, & amicos irriget imbres. VIRG.

With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For ſlips of pines, may ſearch the mountain trees;
And with wild thyme and ſav'ry plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ake with pain;
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreſhing waters drench the ground.
DRYDEN.

EVERY ſtation of life has duties which are proper to it. Thoſe who are determined by choice to any particular kind of buſineſs, are indeed more happy than thoſe who are determined by neceſſity, but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either uſeful to themſelves or beneficial to others: no one of the ſons of Adam ought to think himſelf exempt from that labour and induſtry which were denounced to our firſt parent, and in him to all his poſterity. Thoſe to whom birth or fortune may ſeem to make ſuch an application unneceſſary, ought to find out ſome calling or profeſſion for themſelves, that they may not lie as a burden on the ſpecies, and be the only uſeleſs part of the creation.

Many of our country gentlemen in their buſy hours apply themſelves wholly to the chace, or to ſome other diverſion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occaſion to one of our moſt eminent Engliſh writers to repreſent every one of them as lying under a kind of curſe pronounced to them in the words of Goliah, 'I 'will give thee to the fowls of the air, and to the beaſts 'in the field.'

Though exerciſes of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amuſements of a more noble kind.

Among

Among theſe I know none more delightful in itſelf, and beneficial to the public, than that of *planting*. I could mention a nobleman whoſe fortune has placed him in ſeveral parts of England, and who has always left theſe viſible marks behind him, which ſhew he has been there: He never hired a houſe in his life, without leaving all about it the ſeeds of wealth, and beſtowing legacies on the poſterity of the owner. Had all the gentlemen of England made the ſame improvements upon their eſtates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought ſuch an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the higheſt rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of Cyrus the great, that he planted all the leſſer Aſia. There is indeed ſomething truly magnificent in this kind of amuſement: It gives a nobler air to ſeveral parts of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful ſcenes, and has ſomething in it like creation. For this reaſon the pleaſure of one who plants is ſomething like that of a poet, who, as Ariſtotle obſerves, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artiſt whatſoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in moſt other works, as they give a pleaſure of a more laſting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finiſhed a building or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you ſee it brought to its utmoſt point of perfection, and from that time haſtening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finiſhed your plantations, they are ſtill arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every ſucceeding year, than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of eſtates as a pleaſing amuſement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore beinculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought

to

to bear to our poſterity. As for the firſt, I need only mention what is frequently obſerved by others, that the increaſe of foreſt-trees does by no means bear a proportion to the deſtruction of them, inſomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loſs to ſupply itſelf with timber ſufficient for the fleets of England. I know when a man talks of poſterity in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and ſelfiſh part of mankind. Moſt people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was preſſed by the ſociety to come into ſomething that might redound to the good of their ſucceſſors, grew very peeviſh; "we are always doing, ſays he, ſomething "for poſterity, but I would fain ſee poſterity do ſome-"thing for us."

But I think men are inexcuſable, who fail in a duty of this nature, ſince it is ſo eaſily diſcharged. When a man conſiders that the putting a few twigs into the ground, is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own deſcendants eaſy or rich, by ſo inconſiderable an expence, if he finds himſelf averſe to it, he muſt conclude that he has a poor and baſe heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one conſideration, which may very much enforce what I have here ſaid. Many honeſt minds that are naturally diſpoſed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themſelves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is ſuited to the meaneſt capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities to deſerve well of their country and to recommend themſelves to their poſterity by any other method. It is the phraſe of a friend of mine, when any uſeful country neighbour dies, that "you may trace "him:" which I look upon as a good funeral oration, at the death of an honeſt huſbandman, who hath left the impreſſions of his induſtry behind him, in the place where he has lived.

Upon

Upon the foregoing conſiderations, I can ſcarce forbear repreſenting the ſubject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue: which, as I have already ſhewn, recommends itſelf likewiſe by the pleaſure that attends it. It muſt be confeſſed, that this is none of thoſe turbulent pleaſures which is apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but if it be not ſo tumultuous, it is more laſting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourſelves with proſpects of our own making, and to walk under thoſe ſhades which our own induſtry has raiſed. Amuſements of this nature compoſe the mind, and lay at reſt all thoſe paſſions which are uneaſy to the ſoul of man, beſides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and diſpoſe us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philoſophers paſſed away the greateſt parts of their lives among their gardens. Epicurus himſelf could not think ſenſual pleaſure attainable in any other ſcene. Every reader who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greateſt genius's of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have ſpoken on this ſubject; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art ſeems to have been more eſpecially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval ſtate, when he had life enough to ſee his productions flouriſh in their utmoſt beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have ſeen a wood of the talleſt oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce, in my next paper, a hiſtory which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel.

No. DLXXXIV. MONDAY, AUGUST, 23.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, lycori,
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum conſumerer ævo. VIRG.

Come ſee what pleaſures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground:
Here I cou'd live, and love, and die with only you.
DRYDEN.

HILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom ſome of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when ſhe was but a girl of threeſcore and ten years of age, received the addreſſes of ſeveral who made love to her. Among theſe were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the firſt-born, was maſter of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the ſouthern parts of China. Shalum (which is to ſay the planter in the Chineſe language) poſſeſſed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous ſpirit; Shalum was of a gentle diſpoſition, beloved both by God and man.

It is ſaid that among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly ſet upon riches; for which reaſon the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, becauſe of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by ſeveral fountains and ſtreams breaking out of the ſides of that mountain.

Harpath made ſo quick a diſpatch of his courtſhip, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an inſolent temper, laughed to ſcorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was maſter of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This ſo much provoked Shalum,

lum, that he is ſaid to have curſed his brother in the bitterneſs of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the ſhadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to croſs it. This river is called to this day from his name who periſhed in it, the river Harpath, and, what is very remarkable, iſſues out of one of thoſe mountains which Shalum wiſhed might fall upon his brother, when he curſed him in the bitterneſs of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and ſixtieth year of her age at the death of her huſband, having brought him but fifty children, before he was ſnatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought ſo likely to ſucceed in her affections as her firſt lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in thoſe days that a widow ſhould be ſeen by a man within ten years after the deceaſe of her huſband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and reſolving to take away that objection which had been raiſed againſt him when he made his firſt addreſſes to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the diviſion of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper ſoil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional ſecrets of that art from the firſt man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amuſement: his mountains were in a few years ſhaded with young trees, that gradually ſhot up into groves, woods, and foreſts, intermixed with walks and lawns, and gardens; inſomuch that the whole region from a naked and deſolate proſpect, began now to look like a ſecond paradiſe. The pleaſantneſs of the place, and the agreeable diſpoſition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildeſt and wiſeſt of all who lived

before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the ſinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better diſtribution of water through every part of this ſpacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the ſpace of ſeventy autumns, was wonderfully pleaſed with the diſtant proſpect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy ſcenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the fineſt landſcapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chineſe record a letter which Shalum is ſaid to have written to Hilpa, in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I ſhall here tranſlate it, without departing from that noble ſimplicity of ſentiments, and plainneſs of manners which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time an hundred and eighty years old, and Hilpa an hundred and ſeventy.

Shalum, Maſter of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, Miſtreſs of the Valleys.

In the 788th year of the creation.

'WHAT have I not ſuffered, O thou daughter
'of Zilpah, ſince thou gaveſt thyſelf away in
'marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of
'the ſun, and have ever ſince been covering myſelf with
'woods and foreſts. Theſe threeſcore and ten years
'have I bewailed the loſs of thee on the tops of mount
'Tirzah, and ſoothed my melancholy among a thou-
'ſand gloomy ſhades of my own raiſing. My dwellings
'are at preſent as the garden of God; every part of
'them is filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains.
'The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception.
'Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people
'this ſpot of the new world with a beautiful race of
'mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among theſe
'delightful ſhades, and fill every quarter of them with

'ſons

'ſons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter 'of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thouſand years; 'that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. 'It flouriſhes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the 'top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years 'will fade away, and never be thought of by poſterity 'unleſs a young wood ſprings from its roots. Think 'well on this and remember thy neighbour in the 'mountains.'

Having here inſerted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian *billet doux* now extant, I ſhall in my next paper give the anſwer to it, and the ſequel of this ſtory.

No. DLXXXV. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25.

Ipſi lætitiâ voces ad ſidera jactant
Intonſi montes: ipſæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta——— VIRG.

The mountain tops unſhorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly ſhrubs partake of human voice. DRYDEN.

The ſequel of the ſtory of Shalum and Hilpa.

THE letter inſerted in my laſt had ſo good an effect upon Hilpa, that ſhe anſwered it in leſs than a twelvemonth, after the following manner.

Hilpa, Miſtreſs of the Valleys, to Shalum, Maſter of Mount Tirzah.

In the 789th year of the creation.

'WHAT have I to do with thee, O Shalum? thou 'praiſeſt Hilpa's beauty, but art thou not ſecretly 'enamoured with the verdure of her meadows? Art 'thou not more affected with the proſpect of her green 'valleys, than thou wouldſt be with the ſight of her 'perſon? The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings

'of my flocks, make a pleaſant echo in thy mountains, 'and ſound ſweetly in thy ears. What though I am 'delighted with the wavings of thy foreſts, and thoſe 'breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah: 'are theſe like the riches of the valley?

'I knew thee, O Shalum; thou art more wiſe and 'happy than any of the ſons of men. Thy dwellings 'are among the cedars; thou ſearcheſt out the diver- 'ſity of ſoils, thou underſtandeſt the influences of the 'ſtars, and marketh the change of ſeaſons. Can a wo- 'man appear lovely in the eyes of ſuch a one? Diſ- 'quiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone, that I may enjoy 'thoſe goodly poſſeſſions which are fallen to my lot. 'Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees 'increaſe and multiply; mayeſt thou add wood to wood, 'and ſhade to ſhade; but tempt not Hilpa to deſtroy thy 'ſolitude, and make thy retirement populous.'

The Chineſe ſay, that a little time afterwards ſhe accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat laſted for two years, and is ſaid to have coſt Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thouſand oſtriches, and a thouſand tun of milk; but what moſt of all recommended it was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no perſon then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidſt the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of ſuch fruit-trees and plants as are moſt agreeable to the ſeveral kinds of ſinging-birds; ſo that it had drawn into it all the muſic of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the moſt agreeable conſort in ſeaſon.

He ſhewed her every day ſome beautiful and ſurpriſing ſcene in this new region of wood-lands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wiſh for of opening his mind to her, he ſucceeded ſo well, that upon her departure ſhe made him a kind of promiſe, and gave him her word to return him a poſitive anſwer in leſs than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures; and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourse went no farther than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who during his long silence is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightening, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she

no

no longer refuſed him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raiſed a moſt prodigious pile of cedar and of every ſweet-ſmelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height; he alſo caſt into the pile bundles of myrrh and ſheaves of ſpikenard, enriching it with every ſpicy ſhrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his eſpouſals: the ſmoke of it aſcended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incenſe and perfume.

No. DLXXXVI. FRIDAY, AUGUST 27.

——Quæ in vita uſurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in ſomno accidunt. Cic.

The things, which employ men's waking thoughts and actions, recur to their imaginations in ſleep.

BY the laſt poſt I received the following letter which is built upon a thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which reaſons I ſhall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment.

'SIR,

'IT was a good piece of advice which Pythagoras gave to his ſcholars, that every night before they ſlept they ſhould examine what they had been doing that day, and ſo diſcover what actions were worthy of purſuit to-morrow, and what little vices were to be prevented from ſlipping unawares into a habit. If I might ſecond the philoſopher's advice, it ſhould be mine, that in a morning before my ſcholar roſe, he ſhould conſider what he had been about that night, and with the ſame ſtrictneſs, as if the condition he has believed himſelf to be in, was real. Such a ſcrutiny

'into

'into the actions of his fancy must be of considerable 'advantage, for this reason, because the circumstances 'which a man imagines himself in during sleep are gene-'rally such as intirely favour his inclinations good or 'bad, and give him imaginary opportunities of pursu-'ing them to the utmost; so that his temper will lie 'fairly open to his view, while he considers how it is 'moved when free from those constraints which the ac-'cidents of real life put it under. Dreams are certain-'ly the result of our waking thoughts, and our daily 'hopes and fears are what give the mind such nimble 'relishes of pleasure, and such severe touches of pain 'in its midnight rambles. A man that murders his 'enemy, or deserts his friend in a dream, had need to 'guard his temper against revenge and ingratitude, and 'take heed that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in 'the pursuit of false, or the neglect of true honour. 'For my part, I seldom receive a benefit, but in a night 'or two's time, I make most noble returns for it; 'which though my benefactor is not a whit the better 'for, yet it pleases me to think that it was from a prin-'ciple of gratitude in me, that my mind was susceptible 'of such generous transport while I thought myself re-'paying the kindness of my friend: and I have often 'been ready to beg pardon, instead of returning an inju-'ry, after considering, that when the offender was in my 'power I had carried my resentments much too far.

'I think it has been observed in the course of your 'papers, how much one's happiness or misery may de-'pend upon the imagination: of which truth those 'strange workings of fancy in sleep are no inconsider-'able instances; so that not only the advantage a man 'has of making discoveries of himself, but a regard to his 'own ease or disquiet, may induce him to accept of my 'advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I shall 'put into a way of doing it with pleasure, by observing 'only one maxim which I shall give them, viz. to go to 'bed with a mind entirely free from passion, and a body 'clear from the least intemperance.

'They

'They indeed who can ſink into ſleep with their 'thoughts leſs calm or innocent than they ſhould be, do 'but plunge themſelves into ſcenes of guilt and miſery; 'or they who are willing to purchaſe any midnight diſ-'quietudes for the ſatisfaction of a full meal, or a ſkin-'ful of wine; theſe I have nothing to ſay to, as not 'knowing how to invite them to reflexions full of ſhame 'and horror: but thoſe that will obſerve this rule, I 'promiſe them they ſhall awake into health and cheer-'fulneſs, and be capable of recounting with delight 'thoſe glorious moments wherein the mind has been 'indulging itſelf in ſuch luxury of thought, ſuch 'noble hurry of imagination. Suppoſe a man's going 'ſupperleſs to bed ſhould introduce him to the table of 'ſome great prince or other, where he ſhall be enter-'tained with the nobleſt marks of honour and plenty, 'and do ſo much buſineſs after, that he ſhall riſe with 'as good a ſtomach to his breakfaſt as if he had faſted 'all night long; or ſuppoſe he ſhould ſee his deareſt 'friends remain all night in great diſtreſſes, which he 'could inſtantly have diſengaged them from, could 'he have been content to have gone to bed without the 'other bottle; believe me theſe effects of fancy are no 'contemptible conſequences of commanding or indulging 'one's appetite.

'I forbear recommending my advice upon many 'other accounts till I hear how you and your read-'ers reliſh what I have already ſaid; among whom 'if there be any that may pretend it is uſeleſs to them, 'becauſe they never dream at all, there may be others 'perhaps, who do little elſe all day long. Were every 'one as ſenſible as I am of what happens to him in 'his ſleep, it would be no diſpute whether we paſs ſo 'conſiderable a portion of our time in the condition 'of ſtocks and ſtones, or whether the ſoul were not 'perpetually at work upon the principle of thought. 'However, it is an honeſt endeavour of mine to per-'ſuade my countrymen to reap ſome advantage from 'ſo many unregarded hours, and as ſuch you will en-'courage it.

'I ſhall

'I shall conclude with giving you a sketch or two of 'my way of proceeding.

'If I have any business of consequence to do to-mor- 'row, I am scarce dropped asleep at night but I am in 'the midst of it, and when awake I consider the whole 'procession of the affair, and get the advantage of the 'next day's experience before the sun has risen upon it.

'There is scarce a great post but what I have some 'time or other been in; but my behaviour while I was 'master of a college, pleases me so well, that whenever 'there is a province of that nature vacant I intend to step 'in as soon as I can.

'I have done many things that would not pass examin- 'ation, when I have had the art of flying, or being invisi- 'ble; for which reason I am glad I am not possessed of 'those extraordinary qualities.

'Lastly, Mr. *Spectator*, I have been a great correspon- 'dent of yours, and have read many of my letters 'in your paper which I never wrote you. If you have 'a mind I should really be so, I have got a parcel of 'visions and other miscellanies in my noctuary, which 'I shall send to enrich your paper with on proper occa- 'sions.

Oxford, Aug. 20. 'I am, &c.

'JOHN SHADOW.'

No. DLXXXVII. MONDAY, AUGUST 30.

——————Intus, & in cute novi. PERS.

I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost skin. DRYDEN.

THOUGH the author of the following vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the work of that ingenious gentleman, who promised me in the last paper, some extracts out of his noctuary.

'SIR,

'SIR,

'I WAS the other day reading the life of Mahomet. Among many other extravagancies, I find it recorded of that impoſtor, that in the fourth year of his age, the angel Gabriel caught him up, while he was among his play-fellows, and carrying him aſide cut open his breaſt, plucked out his heart, and wrung out of it that black drop of blood, in which, ſay the Turkiſh divines, is contained the *Fomes Peccati*, ſo that he was free from ſin ever after. I immediately ſaid to myſelf, though this ſtory be a fiction, a very good moral may be drawn from it, would every man but apply it to himſelf, and endeavour to ſqueeze out of his heart whatever ſins or ill qualities he finds in it.

'While my mind was wholly taken up with this contemplation, I inſenſibly fell into a moſt pleaſing ſlumber, when methought two porters entered my chamber, carrying a large cheſt between them. After having ſet it down in the middle of the room they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open what was ſent me, when a ſhape, like that in which we paint our angels, appeared before me, and forbad me. Incloſed, ſaid he, are the hearts of ſeveral of your friends and acquaintance; but before you can be qualified to ſee and animadvert on the failings of others, you muſt be pure yourſelf; whereupon he drew out his inciſion knife, cut me open, took out my heart, and began to ſqueeze it. I was in great confuſion, to ſee how many things, which I had always cheriſhed as virtues, iſſued out of my heart on this occaſion. In ſhort, after it had been thoroughly ſqueezed, it looked like an empty bladder, when the phantom, breathing a freſh particle of divine air into it, reſtored it ſafe to its former repoſitory; and having ſewed me up, we began to examine the cheſt.

'The hearts were all incloſed in tranſparent phials, and preſerved in liquor which looked like ſpirits of wine. The firſt which I caſt my eye upon, I was

'afraid

'afraid would have broke the glaſs which contained it. 'It ſhot up and down, with incredible ſwiftneſs, through 'the liquor in which it ſwam, and very frequently 'bounced againſt the ſide of the phial. The *fomes*, or 'ſpot in the middle of it was not large, but of a red 'fiery colour, and ſeemed to be the cauſe of theſe violent 'agitations. That, ſays my inſtructor is the heart of 'Tom Dread-nought, who behaved himſelf well in the 'late wars, but has for theſe ten years laſt paſt been 'aiming at ſome poſt of honour to no purpoſe. He is 'lately retired into the country, where quite choked 'up with ſpleen and choler, he rails at better men than 'himſelf, and will be for ever uneaſy, becauſe it is im-'poſſible he ſhould think his merit ſufficiently rewarded. 'The next heart that I examined was remarkable for 'its ſmallneſs; it lay ſtill at the bottom of the phial, 'and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The '*fomes* was quite black, and had almoſt diffuſed itſelf 'over the whole heart. This, ſays my interpreter, is 'the heart of Dick Gloomy, who never thirſted after 'any thing but money. Notwithſtanding all his endea-'vours, he is ſtill poor. This has flung him into a 'moſt deplorable ſtate of melancholy and deſpair. He 'is a compoſition of envy and idleneſs, hates mankind, 'but gives them their revenge by being more uneaſy to 'himſelf, than to any one elſe.

'The phial I looked upon next contained a large 'fair heart, which beat very ſtrongly. The *fomes* or 'ſpot in it was exceeding ſmall; but I could not help 'obſerving, that which way ſoever I turned the phial 'it always appeared uppermoſt, and in the ſtrongeſt 'point of light. The heart you are examining, ſays 'my companion, belongs to Will Worthy. He has, 'indeed, a moſt noble ſoul, and is poſſeſſed of a thou-'ſand good qualities. The ſpeck which you diſcover 'is vanity.

'Here, ſays the angel, is the heart of Freelove, your 'intimate friend. Freelove and I, ſaid I, are at preſent 'very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking 'on the heart of a man, which I fear is overcaſt with

'rancour. My teacher commanded me to look upon 'it; I did ſo, and to my unſpeakable ſurpriſe, found 'that a ſmall ſwelling ſpot, which I at firſt took to be 'ill-will towards me, was only paſſion, and that upon 'my nearer inſpection it wholly diſappeared; upon 'which the phantom told me Freelove was one of the 'beſt-natured men alive.

'This, ſays my teacher, is a female heart of your 'acquaintance. I found the *fomes* in it of the largeſt 'ſize, and of an hundred different colours, which were 'ſtill varying every moment. Upon my aſking to whom 'it belonged, I was informed that it was the heart of 'Coquetilla.

'I ſet it down, and drew out another, in which I 'took the *fomes* at firſt ſight to be very ſmall, but was 'amazed to find, that, as I looked ſtedfaſtly upon it, it 'grew ſtill larger. It was the heart of Meliſſa, a noted 'prude who lives the next door to me.

'I ſhow you this, ſays the phantom, becauſe it is 'indeed a rarity, and you have the happineſs to know 'the perſon to whom it belongs. He then put into 'my hands a large chryſtal glaſs, that incloſed an heart, 'which, though I examined it with the utmoſt nicety, 'I could not perceive any blemiſh. I made no ſcruple 'to affirm that it muſt be the heart of Seraphina, and 'was glad, but not ſurpriſed, to find that it was ſo. 'She is indeed, continued my guide, the ornament, as 'well as the envy, of her ſex; at theſe laſt words he 'pointed to the hearts of ſeveral of her female acquaint-'ance which lay in different phials, and had very large 'ſpots in them, all of a deep blue. You are not to 'wonder, ſays he, that you ſee no ſpot in a heart, 'whoſe innocence has been proof againſt all the cor-'ruptions of a depraved age. If it has any blemiſh, it 'is too ſmall to be diſcovered by human eyes.

'I laid it down, and took up the hearts of other 'females, in all of which the *fomes* ran in ſeveral veins, 'which were twiſted together, and made a very perplexed 'figure. I aſked the meaning of it, and was told it re-'preſented deceit.

'I ſhould

'I ſhould have been glad to have examined the hearts 'of ſeveral of my acquaintance, whom I knew to be 'particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, intriguing, &c. but my interpreter told me, I muſt let that 'alone till another opportunity, and flung down the 'cover of the cheſt with ſo much violence, as immediately awoke me.'

No. DLXXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1.

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate eſt & gratia, & caritas.

CICERO.

You pretend that all kindneſs and benevolence is founded in weakneſs.

MAN may be conſidered in two views, as a reaſonable, and as a ſociable being; capable of becoming himſelf either happy or miſerable, and of contributing to the happineſs or miſery of his fellow-creatures. Suitably to this double capacity, the contriver of human nature hath wiſely furniſhed it with two principles of action, ſelf-love and benevolence; deſigned one of them to render man wakeful to his own perſonal intereſt, the other to diſpoſe him for giving his utmoſt aſſiſtance to all engaged in the ſame purſuit. This is ſuch an account of our frame, ſo agreeable to reaſon, ſo much for the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our ſpecies, that it may appear ſomewhat unaccountable what ſhould induce men to repreſent human nature as they do under characters of diſadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and ſordid aſpect, what pleaſure they can poſſibly take in ſuch a picture. Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we would believe themſelves, is not more odious than the original? One of the firſt that talked in this lofty ſtrain of our nature was Epicurus. Beneficence, would his followers ſay, is all founded in weakneſs; and, whatever he pretended, the

kindneſs that paſſeth between men and men is by every man directed to himſelf. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is of a piece with the reſt of that hopeful philoſophy, which having patched man up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for theſe glorious diſcoveries the poet is beyond meaſure tranſported in the praiſes of his hero, as if he muſt needs be ſomething more than man, only for an endeavour to prove that man is in nothing ſuperior to beaſts. In this ſchool was Mr. Hobbes inſtructed to ſpeak after the ſame manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an obſervation of his own temper; for he ſomewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule. 'That 'from the ſimilitudes of thoughts and paſſions of one 'man to the thoughts and paſſions of another, whoſo-'ever looks into himſelf and conſiders what he doth when 'he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon what grounds; 'he ſhall hereby read and know what are the thoughts 'and paſſions of all other men, upon the like occaſions.' Now we will allow Mr. Hobbes to know beſt how he was inclined: but in earneſt, I ſhould be heartily out of conceit with myſelf, if I thought myſelf of this unamiable temper as he affirms, and ſhould have as little kindneſs for myſelf, as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propenſions were the original growth of the heart of man, and, however checked and over topped by counter inclinations that have ſince ſprung up within us, have ſtill ſome force in the worſt of tempers, and a conſiderable influence on the beſt. And, methinks, it is a fair ſtep towards the proof of this, that the moſt beneficent of all beings is he who hath an abſolute fulneſs of perfection in himſelf, who gave exiſtence to the univerſe, and ſo cannot be ſuppoſed to want that which he communicated, without diminiſhing from the plenitude of his own power and happineſs. The philoſophers before-mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this argument; for placing the gods in a ſtate of the moſt elevated bleſſedneſs, they deſcribe them as ſelfiſh as we poor miſerable mortals can be, and ſhut them out from all concern for mankind, upon the ſcore

of

of their having no need of us. But if he that ſitteth in the heavens wants not us, we ſtand in continual need of him; and ſurely, next to the ſurvey of the immenſe treaſures of his own mind, the moſt exalted pleaſure he receives is from beholding millions of creatures lately drawn out of the gulph of non-exiſtence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happineſs imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity, ſo in forming a reaſonable creature he would not, if poſſible, ſuffer his image to paſs out of his hands unadorned with a reſemblance of himſelf in this moſt lovely part of his nature. For what complacency could a mind, whoſe love is as unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work ſo unlike himſelf; a creature that ſhould be capable of knowing and converſing with a vaſt circle of objects, and love none but himſelf? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of ſuch a creature, its affections, and its underſtanding? Or could a ſociety of ſuch creatures, with no other bottom but ſelf-love on which to maintain a commerce, ever flouriſh? Reaſon, it is certain, would oblige every man to purſue the general happineſs, as the means to procure and eſtabliſh his own; and yet if, beſides this conſideration, there were not a natural inſtinct, prompting men to deſire the welfare and ſatisfaction of others, ſelf-love, in defiance of the admonitions of reaſon, would quickly run all things into a ſtate of war and confuſion. As nearly intereſted as the ſoul is in the fate of the body, our provident Creator ſaw it neceſſary, by the conſtant returns of hunger and thirſt, thoſe importunate appetites, to put it in mind of its charge; knowing that if we ſhould eat and drink no oftener than cold abſtracted ſpeculation ſhould put us upon theſe exerciſes, and then leave it to reaſon to preſcribe the quantity, we ſhould ſoon refine ourſelves out of this bodily life. And indeed, it is obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unleſs carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reaſon, and, like a bias, draw the mind ſtrongly towards it. In order therefore, to eſtabliſh a perpetual intercourſe of benefits amongſt mankind, their

Maker would not fail to give them this generous prepoſſeſſion of benevolence, if, as I have ſaid it were poſſible. And from whence can we go about to argue its impoſſibility? Is it inconſiſtent with ſelf-love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is oppoſed to its annual; or its motion round its own centre, which might be improved as an illuſtration of ſelf-love, to that which whirls it about the common centre of the world, anſwering to univerſal benevolence. Is the force of ſelf-love abated, or its intereſt prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence though a diſtinct principle, is extremely ſerviceable to ſelf-love, and then doth moſt ſervice when it is leaſt deſigned.

But to deſcend from reaſon to matter of fact; the pity which ariſes on ſight of perſons in diſtreſs, and the ſatisfaction of mind which is the conſequence of having removed them into a happier ſtate, are inſtead of a thouſand arguments to prove ſuch a thing as a diſintereſted benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflexion we make upon our liableneſs to the ſame ill accidents we ſee befal others, it were nothing to the preſent purpoſe; but this is aſſigning an artificial cauſe of a natural paſſion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it, becauſe children and perſons moſt thoughtleſs about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the proſpects of futurity, feel the moſt violent touches of compaſſion. And then as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his ſorrow, and is, when the objects are numerous, and the kindneſs of importance, really inexpreſſible, what can this be owing to but a conſciouſneſs of a man's having done ſomething praiſeworthy, and expreſſive of a great ſoul? Whereas, if in all this he only ſacrificed to vanity and ſelf-love, as there would be nothing brave in actions that make the moſt ſhining appearance, ſo nature would not have rewarded them with this divine pleaſure; nor could the commendations, which a perſon receives for benefits done upon ſelfiſh views, be at all more ſatisfactory, than when he

is

is applauded for what he doth without deſign; becauſe in both caſes the ends of ſelf-love are equally anſwered. The conſcience of approving one's ſelf a benefactor to mankind is the nobleſt recompence for being ſo; doubtleſs it is, and the moſt intereſted cannot propoſe any thing ſo much to their own advantage; notwithſtanding which the inclination is nevertheleſs unſelfiſh. The pleaſure which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirſt, is not the cauſe of theſe appetites; they are previous to any ſuch proſpect; and ſo likewiſe is the deſire of doing good; with this difference, that being ſeated in the intellectual part, this laſt though antecedent to reaſon, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwiſe a virtue than as it is ſo.

Thus have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of, and, after all the evidence produced, think I have a right to conclude, againſt the motto of this paper, that there is ſuch a thing as generoſity in the world. Though if I were under a miſtake in this, I ſhould ſay as Cicero in relation to the immortality of the ſoul, I willingly err, and ſhould believe it very much to the intereſt of mankind to lie under the ſame deluſion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to diſpirit the mind, and ſinks it into a meanneſs fatal to the god-like zeal of doing good: as on the other hand, it teaches people to be ungrateful, by poſſeſſing them with a perſuaſion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they beſtow. Now he that baniſhes gratitude from among men, by ſo doing ſtops up the ſtream of beneficence. For though in conferring kindneſſes, a truly generous man doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the perſon obliged, and as nothing renders a perſon more unworthy of a benefit, than his being without all reſentment of it, he will not be extremely forward to oblige ſuch a man.

FRIDAY,

No. DLXXXIX. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

Perſequitur ſcelus ille ſuum: labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit——— Ovid.

The impious ax he plies; loud ſtrokes reſound;
'Till drag'd with ropes, and fell'd with many a wound,
The looſen'd tree comes ruſhing to the ground.

'SIR,

'I AM ſo great an admirer of trees, that the ſpot of 'ground I have choſen to build a ſmall ſeat upon, 'in the country, is almoſt in the midſt of a large wood. 'I was obliged, much againſt my will, to cut down 'ſeveral trees, that I might have any ſuch thing as a 'walk in my gardens; but then I have taken care to 'leave the ſpace, between every walk, as much a wood 'as I found it. The moment you turn either to the 'right or left, you are in a foreſt, where nature preſents 'you with a much more beautiful ſcene than could have 'been raiſed by art.

'Inſtead of tulips or carnations, I can ſhew you oaks 'in my gardens of four hundred years ſtanding, and a 'knot of elms that might ſhelter a troop of horſe from 'the rain.

'It is not without the utmoſt indignation, that I ob-'ſerve ſeveral prodigal young heirs in the neighbour-'hood, felling down the moſt glorious monuments of 'their anceſtors induſtry, and ruining, in a day, the 'product of ages.

'I am mightily pleaſed with your diſcourſe upon plant-'ing, which put me upon looking into my books to 'give you ſome account of the veneration the ancients 'had for trees. There is an old tradition, that Abra-'ham planted a cypreſs, a pine, and a cedar, and 'that theſe three incorporated into one tree, which 'was cut down for the building of the temple of 'Solomon.

'Iſidorus,

'Iſidorus, who lived in the reign of Conſtantius, 'aſſures us, that he ſaw even in his time, that famous 'oak in the plains of Mambré, under which Abraham 'is reported to have dwelt, and adds, that the people 'looked upon it with great veneration, and preſerved it 'as a ſacred tree.

'The heathens ſtill went farther, and regarded it as 'the higheſt piece of ſacrilege to injure certain trees 'which they took to be protected by ſome deity. The 'ſtory of Eriſichthon, the grove at Dodona, and that at 'Delphi are all inſtances of this kind.

'If we conſider the machine in Virgil, ſo much 'blamed by ſeveral critics in this light, we ſhall hardly 'think it too violent.

'Æneas, when he built his fleet in order to ſail for 'Italy, was obliged to cut down the grove on mount 'Ida, which however he durſt not do till he had ob-'tained leave from Cybele, to whom it was dedicated. 'The goddeſs could not but think herſelf obliged to 'protect theſe ſhips, which were made of conſecrated 'timber, after a very extraordinary manner, and there-'fore deſired Jupiter, that they might not be obnox-'ious to the power of waves or winds. Jupiter would 'not grant this, but promiſed her, that as many as came 'ſafe to Italy ſhould be transformed into goddeſſes 'of the ſea; which the poet tells us was accordingly 'executed.

And now at length the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To ſave her ſhips, and finiſh Jove's decree.
Firſt, from the quarter of the morn, there ſprung
A light that ſign'd the heavens and ſhot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian quires:
And laſt a voice, with more than mortal ſounds,
Both hoſts in arms oppos'd with equal horror wounds.
O Trojan race, your needleſs aid forbear;
And know my ſhips are my peculiar care.

With

With greater eaſe the bold Rutulian may,
With hiſſing brands, attempt to burn the ſea,
Than ſinge my ſacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forſake the ſand,
And ſwim the ſeas, at Cybele's command.
No ſooner had the goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
When lo, th' obedient ſhips their haulſer's break;
And ſtrange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows ſweep,
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.

DRYDEN's VIRG.

'The common opinion concerning the nymphs, whom 'the ancients called Hamadryads, is more to the honour 'of trees than any thing yet mentioned. It was thought 'the fate of theſe nymphs had ſo near a dependence 'on ſome trees, more eſpecially oaks, that they lived 'and died together. For this reaſon they were extreme-'ly grateful to ſuch perſons who preſerved thoſe trees 'with which their being ſubſiſted. Apollonius tells us 'a very remarkable ſtory to this purpoſe, with which 'I ſhall conclude my letter.'

'A certain man, called Rhæcus, obſerving an old 'oak ready to fall, and being moved with a ſort of 'compaſſion towards the tree, ordered his ſervants to 'pour in freſh earth at the roots of it, and ſet it up-'right. The Hamadryad or nymph, who muſt neceſ-'ſarily have periſhed with the tree, appeared to him the 'next day, and after having returned him her thanks, 'told him, ſhe was ready to grant whatever he ſhould 'aſk. As ſhe was extremely beautiful, Rhæcus deſired 'he might be entertained as her lover. The Hamadry-'ad, not much diſpleaſed with the requeſt, promiſed to 'give him a meeting, but commanded him for ſome 'days to abſtain from the embraces of all other women, 'adding that ſhe would ſend a bee to him, to let him 'know when he was to be happy. Rhæcus was, it 'ſeems, too much addicted to gaming, and happened to 'be in a run of ill luck when the faithful bee came buz-

zing

'ging about him; ſo that inſtead of minding his kind 'invitation, he had like to have killed him for his pains. 'The Hamadryad was ſo provoked at her own diſap-'pointment, and the ill uſage of her meſſenger, that 'ſhe deprived Rhæcus of the uſe of his limbs. How-'ever, ſays the ſtory, he was not ſo much a cripple, 'but he made a ſhift to cut down the tree, and conſe-'quently to fell his miſtreſs.

No. DXC. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

——————Aſſiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non ſecus ac flumen. Ne que enim conſiſtere flumen,
Nec levis hora poteſt: ſed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora ſic fugiunt paritur, pariterque ſequunter;
Et nova ſunt ſemper. Nam quod fuit antè, relictum eſt
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.

OVID.

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.
For time, no more than ſtreams, is at a ſtay;
The flying hour is ever on her way:
And as the fountain ſtill ſupplies her ſtore;
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in ſucceſſive courſe the minutes run,
And urge their predeceſſor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are laid aſide, like abdicated kings;
And ev'ry moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome act, till then unknown.

DRYDEN.

The following diſcourſe comes from the ſame hand with the eſſays upon infinitude.

WE conſider infinite ſpace as an expanſion without a circumference: we conſider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor

nor an end. In our ſpeculations of infinite ſpace, we conſider that particular place in which we exiſt, as a kind of centre to the whole expanſion. In our ſpeculations of eternity, we conſider the time which is preſent to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reaſon, many witty authors compare the preſent time to an iſthmus or narrow neck of land that riſes in the midſt of an ocean, immeaſurably diffuſed on either ſide of it.

Philoſophy, and indeed common ſenſe, naturally throws eternity under two diviſions; which we may call in Engliſh, that eternity which is paſt, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of Æternitas à parte ante, and Æternitas à parte poſt, may be more amuſing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by thoſe words, an eternity that is paſt, and an eternity that is to come. Each of theſe extremities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

Let us firſt of all conſider that eternity which is paſt, reſerving that which is to come for the ſubject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reaſon demonſtrates to us that it *has been*, but at the ſame time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with abſurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is paſt, than that all of it was once preſent; and whatever was once preſent, is at ſome certain diſtance from us, and whatever is at any certain diſtance from us be the diſtance never ſo remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration's being paſt, implies that it was once preſent; for the idea of being once preſent, is actually included in the idea of its being paſt. This therefore is a depth not to be ſounded by human underſtanding. We are ſure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourſelves when we meaſure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the bottom of this matter, we ſhall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of

of eternity proceed from this ſingle reaſon, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourſelves, and all other created beings do exiſt; which is, a ſucceſſive duration made up of paſt, preſent, and to come. There is nothing which exiſts after this manner, all the parts of whoſe exiſtence were not once actually preſent, and conſequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may aſcend as high as we pleaſe, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain-head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the ſame time we are ſure, that whatever was once preſent does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpoſe. We may as well ſay, that any thing may be actually preſent in any part of infinite ſpace, which does not lie at a certain diſtance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually preſent, and does not alſo lie at ſome determined diſtance from us. The diſtance in both caſes may be immeaſurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reaſon tells us that it cannot be ſo in itſelf. Here therefore is that difficulty which human underſtanding is not capable of ſurmounting. We are ſure that ſomething muſt have exiſted from eternity, and are at the ſame time unable to conceive, that any thing which exiſts, according to our notion of exiſtence, can have exiſted from eternity.

It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in ſuch an abſtracted ſpeculation; but I have been the longer on it, becauſe I think it is a demonſtrative argument of the being and eternity of a God: and though there are many other demonſtrations which lead us to this great truth, I do no not think we ought to lay aſide any proofs in this matter, which the light of reaſon has ſuggeſted to us, eſpecially when it is ſuch a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of underſtanding, and which appears altogether concluſive to thoſe who will be at the pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

First, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

Secondly, that therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, 'the Ancient of Days,' who, being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created being, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I know that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us, that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that eternity is with him a punctum stans, a fixed point; or which is as good sense, an infinite instant; that nothing, with reference to his existence, is either past or to come: to which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven.

> Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
> But an eternal Now does always last.

For my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions, when we meditate on Him, who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence

which

which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmoſt humility acknowledge, that as ſome being muſt neceſſarily have exiſted from eternity, ſo this being does exiſt after an incomprehenſible manner, ſince it is impoſſible for a being to have exiſted from eternity after our manner or notions of exiſtence. Revelation confirms theſe natural dictates of reaſon in the accounts it gives us of the divine exiſtence, where it tells us, that he is the ſame yeſterday, to day, and for ever; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thouſand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thouſand years; by which, and the like expreſſions, we are taught, that his exiſtence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the exiſtence of any of his creatures, and conſequently that it is impoſſible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the firſt revelation which he makes of his own being, he entitles himſelf, 'I am that I am;' and when Moſes deſires to know what name he ſhall give him in his embaſſy to Pharoah, he bids him ſay that 'I am hath ſent you.' Our great Creator, by this revelation of himſelf, does in a manner exclude every thing elſe from a real exiſtence, and diſtinguiſhes himſelf from his creatures, as the only being which truly and really exiſts. The ancient Platonic notion which was drawn from ſpeculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God hath made of himſelf. There is nothing, ſay they, which in reality exiſts, whoſe exiſtence, as we call it, is pieced up of paſt, preſent, and to come. Such a flitting and ſucceſſive exiſtence is rather a ſhadow of exiſtence, and ſomething which is like it than exiſtence itſelf. He only properly exiſts whoſe exiſtence is intirely preſent; that is, in other words, who exiſts in the moſt perfect manner, and in ſuch a manner as we have no idea of.

I ſhall conclude this ſpeculation with one uſeful inference. How can we ſufficiently proſtrate ourſelves and fall down before our Maker, when we conſider that ineffable goodneſs and wiſdom which contrived this exiſtence

iſtence for finite natures? What muſt be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt exiſtence to beings, in whom it is not neceſſary? Eſpecially when we conſider that he himſelf was before in the complete poſſeſſion of exiſtence and of happineſs, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himſelf as called out and ſeparated from nothing, of his being made a conſcious, a reaſonable and a happy creature, in ſhort, of being taken in a ſharer of exiſtence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being ſwallowed up in wonder, in praiſe, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the ſecrecy of devotion, and in the ſilence of the ſoul, than to be expreſſed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties ſufficient to extol and magnify ſuch unutterable goodneſs.

It is however ſome comfort to us, that we ſhall be always doing what we ſhall be never able to do, and that a work which cannot be finiſhed, will however be the work of an eternity.

No. DXCI. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

———Tenerorum luſor amorum, Ovid.

Love is the ſoft ſubject of his ſportive muſe.

I Have juſt received a letter from a gentleman, who tells me he has obſerved, with no ſmall concern, that my papers have of late been very barren in relation to love; a ſubject which, when agreeably handled, can ſcarce fail of being well received by both ſexes.

If my invention therefore ſhould be almoſt exhauſted on this head, he offers to ſerve under me in the quality of a love-caſuiſt; for which he conceives himſelf to be throughly qualified, having made this paſſion his principal ſtudy, and obſerved it in all its different ſhapes and appearances, from the fifteenth to the forty-fifth year of his age.

He

He assures me with an air of confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real abilities, that he does not doubt of giving judgment to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, on the most nice and intricate cases which can happen in an amour; as,

How great the contraction of the fingers must be before it amounts to a squeeze by the hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow.

What advances a lover may presume to make, after having received a pat upon his shoulder from his mistress's fan.

Whether a lady, at the first interview, may allow an humble servant to kiss her hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the maid in order to succeed with the mistress.

What constructions a man may put upon a smile, and in what cases a frown goes for nothing.

On what occasions a sheepish look may do service, &c.

As a farther proof of his skill, he has also sent me several maxims in love, which he assures me are the result of a long and profound reflexion, some of which I think myself obliged to communicate to the public, not remembering to have seen them before in any author.

'There are more calamities in the world, arising from 'love than from hatred.

'Love is the daughter of *Idleness*, but the mother of '*Disquietude*.

'Men of grave natures (says Sir Francis Bacon) are 'the most constant; for the same reason men should be 'more constant than women.

'The gay part of mankind is most amorous, the se-'rious most loving.

'A coquette often loses her reputation while she pre-'serves her virtue.

'A prude often preserves her reputation when she has 'lost her virtue.

'Love refines a man's behaviour, but makes a wo-'man's ridiculous.

'Love is generally accompanied with good-will in 'the young, intereſt in the middle-aged, and a paſſion 'too groſs to name in the old.

'The endeavours to revive a decaying paſſion gene- 'rally extinguiſh the remains of it.

'A woman who from being a ſlattern becomes over- 'neat, or from being over-neat becomes a ſlattern, is 'moſt certainly in love.'

I ſhall make uſe of this gentleman's ſkill, as I ſee occaſion; and ſince I am got upon the ſubject of love ſhall conclude this paper with a copy of verſes which were lately ſent me by an unknown hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary run of ſonneteers.

The author tells me they were written in one of his deſpairing fits; and I find entertains ſome hope that his miſtreſs may pity ſuch a paſſion as he has deſcribed, before ſhe knows that ſhe is herſelf Corinna.

Conceal, fond man, conceal the mighty ſmart,
Nor tell Corinna ſhe has fir'd thy heart.
In vain would'ſt thou complain, in vain pretend
To aſk a pity which ſhe muſt not lend.
She's too much thy ſuperior to comply,
And too too fair to let thy paſſion die.
Languiſh in ſecret, and with dumb ſurpriſe
Drink the reſiſtleſs glances of her eyes.
At awful diſtance entertain thy grief,
Be ſtill in pain, but never aſk relief.
Ne'er tempt her ſcorn of thy conſuming ſtate;
Be any way undone, but fly her hate.
Thou muſt ſubmit to ſee thy charmer bleſs
Some happier youth that ſhall admire her leſs;
Who in that lovely form, that heav'nly mind,
Shall miſs ten thouſand beauties thou could'ſt find,
Who with low fancy ſhall approach her charms,
While half enjoy'd ſhe ſinks into his arms.
She knows not, muſt not know, thy nobler fire,
Whom ſhe, and whom the muſes do inſpire;
Her image only ſhall thy breaſt employ,
And fill thy captiv'd ſoul with ſhades of joy;

Direct

Direct thy dreams by night, thy thoughts by day;
And never, never, from thy boſom ſtray.

No. DXCII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

——————Studium ſine divite venâ. HOR.

Art without a vein. ROSCOMMON.

I Look upon the play-houſe as a world within itſelf. They have lately furniſhed the middle region of it with a new ſet of meteors, in order to give the ſublime to many modern tragedies. I was there laſt winter at the firſt rehearſal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and ſonorous than any hitherto made uſe of. They have a Salmoneous behind the ſcenes who plays it off with great ſucceſs. Their lightnings are made to flaſh more briſkly than heretofore; their clouds are alſo better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent ſtorm locked up in a great cheſt, that is deſigned for the tempeſt. They are alſo provided with above a dozen ſhowers of ſnow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unſucceſsful poets artificially cut and ſhreaded for that uſe. Mr. Rymer's Edgar is to fall in ſnow at the next acting of king Lear, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the diſtreſs of that unfortunate prince; and to ſerve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written againſt.

I do not indeed wonder that the actors ſhould be ſuch profeſſed enemies to thoſe among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, ſince it is a rule among theſe gentlemen to fall upon a play, not becauſe it is ill written, but becauſe it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, muſt of neceſſity be good

for nothing; as though the firſt precept in poetry were not to pleaſe. Whether this rule holds good or not, I ſhall leave to the determination of thoſe who are better judges than myſelf; if it does, I am ſure it tends very much to the honour of thoſe gentlemen who have eſtabliſhed it; few of their pieces having been diſgraced by a run of three days, and moſt of them being ſo exquiſitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great eſteem for a true critic, ſuch as Ariſtotle and Longinus among the Greeks, Horace and Quintilian among the Romans, Boileau and Dacier among the French. But it is our misfortune, that ſome who ſet up for profeſſed critics among us are ſo ſtupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety, and withal ſo illiterate, that they have no taſte of the learned languages, and therefore criticiſe upon old authors only at ſecond hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themſelves. The words unity, action, ſentiment, and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, becauſe they are unintelligible. The ancient critics are full of the praiſes of their contemporaries; they diſcover beauties which eſcaped the obſervation of the vulgar, and very often find out reaſons for palliating and excuſing ſuch little ſlips and overſights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, moſt of the ſmatterers in criticiſm who appear among us, make it their buſineſs to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applauſe, to deſcry imaginary blemiſhes, and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what paſs for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In ſhort, the writings of theſe critics compared with thoſe of the ancients, are like the works of the ſophiſts compared with thoſe of the old philoſophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of lazineſs and ignorance

ignorance; which was probably the reaſon, that in the Heathen Mythology Momus is ſaid to be the ſon of Nox and Somnus, of Darkneſs and Sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accompliſh or diſtinguiſh themſelves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very ſubject to deſcry thoſe beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to diſcover. Many of our ſons of Momus, who dignify themſelves by the name of critics, are the genuine deſcendents of theſe two illuſtrious anceſtors. They are often led into thoſe numerous abſurdities, in which they daily inſtruct the people, by not conſidering that, firſt, there is ſometimes a greater judgment ſhewn in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and, ſecondly, that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows, but ſcrupulouſly obſerves them.

Firſt, we may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithſtanding chooſe to depart from them on extraordinary occaſions. I could give inſtances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have ſhewn their judgment in this particular; and purpoſely receded from an eſtabliſhed rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the obſervation of ſuch a rule would have been. Thoſe who have ſurveyed the nobleſt pieces of architecture and ſtatuary both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviation from art in the works of the greateſt maſters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often ariſes from what the Italians call the guſto grande in theſe arts, which is what we call the ſublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not ſeem ſenſible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in thoſe of a little genius who knows and obſerves them, it is of theſe

men

men of genius that Terence ſpeaks, in oppoſition to the little artificial cavillers of his time;

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potiùs, quàm iſtorum obſcuram deligentiam.

Whoſe negligence he would rather imitate, than theſe men's obſcure diligence.

A critic may have the ſame conſolation in the ill-ſucceſs of his play, as Dr. South tells us a phyſician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *ſecundum artem*. Our inimitable Shakeſpear is a ſtumbling-block to the whole tribe of theſe rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a ſingle rule of the ſtage obſerved, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not any one of them violated! Shakeſpear was indeed born with all the ſeeds of poetry, and may be compared to the ſtone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine muſes in the veins of it, produced by the ſpontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

No. DXCIII. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

Quale per incertam lunam ſub luce maligna.
Eſt iter in ſylvis——— VIRG.

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moons doubtful and malignant light.
DRYDEN.

MY dreaming correſpondent, Mr. Shadow, has ſent me a ſecond letter, with ſeveral curious obſervations on dreams in general, and the method to render ſleep improving: an extract of his letter will not, I preſume, be diſagreeable to my readers.

'SINCE we have ſo little time to ſpare, that none of it may be loſt, I ſee no reaſon why we ſhould neg-
'lect to examine thoſe imaginary ſcenes we are preſented
'with

'with in ſleep, only becauſe they have a leſs reality 'in them than our waking meditations. A traveller 'would bring his judgment in queſtion, who ſhould 'deſpiſe the directions of his map for want of real roads 'in it, becauſe here ſtands a dot inſtead of a town, or a 'cypher inſtead of a city, and it muſt be a long day's 'journey to travel through two inches. Fancy in 'dreams gives us much ſuch another landſcape of life 'as that does of countries, and though its appearances 'may ſeem ſtrangely jumbled together, we may often 'obſerve ſuch traces and footſteps of noble thoughts, as 'if carefully purſued, might lead us into a proper path 'of action. There is ſo much rapture and ecſtaſy in 'our fancied bliſs, and ſomething ſo diſmal and ſhock-'ing in our fancied miſery, that though the inactivity 'of the body has given occaſion for calling ſleep the 'image of death, the briſkneſs of the fancy affords us 'a ſtrong intimation of ſomething within us that can 'never die.

'I have wondered, that Alexander the Great, who 'came into the world ſufficiently dreamt of by his pa-'rents, and had himſelf a tolerable knack at dreaming, 'ſhould often ſay, that "ſleep was one thing which "made him ſenſible he was mortal," I who have not 'ſuch fields of action in the day time to divert my at-'tention from this matter, plainly perceive, that in 'thoſe operations of the mind, while the body is at reſt, 'there is a certain vaſtneſs of conception very ſuitable 'to the capacity, and demonſtrative of the force of that 'divine part in our compoſition which will laſt for ever. 'Neither do I much doubt but had we a true account 'of the wonders the hero laſt mentioned performed in 'his ſleep, his conquering this little globe would hardly 'be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without vanity 'that when I compare ſeveral actions in *Quintus Curtius* 'with ſome others in my own noctuary, I appear the 'greater hero of the two.'

I ſhall cloſe this ſubject with obſerving, that while we are awake we are at liberty to fix our thoughts on what we pleaſe, but in ſleep we have not the command of them

them. The ideas which ſtrike the fancy, ariſe in us without our choice, either from the occurrences of the day paſt, the temper we lie down in, or it may be the direction of ſome ſuperior being.

It is certain the imagination may be ſo differently affected in ſleep, that our actions of the day might be either rewarded or puniſhed with a little age of happineſs or miſery. St. Auſtin was of opinion, that if in Paradiſe there was the ſame viſciſſitude of ſleeping and waking as in the preſent world, the dreams of its inhabitants would be very happy.

And ſo far at preſent our dreams are in our power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts, ſo that it is not impoſſible to convey ourſelves to a conſort of muſic, the converſation of diſtant friends, or any other entertainment which has been before lodged in the mind.

My readers, by applying theſe hints, will find the neceſſity of making a good day of it, if they heartily wiſh themſelves a good night.

I have often conſidered Marcia's prayer, and Lucius's account of Cato, in this light.

Marc. O ye immortal powers, that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch, and ſoften his repoſe,
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul
With eaſy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And ſhew mankind that goodneſs is your care.

Luc. Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have ſeen thy god-like father;
Some pow'r inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fallen upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretch'd at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He ſmil'd and cry'd, Cæſar thou canſt not hurt me.

Mr. Shadow acquaints me in a poſtſcript, that he has no manner of title to the viſion which ſucceeded his laſt letter; but adds, that as the gentleman who wrote it dreams very ſenſibly, he ſhall be glad to meet him ſome night

night or other, under the great elm-tree, by which Virgil has given us a fine metaphorical image of sleep, in order to turn over a few of the leaves together, and oblige the public with an account of the dreams that lie under them.

No. DXCIV. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 15.

——————Absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
HOR.

He that shall rail against thy absent friends,
Or hears them scandalized, and not defends;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales and brings his friend in disesteem;
That man's a knave; be sure beware of him. CREECH.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence; though, at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever

may be the occaſion of ſpreading theſe falſe reports, he ought to conſider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the perſon at whom they are aimed. The injury is the ſame, though the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himſelf with too much indulgence, when he paſſes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few will be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is ſo univerſally practiſed, and at the ſame time, ſo univerſally blamed, I ſhall lay down three rules by which I would have a man examine and ſearch into his own heart, before he ſtands acquitted to himſelf of that evil diſpoſition of mind which I am here mentioning.

Firſt of all, Let him conſider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe ſuch little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured ſide.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to ſpread and propagate ſuch reports as tend to the diſreputation of another.

Theſe are the ſeveral ſteps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into ſlander and defamation.

In the firſt place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, ſhews ſufficiently that he has a true reliſh of ſcandal, and conſequently the ſeeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are caſt on others, he will find the ſame pleaſure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converſes with is delighted in the ſame manner with himſelf. A man ſhould endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curioſity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by liſtening to ſuch ſtories as tend to the diſreputation of others.

In the ſecond place, a man ſhould conſult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe ſuch little blackening

ing accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured ſide.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itſelf, and generally ariſes from a man's conſciouſneſs of his own ſecret corruptions. It is a pretty ſaying of Thales, falſehood is juſt as far diſtant from truth, as the ears are from the eye. By which he would intimate, that a wiſe man ſhould not eaſily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not ſeen. I ſhall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be obſerved by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trappe, as they are publiſhed in a little French book.

The fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of baſe or criminal actions; to turn off all ſuch diſcourſe if poſſible; but in caſe they hear any thing of this nature ſo well atteſted that they cannot diſbelieve it, they are then to ſuppoſe, that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps carrying charity to an extravagance, but it is certainly much more laudable, than to ſuppoſe, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man ſhould examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a ſecret inclination to propagate ſuch reports, as tend to the diſreputation of another.

When the diſeaſe of the mind, which I have hitherto been ſpeaking of, ariſes to this degree of malignity, it diſcovers itſelf in its worſt ſymptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore inſiſt upon the guilt in this particular, which every one cannot but diſapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common diſcretion. I ſhall only add, that whatever pleaſure any man may take in ſpreading whiſpers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater ſatisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the ſecret die within his own breaſt.

No. DXCV. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

——Non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

——Nature, and the common laws of ſenſe,
Forbids to reconcile antipathies;
Or make a ſnake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.
Roscommon.

IF ordinary authors would condeſcend to write as they think, they would at leaſt be allowed the praiſe of being intelligible. But they really take pains to be ridiculous; and by the ſtudied ornaments of ſtyle, perfectly diſguiſe the little ſenſe they aim at. There is a grievance of this ſort in the commonwealth of letters, which I have for ſome time reſolved to redreſs, and accordingly I have ſet this day apart for juſtice. What I mean is the mixture or inconſiſtent metaphors, which is a fault but two often found in learned writers, but in all the unlearned without exception.

In order to ſet this matter in a clear light to every reader, I ſhall in the firſt place obſerve, that a metaphor is a ſimile in one word, which ſerves to convey the thoughts of the mind under reſemblances and images which affect the ſenſes. There is not any thing in the world, which may not be compared to ſeveral things, if conſidered in ſeveral diſtinct lights; or, in other words, the ſame thing may be expreſſed by different metaphors. But the miſchief is, that an unſkilful author ſhall run theſe metaphors ſo abſurdly into one another, that there ſhall be no ſimile, no agreeable picture, no apt reſemblance, but confuſion, obſcurity, and noiſe. Thus I have known a hero compared to a thunderbolt, a lion, and the ſea; all and each of them proper metaphors for impetuoſity, courage, and force. But by bad management it hath ſo happened, that the thunderbolt hath overflowed its banks; the lion hath been darted through the ſkies, and the billows have rolled out of the Libyan deſert.

The

The abſurdity in this inſtance is obvious. And yet every time that claſhing metaphors are put together, this fault is committed more or leſs. It hath already been ſaid, that metaphors are images of things which affect the ſenſes. And image, therefore, taken from what acts upon the ſight cannot without violence, be applied to the hearing; and ſo of the reſt. It is no leſs an impropriety to make any being in nature or art to do things in its metaphorical ſtate, which it could not do in its original. I ſhall illuſtrate what I have ſaid by an inſtance which I have read more than once in controverſial writers. 'The heavy laſhes' ſaith a celebrated author, 'that have dropped from your pen, &c.' I ſuppoſe this gentleman having frequently heard of gall dropping from a pen, and being laſhed in a ſatire, he was reſolved to have them both at any rate, and ſo uttered this complete piece of nonſenſe. It will more effectually diſcover the abſurdity of theſe monſtrous unions, if we will ſuppoſe theſe metaphors or images actually painted. Imagine then a hand holding a pen, and ſeveral laſhes of whip-cord falling from it, and you have the true repreſentation of this ſort of eloquence. I believe, by this very rule, a reader may be able to judge of the union of all metaphors whatſoever, and determine which are homogeneous, and which heterogeneous: or to ſpeak more plainly, which are conſiſtent, and which inconſiſtent.

There is yet one evil more which I muſt take notice of, and that is the running of metaphors into tedious allegories; which, though an error on the better hand, cauſes confuſion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the luſtre of one word leads a writer out of his road, and makes him wander from his ſubject for a page together. I remember a young fellow, of this turn, who having ſaid by chance that his miſtreſs had a world of charms, thereupon took occaſion to conſider her as one poſſeſſed of frigid and torrid zones, and purſued her from the one pole to the other.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a letter written in that enormous ſtyle, which I hope my reader hath by this

time ſet his heart againſt. The epiſtle hath heretofore received great applauſe; but after what hath been ſaid, let any man commend it if he dare.

'SIR,

'AFTER the many heavy laſhes that have fallen 'from your pen, you may juſtly expect in return 'all the load that my ink can lay upon your ſhoulders. 'you have quartered all the foul language upon me, 'that could be raked out of the air of Billingſgate, with- 'out knowing who I am, or whether I deſerve to be 'cupped and ſcarified at this rate. I tell you once for 'all, turn your eyes where you pleaſe, you ſhall never 'ſmell me out. Do you think that the panics, which 'you ſow about the pariſh, will ever build a monument 'to your glory? No, Sir, you may fight theſe bat- 'tles as long as you will, but when you come to ba- 'lance the account you will find that you have been 'fiſhing in troubled waters, and that an ignis fatuus 'hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have built 'upon a ſandy foundation, and brought your hogs to a 'fair market.

'I am, Sir,

'Yours, &c.

No. DXCVI. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis. Ovid.
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move. Pope.

THE caſe of my correſpondent, who ſends me the following letter, has ſomewhat in it ſo very whimſical, that I know not how to entertain my readers better than by laying it before them.

'SIR,

'I AM fully convinced that there is not upon earth 'a more impertinent creature than an importunate 'lover: we are daily complaining of the ſeverity of our 'fate,

'fate, to people who are wholly unconcerned in it; and 'hourly improving a paſſion, which we would perſuade 'the world is the torment of our lives. Notwithſtand-'ing this reflexion, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting 'you with my own caſe. You muſt know then, Sir, 'that even from my childhood, the moſt prevailing 'inclination I could perceive in myſelf was a ſtrong 'deſire to be in favour with the fair ſex. I am at pre-'ſent in the one and twentieth year of my age, and 'ſhould have made choice of a ſhe bedfellow many years 'ſince, had not my father who has a pretty good eſtate 'of his own getting, and paſſes in the world for a pru-'dent man, been pleaſed to lay it down as a maxim, 'that nothing ſpoils a young fellow's fortune ſo much 'as marrying early; and that no man ought to think of 'wedlock till ſix and twenty. Knowing his ſentiments 'upon this head, I thought it in vain to apply myſelf 'to women of condition, who expect ſettlements; ſo 'that all my amours have hitherto been with ladies who 'had no fortunes: but I know not how to give you ſo 'good an idea of me, as by laying before you the hiſtory 'of my life.

'I can very well remember, that at my ſchool-miſ-'treſs's, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining 'myſelf with the Miſs who lay in, and was conſtantly 'one of the firſt to make a party in the play of huſband 'and wife. This paſſion for being well with the fe-'males ſtill increaſed as I advanced in years. At the 'dancing-ſchool I contracted ſo many quarrels by ſtrug-'gling with my fellow-ſcholars for the partner I liked 'beſt, that upon a ball-night before our mothers made 'their appearance, I was uſually up to the noſe in blood. 'My father, like a diſcreet man ſoon removed me from 'this ſtage of ſoftneſs to a ſchool of diſcipline, where 'I learnt Latin and Greek. I underwent ſeveral ſeve-'rities in this place, till it was thought convenient 'to ſend me to the univerſity; though, to confeſs the 'truth, I ſhould not have arrived ſo early at that ſeat 'of learning, but from the diſcovery of an intrigue be-'tween me and my maſter's houſe-keeper; upon whom

'I had

'I had employed my rhetoric ſo effectually, that, 'though ſhe was a very elderly lady, I had almoſt 'brought her to conſent to marry me. Upon my arri-'val at Oxford, I found logic ſo dry, that, inſtead of 'giving attention to the dead, I ſoon fell to addreſſing 'the living. My firſt amour was with a pretty girl 'whom I ſhall call Parthenope: her mother ſold ale by 'the town wall. Being often caught there by the proc-'tor, I was forced at laſt, that my miſtreſs's reputation 'might receive no blemiſh, to confeſs my addreſſes were 'honourable. Upon this I was immediately ſent home; 'but Parthenope ſoon after marrying a ſhoe-maker, I 'was again ſuffered to return. My next affair was 'with my taylor's daughter, who deſerted me for the 'ſake of a young barber. Upon my complaining to 'one of my particular friends of this misfortune, the 'cruel wag made a mere jeſt of my calamity, and aſked 'me with a ſmile, where the needle ſhould turn but to 'the pole? After this I was deeply in love with a 'milliner, and at laſt with my bed-maker, upon which 'I was ſent away, or, in the univerſity phraſe, ruſti-'cated for ever.

'Upon my coming home, I ſettled to my ſtudies ſo 'heartily, and contracted ſo great a reſervedneſs by be-'ing kept from the company I moſt affected, that my 'father thought he might venture me at the Temple.

'Within a week after my arrival I began to ſhine 'again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty 'creature, who had every thing but money to recom-'mend her. Having frequent opportunities of uttering 'all the ſoft things which an heart formed for love could 'inſpire me with, I ſoon gained her conſent to treat of 'marriage; but unfortunately for us all, in the abſence 'of my charmer I uſually talked the ſame language to 'her elder ſiſter, who is alſo very pretty. Now, I aſſure 'you, Mr. Spectator, this did not proceed from any 'real affection I had conceived for her; but being a per-'fect ſtranger to the converſation of men, and ſtrongly 'addicted to aſſociate with the women, I knew no other 'language but that of love. I ſhould however be very

'much

'much obliged to you, if you could free me from the 'perplexity I am at preſent in. I have ſent word to my 'old gentleman in the country, that I am deſperately 'in love with the younger ſiſter; and her father who 'knew no better, poor man, acquainted him by the 'ſame poſt, that I had for ſome time made my addreſſes 'to the elder. Upon this old Teſty ſends me up word, 'that he has heard ſo much of my exploits, that he 'intends immediately to order me to the South-Sea. 'Sir, I have occaſionally talked ſo much of dying, that 'I begin to think there is not much in it; if the old 'ſquire perſiſts in his deſign, I do hereby give him 'notice that I am providing myſelf with proper inſtru-'ments for the deſtruction of deſpairing lovers; let him 'therefore look to it, and conſider that by his obſti-'nacy he may himſelf loſe the ſon of his ſtrength, the 'world an hopeful lawyer, my miſtreſs a paſſionate lover, 'and you Mr. Spectator,

Middle Temple, Sept. 18. 'Your conſtant admirer, 'JEREMY LOVEMORE.'

No. DXCVII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

————Mens ſine pondere ludit. PETR.

The mind uncumber'd plays.

SINCE I received my friend Shadow's letter, ſeveral of my correſpondents have been pleaſed to ſend me an account how they have been employed in ſleep, and what notable adventures they have been engaged in during that moonſhine in the brain. I ſhall lay before my readers an abridgment of ſome few of their extravagances, in hopes that they will in time accuſtom themſelves to dream a little more to the purpoſe.

One, who ſtyles himſelf Gladio, complains heavily that his fair one charges him with inconſtancy, and does not uſe him with half the kindneſs which the ſincerity of

his paſſion may demand; the ſaid Gladio having by valour and ſtratagem put to death tyrants, enchanters, monſters, knights, &c. without number, and expoſed himſelf to all manner of dangers for her ſake and ſafety. He deſires in his poſtcript to know, whether, from a conſtant ſucceſs in them, he may not promiſe himſelf to ſucceed in her eſteem at laſt.

Another who is very prolix in his narrative writes me word, that having ſent a venture beyond ſea, he took occaſion one night to fancy himſelf gone along with it, and grown on a ſudden the richeſt man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a guſt of wind that forced open his caſement, blew him over to his native country again, where awaking at ſix o'clock, and the change of the air not agreeing with him, he turned to his left ſide in order to a ſecond voyage; but ere he could get on ſhip-board, was unfortunately apprehended for ſtealing a horſe, tried and condemned for the fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if ſome body ſtepping haſtily into his chamber had not brought him a reprieve. This fellow too wants Mr. Shadow's advice, who, I dare ſay, would bid him be content to riſe after his firſt nap, and learn to be ſatisfied as ſoon as nature is.

The next is a public ſpirited gentleman, who tells me, that on the ſecond of September at night the whole city was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to aſhes again by this time, if he had not flown over it with the new river on his back, and happily extinguiſhed the flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a right to petition the Lord Mayor and Aldermen for a reward.

A letter, dated September the ninth, acquaints me, that the writer being reſolved to try his fortune, had faſted all that day; and that he might be ſure of dreaming upon ſomething at night, procured a handſome ſlice of bride-cake, which he placed very conveniently under his pillow. In the morning his memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd fancy that he had eaten his cake; which being found upon

upon ſearch reduced to a few crumbs, he is reſolved to remember more of his dreams another time, believing from this that there may poſſibly be ſomewhat of truth in them.

I have received numerous complaints from ſeveral delicious dreamers, deſiring me to invent ſome method of ſilencing thoſe noiſy ſlaves, whoſe occupations lead them to take their early rounds about the city in a morning, doing a deal of miſchief, and working ſtrange confuſion in the affairs of its inhabitants. Several monarchs have done me the honour to acquaint me, how often they have been ſhook from their reſpective thrones by the rattling of a coach or the rumbling of a wheel-barrow. And many private gentlemen, I find, have been bawled out of vaſt eſtates by fellows not worth three-pence. A fair lady was juſt upon the point of being married to a young, handſome, rich, ingenious nobleman, when an impertinent tinker paſſing by forbid the banns; and an hopeful youth, who had been newly advanced to great honour and preferment, was forced by a neighbouring cobler to reſign all for an old ſong. It has been repreſented to me, that thoſe inconſiderable raſcals do nothing but go about diſſolving of marriages, and ſpoiling of fortunes, impoveriſhing rich and ruining great people, interrupting beauties in the midſt of their conqueſts, and generals in the courſe of their victories. A boiſterous peripatetic hardly goes through a ſtreet without waking half a dozen kings and princes to open their ſhops or clean ſhoes, frequently tranſforming ſceptres in paring-ſhovels, and proclamations into bills. I have by me a letter from a young ſtateſman, who in five or ſix hours came to be emperor of Europe, after which he made war upon the great Turk, routed him horſe, and foot, and was crowned lord of the univerſe in Conſtantinople: the concluſion of all his ſucceſſes is that on the 12th inſtant, about ſeven in the morning, his imperial majeſty was depoſed by a chimney-ſweeper.

On the other hand, I have epiſtolary teſtimonies of gratitude from many miſerable people, who owe to this

this clamorous tribe frequent deliverences from great misfortunes. A ſmall-coal man, by waking of one of theſe diſtreſſed gentlemen, ſaved him from ten years impriſonment. An honeſt watchman bidding a loud good-morrow to another, freed him from the malice of many potent enemies, and brought all their deſigns againſt him to nothing. A certain valetudinarian confeſſes he has often been cured of a ſore throat by the hoarſeneſs of a carman, and relieved from a fit of the gout by the ſound of old ſhoes. A noiſy puppy, that plagued a ſober gentleman all night-long with his impertinence, was ſilenced by a cinder-wench with a word ſpeaking.

Inſtead therefore of ſuppreſſing this order of mortals, I would propoſe it to my readers to make the beſt advantage of their morning ſalutations. A famous Macedonian prince, for fear of forgetting himſelf in the midſt of his good fortune, had a youth to wait on him every morning, and bid him remember that he was a man. A citizen who is waked by one of theſe criers, may regard him as a kind of remembrancer, come to admoniſh him that it is time to return to the circumſtances he has overlooked all the night-time, to leave off fancying himſelf what he is not, and prepare to act ſuitably to the condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they pleaſe, but I ſhall take no notice of any imaginary adventures, that do not happen while the ſun is on this ſide the horizon. For which reaſon I ſtifle Fritilla's dream at church laſt Sunday, who, while the reſt of the audience were enjoying the benefit of an excellent diſcourſe, was loſing her money and jewels to a gentleman at play, till after a ſtrange run of ill-luck ſhe was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty children for her laſt ſtake. When ſhe had thrown them away, her companion went off, diſcovering himſelf by his uſual tokens, a cloven foot and a ſtrong ſmell of brimſtone; which laſt proved a bottle of ſpirits, which a good old lady applied to her noſe, to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head concerning time.

If

If a man has no mind to paſs abruptly from his imagined to his real circumſtances, he may employ himſelf a while in that new kind of obſervation which my oniroritical correſpondent has directed him to make of himſelf. Purſuing the imagination through all its extravagancies, whether in ſleeping or waking, is no improper method of correcting and bringing it to act in ſubordinacy to reaſon, ſo as to be delighted only with ſuch objects as will affect it with pleaſure, when it is never ſo cool and ſedate.

No. DXCVIII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de ſapientibus alter
Ridebat, quotics à limine moverat unum
Protuberatque pedem: flebat contrarius alter? Juv,

Will ye not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
Who the ſame end purſu'd by ſeveral ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.

Dryden.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the ſerious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the ſpecies, ſo long as they keep their reſpective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroſeneſs, and in the other to a fantaſtic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, while they diffuſe a cheerfulneſs through converſation at proper ſeaſons and on proper occaſions, but, on the contrary, a great grievance to ſociety, when they infect every diſcourſe with inſipid mirth, and turn into ridicule ſuch ſubjects as are not ſuited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philoſophers as the property of reaſon, the exceſs of it has been always conſidered as the mark of folly.

On the other ſide, ſerioufneſs has its beauty while it is attended with chearfulneſs and humanity, and does not come in unſeaſonably to pall the good-humour of thoſe with whom we converſe.

Theſe two ſets of men, notwithſtanding they each of them ſhine in their reſpective characters, are apt to bear a natural averſion and antipathy to one another.

What is more uſual, than to hear men of ſerious temper and auſtere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the ſpecies; while they look with a kind of horror upon ſuch pomps and diverſions as are innocent in themſeves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but ſmile upon reading a paſſage in the account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own life, wherein he repreſents it as a great bleſſing, that in his youth he very narrowly eſcaped getting a place at court.

It muſt indeed be confeſſed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a paſs to his ſoul for any temptation that aſſaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the reſiſtance of virtue. For which reaſon a renowned ſtateſman in queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public buſineſs, in order to give himſelf up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends uſed to viſit him, had ſtill this word of advice in his mouth, be ſerious.

An eminent Italian author of this caſt of mind, ſpeaking of the great advantage of a ſerious and compoſed temper, wiſhes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had Rophonius's cave in his poſſeſſion; which, ſays he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houſes and bridewells in Europe.

We have a very particular deſcription of this cave in Pauſanias, who tells us, that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumſtances, which diſpoſed the perſon who was in it to be more penſive and thoughtful than ordinary; inſomuch that no man was ever obſerved to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was uſual

in

in thoſe times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloomineſs in his features, to tell him that he looked like one juſt come out of Trophonius's cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no leſs ſevere on the oppoſite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at his own diſpoſal, I think he would not chooſe to be of either of theſe parties; ſince the moſt perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither chooſe to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not ſo miſerable, as that we ſhould be always melancholy; nor ſo happy, as that we ſhould be always merry. In a word, a man ſhould not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the ſame time, as if there were no men in it.

No. DXCIX. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

——————Ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor—— VIRG.

All parts reſound with tumults, plaints, and fears.
DRYDEN.

IT has been my cuſtom, as I grow old, to allow myſelf in ſome little indulgencies which I never took in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoons' nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the three years laſt paſt. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and riſe twice a day freſh to my ſpeculations. It happens very luckily for me, that ſome of my dreams have proved inſtructive to my countrymen, ſo that I may be ſaid to ſleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yeſterday meditating on the account with which I have already entertained my readers concerning the cave of Trophonius.

Trophonius. I was no ſooner fallen into my uſual ſlumber, but I dreamt that this cave was put into my poſſeſſion, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it, who had a mind to be a ſerious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately reſorted to me. The firſt who made the experiment was a Merry-Andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring juſtice of peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave, like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look, and a moſt rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and, watching for his return, aſked him, with a ſmile, how he liked his place? He replied, prithee friend, be not impertinent; and ſtalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then deſired me to give free ingreſs and egreſs to his wife, who was dreſſed in the gayeſt coloured ribbons I have ever ſeen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a ſmirking countenance, but came out with the ſeverity of a veſtal, and throwing from her ſeveral female gewgaws, told me with a ſigh that ſhe reſolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the reſt of her life. As I had had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their huſbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, deſiring them to divert themſelves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into day-light, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had ſeen a ſolemn proceſſion of religious marching out, one behind another, in the utmoſt profound ſilence and the moſt exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with ſo edifying a ſight, there came up towards me a great company of males and females laughing, ſinging and dancing, in ſuch a manner, that I could hear them a great while before I ſaw them. Upon my aſking their leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were French proteſtants lately arrived in Great-Britain, and that finding themſelves of too gay a humour for my country, they applied

applied themſelves to me in order to compoſe them for Britiſh converſation. I told them, that to oblige them I would ſoon ſpoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole ſhoal of them, who, after taking a ſurvey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely Engliſh. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to ſee the Kelder, as he called it, but I could not obſerve that I had made any manner of alteration in him.

A Comedian who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me, that he had a mighty mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he ſhould ſucceed very well in it, if he could ſtrike two or three laughing features out of his face: he tried the experiment, but contracted ſo very ſolid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no part hereafter but a Timon of Athens, or a mute in the funeral.

I then clapt up an empty fantaſtic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was ſucceeded by a young rake of the Middle Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but to her great ſorrow and ſurpriſe, he came out a quaker. Seeing myſelf ſurrounded with a body of free-thinkers, and ſcoffers at religion, who were making themſelves merry at the ſober looks and thoughtful brows of thoſe who had been in the cave: I thruſt them all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frighted out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within ſight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themſelves in their firſt ſerious thoughts; but knowing theſe would ſoon bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the cuſtody of their friends until that happy change was wrought in them.

The laſt that was brought to me was a young woman, who at firſt ſight of my ſhort face fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her ſides all the while her mother was ſpeaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old lady, and taking her daughter by

the hand, madam, ſaid I, be pleaſed to retire into my cloſet, while your mother tells me your caſe. I then put her into the mouth of the cave, when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeneſs, told me, that ſhe often treated her father and the graveſt of her relations in the ſame manner; that ſhe would ſit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that ſhe would ſometimes burſt out in the middle of a ſermon, and ſet the whole congregation a ſtaring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a compoſed countenance, and a low curtſey. She was a girl of ſuch exuberant mirth, that her viſit to Trophonius only reduced her to more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great ſatisfaction, and ſaw all my patients walking by themſelves in a very penſive and muſing poſture, ſo that the whole place ſeemed covered with philoſophers. I was at length reſolved to go into the cave myſelf, and ſee what it was that produced ſuch wonderful effects upon the company; but as I was ſtooping at the entrance, the door being ſomething low, I gave ſuch a nod in my chair, that I awaked. After having recovered myſelf from my firſt ſtartle, I was very well pleaſed at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little ſtay in the place might have ſpoiled my SPECTATORS.

No. DC. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

——Solemque ſuum, ſua ſidera nôrun VIRG.
Stars of their own, and their own ſtars they know.
DRYDEN.

I Have always taken a particular pleaſure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the ſoul, and the ſtate

ſtate of happineſs which they promiſe themſelves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reaſon, or tradition from our firſt parents, has diſcovered to all people ſomething in theſe great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately diſcourſing on this ſubject with a learned perſon, who has been very much converſant among the inhabitants of the more weſtern parts of Afric. Upon his converſing with ſeveral in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven or of a future ſtate of happineſs is this, that every thing we there wiſh for will immediately preſent itſelf to us. We find, ſay they, our ſouls are of ſuch a nature that that they require a variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the ſame objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taſte of happineſs which he has planted in the ſoul of man, will raiſe up from time to time, ſay they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleaſed with. If we wiſh to be in groves or bowers, among running ſtreams or falls of water, we ſhall immediately find ourſelves in the midſt of ſuch a ſcene as we deſire. If we would be entertained with muſic and the melody of ſounds, the conſort riſes upon our wiſh, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In ſhort, every deſire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be preſent with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wiſhes, or whether he only produces ſuch a change in our imagination, as makes us believe ourſelves converſant among thoſe ſcenes which delight us. Our happineſs will be the ſame, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impreſſions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithſtanding this ſyſtem of belief be in general very chimerical and viſionary, there is ſomething ſublime in its manner of conſidering the influence of a Divine Being on a human

man ſoul. It has alſo, like moſt other opinions of the heathen world upon theſe important points, it has, I ſay, its foundation in truth, as it ſuppoſes the ſouls of good men after this life, to be a ſtate of perfect happineſs, that in this ſtate there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitleſs wiſhes, and that we ſhall enjoy every thing we can deſire. But the particular circumſtance which I am moſt pleaſed with in this ſcheme, and which ariſes from a juſt reflexion upon human nature, is that variety of pleaſures which it ſuppoſes the ſouls of good men will be poſſeſſed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reaſon and revelation. The ſoul conſiſts of many faculties, as the underſtanding, and the will, with all the ſenſes both outward and inward; or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, the ſoul can exert herſelf in many different ways of action. She can underſtand, will, imagine, ſee, and hear, love, and diſcourſe, and apply herſelf to many other the like exerciſes of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be conſidered, the ſoul is capable of receiving a moſt exquiſite pleaſure and ſatisfaction from the exerciſe of any of theſe its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; ſhe can be entirely happy by the ſatisfaction of the memory, the ſight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a diſtinct taſte in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper reliſh. Dr. Tillotſon ſomewhere ſays that he will not preſume to determine in what conſiſts the happineſs of the bleſſed, becauſe God Almighty is capable of making the ſoul happy by ten thouſand different ways. Beſides thoſe ſeveral avenues to pleaſure which the ſoul is endowed with in this life; it is not impoſſible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the ſouls of good men made perfect, as well as new ſenſes in their glorified bodies. This we are ſure of, that there will be new objects offered to all thoſe faculties which are eſſential to us.

We are likewiſe to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety

variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul, while any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so; but as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers, we divide the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question

tion but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving?

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety, with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination: in very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments, in which the blest shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the cherubims are a ſet of angels who know moſt, and the ſeraphims a ſet of angels who love moſt. Whether this diſtinction be not altogether imaginary, I ſhall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the ſpirits of good men, there may be ſome who will be more pleaſed with the employment of one faculty than another, and this perhaps according to thoſe innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepeſt root.

I might here apply this conſideration to the ſpirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they ſhall ſuffer in every one of their faculties, and the reſpective miſeries which ſhall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflexion of my readers, I ſhall conclude, with obſerving how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has beſtowed upon us, for having made the ſoul ſuſceptible of pleaſure by ſo many different ways. We ſee by what a variety of paſſages joy and gladneſs may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human ſpirit is framed, to imbibe its proper ſatisfactions, and taſte the goodneſs of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourſelves with rapture and amazement, and cannot ſufficiently expreſs our gratitude to him, who has encompaſſed us with ſuch a profuſion of bleſſings, and opened in us ſo many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a ſtronger argument that God has deſigned us for a ſtate of future happineſs, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the ſoul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving ſo much bliſs. He would never have made ſuch faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on ſuch objects as are ſuited to them. It is very manifeſt, by the inward frame and conſtitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleaſures and gratification, which are not to be met with in this life. We ſhould therefore at all times take care that we do not

diſappoint

disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

No. DCI. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος ὀυσεργετὸς πεφυκώς. ANTONIN.

Man is naturally a beneficent creature.

THE following essay comes from an hand which has entertained my readers once before.

NOTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains most in the world, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteristic of mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing good, and receive more of their happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate sensation. Now though these heroic souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the grovelling multitude, as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same, moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the same essential qualities, only cleared, refined, ond cultivated. Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer; when it stands stiffened in ice as when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in its progress. It is a property of the heart of man to be diffusive: its kind wishes spread abroad over the face of the creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without any visible concern for their species, let us suppose that their good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing force of some contrary quality restrained in its operation, I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal

checks

checks upon this generous propenſion of the human ſoul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this moſt uſeful principle may be unfettered, and reſtored to its native freedom of exerciſe.

The firſt and leading cauſe is an unhappy complexion of body. The heathens, ignorant of the true ſource of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of its properties, even by the Almighty mind, who, when he came to faſhion it in a world of beings, muſt take it as he found it. This notion, as moſt others of theirs, is a compoſition of truth and error. That matter is eternal, that, from the firſt union of a ſoul to it, it perverted its inclinations, and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be corrected by God himſelf, are all very great errors, occaſioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and diſpoſitions of the ſoul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily temper. As there are ſome fools, others are knaves, by conſtitution; and particularly, it may be ſaid of many, that they are born with an illiberal caſt of mind; the matter that compoſes them is tenacious as birdlime, and a kind of cramp draws their hands and their hearts together, that they never care to open them, unleſs to graſp at more. It is a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good offices, as it is to theſe men to perform them; that whereas perſons naturally beneficent often miſtake inſtinct for virtue, by reaſon of the difficulty of diſtinguiſhing when one rules them and when the other, men of the oppoſite character may be more certain of the motive that predominates in every action. If they cannot confer a benefit with that eaſe and frankneſs which are neceſſary to give it a grace in the eye of the world, in requital, the real merit of what they do is enhanced by the oppoſition they ſurmount in doing it the ſtrength of their virtue is ſeen in riſing againſt the weight of nature, and every time they have the reſolution to diſcharge their duty, they make a ſacrifice of inclination to conſcience, which is always too grateful

to let its followers go without ſuitable marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is no more poſſible, than of ſome diſtempers that deſcend by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a courſe of beneficence obſtinately perſiſted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of eſtabliſhing a moral habit, which ſhall be ſomewhat of a counterpoiſe to the force of mechaniſm. Only it muſt be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any pretence whatſoever, the cuſtom of doing good, in regard, if there be the leaſt ceſſation, nature will watch the opportunity to return, and in a ſhort time to recover the ground it was ſo long in quitting: for there is this difference between mental habits, and ſuch as have their foundation in the body; that theſe laſt are in their nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be oppoſed; whereas the former muſt be continually reinforced with freſh ſupplies, or they will languiſh and die away. And this ſuggeſts the reaſon why good habits, in general, require longer time for their ſettlement than bad; and yet are ſooner diſplaced; the reaſon is, that vicious habits (as drunkenneſs for inſtance) produce a change in the body, which the others not doing, muſt be maintained the ſame way they are acquired, by the mere dint of induſtry, reſolution, and vigilance.

Another thing which ſuſpends the operations of benevolence, is the love of the world; proceeding from a falſe notion men have taken up, that an abundance of the world is an eſſential ingredient into the happineſs of life. Worldly things are of ſuch a quality as to leſſen upon dividing, ſo that the more partners there are, the leſs muſt fall to every man's private ſhare. The conſequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the reſt to be embarked in an intereſt, that cannot take place but to his prejudice, hence are thoſe eager competitions for wealth or power; hence one man's ſucceſs becomes anothers diſappointment; and like pretenders to the ſame miſtreſs, they can ſeldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally diſpoſed to quarrel and fall out,

out, but it is natural for a man to prefer himſelf to all others and to ſecure his own intereſt firſt. If that which men eſteem their happineſs were, like the light, the ſame ſufficient and unconfined good, whether ten thouſand enjoy the benefit of it, or but one we ſhould ſee men's goodwill and kind endeavours would be as univerſal.

Homo qui erranti comiter monſtrat viam,
Quaſi lumen de ſuo lumine accendat, facit,
Nihil ominus ipſi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loſes none of its light by what the other gains,

But, unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn therefore, like a wiſe man, the true eſtimate of things. Deſire not more of the world than is neceſſary to accomodate you in paſſing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as uſeleſs only, but burthenſome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beſide them, and thereby making them your enemies, and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep, than ſatisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind; it grows by communication, and ſo little reſembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular ſtock. So by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together caſt a more extenſive brightneſs, but each ſingle light burns with a ſtronger flame. And laſtly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an inſtrument of pleaſure, the greateſt pleaſure it can put into your power, is that of doing good. It is worth conſidering, that the organs of ſenſe act within a narrow compaſs, and the appetites will ſoon ſay they have enough: which of the two therefore is the happier man? He, who confining all his regard to the gratification of his own appetites, is capable but of ſhort fits of pleaſure? Or the man who reckoning himſelf a ſharer in the ſatisfactions of others, eſpecially thoſe

which come to them by his means, enlarges the ſphere of his happineſs.

The laſt enemy to benevolence I ſhall mention is uneaſineſs of any kind. A guilty, or a diſcontented mind, a mind ruffled by ill-fortune, diſcontented by its own paſſions, ſoured by neglect, or fretting at diſappointments, hath not leiſure to attend to the neceſſity or reaſonableneſs of a kindneſs deſired, nor a taſte for thoſe pleaſures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to reliſh them. The moſt miſerable of all beings is the moſt envious; as, on the other hand, the moſt communicative is the happieſt. And if you are in ſearch of the ſeat of perfect love and friendſhip, you will not find it till you come to the region of the bleſſed, where happineſs, like a refreſhing ſtream, flows from heart to heart in an endleſs circulation, and is preſerved ſweet and untainted by the motion. It is old advice, if you have a favour to requeſt of any one, to obſerve the ſofteſt times of addreſs, when the ſoul, in a flush of good-humour, takes a pleaſure to ſhew itſelf pleaſed. Perſons conſcious of their own integrity, ſatisfied with themſelves, and their condition, and full of confidence in a Supreme Being, and the hope of immortality, ſurvey all about them with a flow of good-will. As trees which like their ſoil, they ſhoot out in expreſſions of kindneſs and bend beneath their own precious load, to the hand of the gatherer. Now if the mind be not thus eaſy, it is an infallible ſign that it is not in its natural ſtate: place the mind in its right poſture, it will immediately diſcover its innate propenſion to beneficence.

MONDAY,

No. DCII. MONDAY, OCTOBER 4.

——Facit hoc illos hyacinthos. Juv.

This makes them hyacinths.

THE following letter comes from a gentleman, who I find, is very diligent in making his obſervations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the public.

'SIR,

'IN order to execute the office of love-caſuiſt to Great-Britain, with which I take myſelf to be inveſted 'by your paper of September 8, I ſhall make ſome farther obſervations upon the two ſexes in general, beginning with that which always ought to have the upper 'hand. After having obſerved with much curioſity the 'accompliſhments which are apt to captivate female 'hearts, I find that there is no perſon ſo irreſiſtible as 'one who is a man of importance, provided it be in 'matters of no conſequence. One who makes himſelf 'talked of, though it be for the particular cock of his 'hat, or for prating aloud in the boxes at play, is in a 'fair way of being a favourite. I have known a young 'fellow make his fortune by knocking down a conſtable; 'and may venture to ſay, though it may ſeem a paradox, 'that many a fair-one has died by a duel in which both 'the combatants have ſurvived.

'About three winters ago I took notice of a young 'lady at the theatre, who conceived a paſſion for a notorious rake that headed a party of catcalls; and am 'credibly informed, that the emperor of the Mohocks 'married a rich widow within three weeks after having 'rendered himſelf formidable in the cities of London 'and Weſtminſter. Scouring and breaking of windows 'have done frequent execution upon the ſex. But there 'is no ſet of theſe male charmers who make their way 'more ſucceſsfully, than thoſe who have gained them-

'ſelves a name for intrigue, and have ruined the greateſt 'number of reputations. There is a ſtrange curioſity 'in the female world to be acquainted with the dear 'man who has been loved by others, and to know what 'it is that makes him ſo agreeable. His reputation does 'more than half his buſineſs. Every one that is ambi-'tious of being a woman of faſhion, looks out for 'opportunities of being in his company; ſo that to uſe 'the old proverb, "when his name is up he may lie "a-bed."

'I was very ſenſible of the great advantage of being 'a man of importance upon theſe occaſions on the day 'of the king's entry, when I was ſeated in a balcony 'behind a cluſter of very pretty country ladies, who 'had one of theſe ſhowy gentlemen in the midſt of them. 'The firſt trick I caught him at was bowing to ſeveral 'perſons of quality whom he did not know; nay he had 'the impudence to hem at a blue garter who had a finer 'equipage than ordinary, and ſeemed a little concerned 'at the impertinent huzzas of the mob, that hindered 'his friend from taking notice of him. There was in-'deed one who pulled off his hat to him, and upon the 'ladies aſking who it was, he told them, it was a fo-'reign miniſter that he had been very merry with the 'night before; whereas in truth, it was the city com-'mon-hunt.

'He was never at a loſs when he was aſked any per-'ſons's name, though he ſeldom knew any one under a 'peer. He found dukes and earls among the aldermen, 'very good-natured fellows among the privy-counſellors, 'with two or three agreeable old rakes among the bi-'ſhops and judges.

'In ſhort, I collected from his whole diſcourſe, that 'he was acquainted with every body, and knew no body. 'At the ſame time, I am miſtaken if he did not that 'day make more advances in the affections of his miſ-'treſs, who ſat near him, than he could have done in half 'a year's courtſhip.

'Ovid has finely touched this method of making love

'which

which I ſhall here give my reader in Mr. Dryden's tranſlation.

Page the eleventh.

Thus love in theatres did firſt improve,
And theatres are ſtill the ſcene of love:
Nor ſhun the chariots, and the courſer's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
Nor need is there of talking on the hand,
Nor nods, nor ſigns, which lovers underſtand;
But boldly next the fair your ſeat provide,
Cloſe as you can to hers, and ſide by ſide:
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding ſit;
For ſo the laws of public ſhows permit.
Then find occaſion to begin diſcourſe.
Enquire whoſe chariot this, and whoſe that horſe;
To whatſoever ſide ſhe is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind:
Like what ſhe likes, from thence your court begin,
And whom ſhe favours, wiſh that he may win.

Again, page the ſixteenth.

O when will come the day by heav'n deſign'd,
When thou, the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes, ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight.
O glorious object! O ſurpriſing ſight!
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On ſuch a day, if thou, and next to thee
Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee;
If ſhe enquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings;
Anſwer to all thou knoweſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift Tigris, with his ſea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that, the Caſpian ſhore:
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably: no matter for the truth.

WEDNESDAY,

No. DCIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
VIRG.

——————— Reſtore, my charms,
My lingring Daphnis to my longing arms. DRYDEN.

THE following copy of verſes comes from one of my correſpondents, and has ſomething in it ſo original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers.

MY time, O ye Muſes, was happily ſpent,
When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went:
Ten thouſand ſweet pleaſures I felt in my breaſt:
Sure never fond ſhepherd like *Colin* was bleſt!
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find?
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was ſhe.

II.

With ſuch a companion, to tend a few ſheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep:
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown;
So ſtrangely uneaſy as ever was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart——I am ſure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'ſt, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
And ſtill as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When

IV.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love and beauty were all in their prime;
But now in their frolics when by me they paſs,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

V.

My dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a ſour look
Cry ſirrah; and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not *Tray*
Be as dull as his maſter, when *Phebe*'s away?

VI.

When walking with *Phebe*, what ſights have I ſeen?
How fair was the flow'r, how freſh was the green?
What a lovely appearance the trees and the ſhade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But now ſhe has left me, though all are ſtill there,
They none of 'em now ſo delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful proſpects ariſe.

VII.

Sweet muſic went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throſtle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the graſhopper under our feet.
But now ſhe is abſent, though ſtill they ſing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the conſort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing elſe its agreeable ſound.

Roſe

VIII.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its ſweetneſs the bloſſom beguile?
That meadow, thoſe daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! rivals, I ſee what it was that you dreſt,
And made yourſelves fine for; a place in her breaſt:
You put on your colours to pleaſure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her boſom to die.

IX.

How ſlowly time creeps, till my *Phebe* return?
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly ſwifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
Ah *Colin!* old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

X.

Will no pitying pow'r that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, *Colin*, thy paſſion remove;
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with deſpair;
Take heed, all ye ſwains, how ye love one ſo fair.

No. DCIV. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8.

Tu ne quæſieris (ſcire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentâris numeros ——— Hor.

Ah, do not ſtrive too much to know,
My dear Leuconoe,
What the kind Gods deſign to do
With me and thee. Creech.

THE deſire of knowing future events, is one of the ſtrongeſt inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed an ability of foreſeeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wiſdom and prudence: but, not ſatisfied with the light that reaſon holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiouſly into futurity. Magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of ſuperſtition owe their riſe to this powerful cauſe. As this principle is founded in ſelf-love, every man is ſure to be ſolicitous in the firſt place about his own fortune, the courſe of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

If we conſider that we are free agents, we ſhall diſcover the abſurdity of ſuch enquiries. One of our actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the cauſe of another that ſucceeds it, and ſo the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary bleſſings are of good ones; ſo that we cannot ſuppoſe our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleaſure ariſes from its being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreſeen. Upon all theſe, and ſeveral other accounts, we ought to reſt ſatisfied in this portion beſtowed on us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more diſplayed his goodneſs in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It

It is not unworthy obſervation, that ſuperſtitious enquiries into future events, prevail more or leſs, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and uſeful knowledge in the ſeveral parts of the world. Accordingly we find, that magical incantations remain in Lapland; in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their ſecond ſight, and ſeveral of our own countrymen have ſeen abundance of fairies. In Aſia the credulity is ſtrong; and the greateſt part of refined learning there conſiſts in the knowledge of amulets, taliſmans, occult numbers, and the like.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured muſſulman, who promiſed me many good offices, which he deſigned to do me when he became the prime miniſter, which was a fortune beſtowed on his imagination by a doctor very deep in the curious ſciences. At his repeated ſolicitations I went to learn my deſtiny of this wonderful ſage. For a ſmall ſum I had his promiſe, but was deſired to wait in a dark apartment till he had run through the preparatory ceremonies. Having a ſtrong propenſity, even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the ſopha where I was placed, and had the following viſion, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I found myſelf in an unbounded plain, where methought the whole world, in ſeveral habits and with different tongues, was aſſembled. The multitude glided ſwiftly along, and I found in myſelf a ſtrong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly ſingled out ſome of the moſt ſplendid figures. Several in rich caftans and glittering turbans buſtled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies of thoſe they threw down; till to my great ſurpriſe I found that the great pace they went only haſtened them to a ſcaffold or a bowſtring. Many beautiful damſels on the other ſide moved forward with great gaiety; ſome danced till they fell all along; and others painted their faces until they loſt their noſes. A

tribe

tribe of creatures with buſy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies, I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling their pockets with gold and jewels, and when there was no room left for more, theſe wretches, looking round with fear and horror, pined away before my face with famine and diſcontent.

This proſpect of human miſery ſtruck me dumb for ſome miles. Then it was that, to diſburden my mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that hath ſince happened under my office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing myſelf for the good of mankind, I was ſurpriſed to meet with very unſuitable returns from my fellow-creatures. Never was poor author ſo beſet with pamphleteers, who ſometimes marched directly againſt me, but oftener ſhot at me from ſtrong bulwarks, or roſe up ſuddenly in ambuſh. They were of all characters and capacities, ſome with enſigns of dignity, and others in liveries; but what moſt ſurpriſed me, was to ſee two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no ſmall trouble to me, ſometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never ſeen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwiſe: many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who reſented the ſatire which they imagined I had directed againſt them. My great comfort was in the company of half a dozen friends, who, I found ſince, were the club which I have ſo often mentioned in my papers. I laughed often at Sir *Roger* in my ſleep, and was the more diverted with *Will Honeycomb*'s gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) becauſe I had foreſeen his marriage with a farmer's daughter. The regret which aroſe in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities ſtill fleeting before my eyes, made me repent my curioſity; when the magician entered the room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was juſt going to begin.

N. B. I have only delivered the propheſy of that part of my life which is paſt, it being inconvenient to divulge the ſecond part until a more proper opportunity.

No. DCV. MONDAY, OCTOBER 11.

Exuerint ſylveſtrem animum; cultuque frequenti,
In quaſcunque voces artes, haud tarda ſequentur.
VIRG.

——————They change their ſavage mind,
Their wildneſs loſe, and quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules of diſcipline and art. DRYDEN.

HAVING peruſed the following letter, and finding it to run upon the ſubject of love, I referred it to the learned caſuiſt, whom I have retained in my ſervice for ſpeculations of that kind. He returned it to me next morning with this report annexed to it, with both of which I ſhall here preſent my reader.

'Mr. Spectator,

'FINDING that you have entertained an uſeful perſon in your ſervice in quality of love caſuiſt, I apply myſelf to you, under a very great difficulty, that hath for ſome months perplexed me. I have a couple of humble ſervants, one of which I have no averſion to, the other I think of very kindly. The firſt hath the reputation of a man of good ſenſe, and is one of thoſe people that your ſex are apt to value. My ſpark is reckoned a coxcomb among the men, but is a favourite of the ladies. If I marry the man of worth, as they call him, I ſhall oblige my parents and improve my fortune; but with my dear beau I promiſe myſelf happineſs, although not a jointure. Now I would aſk you, whether I ſhould conſent to lead my life with a man that I have only no objection to, or with him againſt whom all objections to me appear frivolous. I am determined to follow the

'caſuiſt

'caſuiſt's advice, and I dare ſay he will not put me up-
'on ſo ſerious a thing as matrimony contrary to my in-
'clination.

'I am, &c.

'FANNY FICKLE.

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you, that the pretty gentle-
'man is the moſt complaiſant creature in the world, and
'is always of my mind, but the other, forſooth, fan-
'cies he has as much wit as myſelf, ſlights my lap-dog,
'and hath the inſolence to contradict me when he thinks
'I am not in the right. About half an hour ago, he
'maintained to my face, that a patch always implies a
'pimple.'

As I look upon it to be my duty rather to ſide with the parents than the daughter, I ſhall propoſe ſome conſiderations to my gentle queriſt, which may incline her to comply with thoſe, under whoſe direction ſhe is: and at the ſame time convince her, that it is not impoſſible but ſhe may, in time, have a true affection for him who is, at preſent, indifferent to her; or, to uſe the old family maxim, that, 'if ſhe marries firſt, love will come 'after.'

The only objection, that ſhe ſeems to inſinuate againſt the gentleman propoſed to her, is his want of complaiſance, which, I perceive, ſhe is very willing to return. Now, I can diſcover from this very circumſtance, that ſhe and her lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good friends in their hearts. It is difficult to determine, whether love delights more in giving pleaſure or pain. Let Miſs Fickle aſk her own heart, if ſhe doth not take a ſecret pride in making this man of good ſenſe look very ſilly. Hath ſhe ever been better pleaſed than when her behaviour hath made her lover ready to hang himſelf? or doth ſhe ever rejoice more, than when ſhe thinks ſhe hath driven him to the very brink of a purling ſtream? Let her conſider, at the ſame time, that it is not impoſſible but her lover may have diſcovered her

tricks, and hath a mind to give her as good as ſhe brings. I remember a handſome young baggage that treated a hopeful Greek of my acquaintance, juſt come from Oxford, as if he had been a barbarian. The firſt week, after ſhe had fixed him, ſhe took a pinch of ſnuff out of his rival's box, and apparently touched the enemy's little finger. She became a profeſſed enemy to the arts and ſciences, and ſcarce ever wrote a letter to him without wilfully miſpelling his name. The young ſcholar, to be even with her, railed at coquettes as ſoon as he had got the word; and did not want parts to turn into ridicule her men of wit and pleaſure of the town. After having irritated one another for the ſpace of five months, ſhe made an aſſignation with him four-ſcore miles from London. But as he was very well acquainted with her pranks, he took a journey the quite contrary way. accordingly they met, quarrelled, and in a few days were married. Their former hoſtilities are now the ſubject of their mirth, being content at preſent with that part of love only, which beſtows pleaſure.

Women, who have been married ſome time, not having it in their heads to draw after them a numerous train of followers, find their ſatisfaction in the poſſeſſion of one man's heart, I know very well, that ladies in their bloom deſire to be excuſed in this particular. But when time hath worn out their natural vanity and taught them diſcretion, their fondneſs ſettles on its proper object. And it is probable for this reaſon, that among huſbands, you will find more that are fond of women beyond their prime, than of thoſe who are actually in the inſolence of beauty. My reader will apply the ſame obſervation to the other ſex.

I need not inſiſt upon the neceſſity of their purſuing one common intereſt, and their united care for their children, but ſhall only obſerve, by the way, that married perſons are both more warm in their love, and more hearty in their hatred, than any others whatſoever. Mutual favours and obligations which may be ſuppoſed to be greater here than in any other ſtate, naturally beget an intenſe affection in generous minds. As, on the contrary

contrary, perſons who have beſtowed ſuch favours, have a particular bitterneſs in their reſentments, when they think themſelves ill-treated by thoſe of whom they have deſerved ſo much.

Beſides, Miſs Fickle may conſider, that as there are often many faults concealed before marriage, ſo there are ſometimes many virtues unobſerved.

To this we may add the great efficacy of cuſtom, and conſtant converſation, to produce a mutual friendſhip and benevolence in two perſons. It is a nice reflexion, which I have heard a friend of mine make, that you may be ſure that a woman loves a man, when ſhe uſes his expreſſions, tells his ſtories, or intimates his manner. This gives a ſecret delight; for imitation is a kind of artleſs flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of ſelf-love. It is certain, that married perſons, who are poſſeſt with a mutual eſteem, not only catch the air and way of talk from one another, but fall into the ſame way of thinking and liking. Nay, ſome have carried the remark ſo far as to aſſert, that the features of man and wife grow, in time, to reſemble one another. Let my fair correſpondent therefore conſider, that the gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own face in two or three years; which ſhe muſt not expect from the beau, who is too full of his dear ſelf to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own judgment, if that perſon will not be the handſomeſt, that is the moſt like herſelf.

We have a remarkable inſtance to our purpoſe in the hiſtory of king Edgar, which I ſhall here relate, and leave it with my fair correſpondent to be applied to herſelf.

This great monarch, who is ſo famous in Britiſh ſtory, fell in love, as he made his progreſs through his kingdom, with a certain duke's daughter, who lived near Wincheſter, and was the moſt celebrated beauty of the age. His importunities and the violence of his paſſion were ſo great, that the mother of the young lady promiſed him to bring her daughter to his bed the next night, though in her heart ſhe abhorred ſo infa-

mous an office. It was no ſooner dark than ſhe conveyed into his room a young maid of no diſagreeable figure, who was one of her attendants, and did not want addreſs to improve the opportunity for the advancement of her fortune. She made ſo good uſe of her time, that when ſhe offered to riſe a little before day, the king could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding herſelf under the neceſſity of diſcovering who ſhe was, ſhe did it in ſo handſome a manner, that his majeſty was exceedingly gracious to her, and took her ever after under his protection: inſomuch that our chronicles tell us he carried her along with him, made her his firſt miniſter of ſtate, and continued true to her alone, until his marriage with the beautiful Elfrida.

No. DCVI WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13.

——————Longum cantu ſolata laborem
Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas. VIRG.

Mean time at home
The good wife ſinging plies the various loom.

'Mr Spectator,

'I Have a couple of neices under my direction, who 'ſo often run gadding abroad, that I do not know 'where to have them. Their dreſs, their tea, and 'their viſits take up all their time, and they go to bed 'as tired with doing nothing, as I am after quilting 'a whole petticoat. The only time they are not idle, 'is while they read your SPECTATORS; which being 'dedicated to intereſts of virtue, I deſire you to recommend the long neglected art of needle-work. Thoſe 'hours which in this age are thrown away in dreſs, 'play, viſits and the like, were employed, in my time, 'in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and 'hangings for the family. For my part, I have plied my needle theſe fifty years, and by my good will would

'would never have it out of my hand. It grieves my 'heart to ſee a couple of proud idle flirts ſipping their 'tea, for a whole afternoon, in a room hung round 'with the induſtry of their great-grandmother. Pray, 'Sir, take the laudable myſtery of embroidery into 'your ſerious conſideration, and as you have a great 'deal of the virtue of the laſt age in you, continue 'your endeavours to reform the preſent.

'I am, &c.

In obedience to the commands of my venerable correſpondent, I have duly weighed this important ſubject, and promiſe myſelf from the arguments here laid down, that all the fine ladies of England will be ready, as ſoon as their mourning is over, to appear covered with the work of their own hands.

What a delightful entertainment muſt it be to the fair ſex, whom their native modeſty and the tenderneſs of men towards them, exempts from public buſineſs, to paſs their hours in imitating fruits and flowers, and tranſplanting all the beauties of nature into their own dreſs, or raiſing a new creation in their cloſets and apartments. How pleaſing is the amuſement of walking among the ſhades and groves planted by themſelves, in ſurveying heroes ſlain by their needle, or little Cupids which they have brought into the world without pain!

This is, methinks, the moſt proper way wherein a lady can ſhew a fine genius, and I cannot forbear wiſhing, that ſeveral writers of that ſex had choſen to apply themſelves rather to tapeſtry than rhime. Your paſtoral poeteſſes may vent their fancy in rural landſkapes, and place deſpairing ſhepherds under ſilken willows, or drown them in a ſtream of mohair. The heroic writers may work up battles as ſucceſsfully, and inflame them with gold or ſtain them with crimſon. Even thoſe who have only a turn to a ſong or an epigram, may put many valuable ſtitches into a purſe, and crowd a thouſand graces into a pair of garters.

If I may, without breach of good manners, imagine that

that any pretty creature is void of genius, and would perform her part herein but very awkwardly, I muſt nevertheleſs inſiſt upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of harm's way.

Another argument for buſying good women in works of fancy, is, becauſe it takes them off from ſcandal, the uſual attendant of tea-table, and all other unactive ſcenes of life. While they are forming their birds and beaſts, their neighbour will be allowed to be the fathers of their own children: and Whig and Tory will be but ſeldom mentioned, where the great diſpute is, whether blue or red is the moſt proper colour. How much greater glory would Sophronia do the general, if ſhe would chooſe rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapeſtry, than ſignalize herſelf with ſo much vehemence againſt thoſe who are Frenchmen in their hearts.

A third reaſon that I ſhall mention, is the profit that is brought to the family where theſe pretty arts are encouraged. It is manifeſt that this way of life not only keeps fair ladies from running out into expences, but is at the ſame time an actual improvement. How memorable would that matron be, who ſhall have it inſcribed upon her monument, 'that ſhe wrought out the whole 'Bible in tapeſtry, and died in a good old age, after 'having covered three hundred yards of wall in the 'manſion-houſe.

The premiſes being conſidered, I humbly ſubmit the following propoſals to all mothers in Great-Britain.

I. That no young virgin whatſoever be allowed to receive the addreſſes of her firſt lover, but in a ſuit of her own embroidering.

II. That before every freſh ſervant, ſhe be obliged to appear in a new ſtomager at leaſt.

III. That no one be actually married, till ſhe hath the child-bed, pillows, &c. ready ſtitched, as likewiſe the mantle for the boy quite finiſhed.

Theſe laws, if I miſtake not, would effectually reſtore the decayed art of needle-work, and make the virgins of Great Britain exceedingly nimble-fingered in their buſineſs.

There

There is a memorable cuſtom of the Grecian ladies in this particular, preſerved in Homer, which I hope will have a very good effect upon my country-women. A widow, in ancient times, could not, without indecency, receive a ſecond huſband, till ſhe had woven a ſhroud for her deceaſed lord, or the next of kin to him. Accordingly, the chaſte Penelope, having, as ſhe thought, loſt Ulyſſes at ſea, ſhe employed her time in preparing a winding ſheet for Laertes, the father of her huſband. The ſtory of her web being very famous, and yet not ſufficiently known in its ſeveral circumſtances. I ſhall give it to my reader, as Homer makes one of her wooers relate it.

Sweet hope ſhe gave to every youth apart,
With well taught looks, and a deceitful heart:
A web ſhe wove of many a ſlender twine,
Of curious texture, and perplex'd deſign;
My youths, ſhe cry'd, my lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd bed.
'Till I have wov'n, as ſolemn vows require,
This web, a ſhroud for poor Ulyſſes' ſire.
His limbs, when fate the hero's ſoul demands,
Shall claim this labour of his daughter's hands:
Leſt all the dames of Greece my name deſpiſe,
While the great king without a covering lies.
Thus ſhe, nor did my friends miſtruſt the guile,
All day ſhe ſped the long laborious toil:
But when the burning lamps ſupply'd the ſun,
Each night unravell'd what the day begun.
Three live-long ſummers did the fraud prevail;
The fourth her maidens told th' amazing tale.
Theſe eyes behold, as cloſe I took my ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand:
'Till watch'd at length, and preſs'd on every ſide,
Her talk ſhe ended, and commenc'd a bride.

FRIDAY,

No. DCVII. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15.

Dicite Iö Pæan, & Iö bis dicite Pæan:
Decidit in caſſes præda petita meos. Ovid.

Now Iö Pæan ſing, now wreaths prepare,
And with repeated Iös fill the air:
The prey is fal'n in my ſucceſsful toils. Anon

'Mr. Spectator,

'HAVING in your paper of Monday laſt publiſhed 'my report on the caſe of Mrs. Fanny Fickle, 'wherein I have taken notice, that love comes after 'marriage; I hope your readers are ſatisfied with this 'truth, that as love generally produces matrimony, ſo 'it often happens that matrimony produces love.

'It perhaps requires more virtues to make a good 'huſband or wife, than what go to the finiſhing any the 'moſt ſhining character whatſoever.

'Diſcretion ſeems abſolutely neceſſary, and accord- 'ingly we find that the beſt huſbands have been moſt 'famous for their wiſdom. Homer, who hath drawn 'a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to make it the 'more complete, hath celebrated him for the juſt re- 'turns of fidelity and truth to his Penelope; inſomuch 'that he refuſed the careſſes of a goddeſs for her ſake, 'and to uſe the expreſſion of the beſt pagan authors, '"vetulam ſuam prætulit immortalitati," his old woman 'was dearer to him than immortality.

'Virtue is the next neceſſary qualification for this 'domeſtic character, as it naturally produces conſtancy 'and mutual eſteem. Thus Brutus and Porcia were 'more remarkable for virtue and affections than any 'others in the age in which they lived.

'Good-nature is a third neceſſary ingredient in the 'marriage-ſtate, without which it would inevitably 'ſour upon a thouſand occaſions. When greatneſs of 'mind is joined with this amiable quality, it attracts 'the admiration and eſteem of all who beholds it. Thus

Cæſar,

'Cæſar, not more remarkable for his fortune and valour 'than for his humanity, ſtole into the hearts of the 'Roman people, when, breaking through the cuſtom, 'he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his firſt and 'beſt beloved wife.

'Good-nature is inſufficient, unleſs it be ſteady and 'uniform, and accompanied with an evenneſs of tem-'per, which is above all things, to be preſerved in this 'friendſhip contracted for life. A man muſt be eaſy 'within himſelf, before he can be ſo to his other ſelf. 'Socrates, and Marcus Aurelius, are inſtances of men, 'who by the ſtrength of philoſophy, having entirely 'compoſed their mind, and ſubdued their paſſions, are 'celebrated for good huſbands, notwithſtanding the 'firſt was yoked with Xantippe, and the other with 'Fauſtina. If the wedded pair would but habituate 'themſelves for the firſt year to bear with one another's 'faults, the difficulty would be pretty well conquered. 'This mutual ſweetneſs of temper and complacency was 'finely recommended in the nuptial ceremonies among 'the heathens, who, when they ſacrificed to Juno at 'that ſolemnity, always tore out the gall from 'the entrails of the victim, and caſt it behind the 'altar.

'I Shall conclude this letter with a paſſage out of Dr. 'Plot's Natural Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, not only as it 'will ſerve to fill up your preſent paper, but, if I find 'myſelf in the humour, may give riſe to another; I 'having by me an old regiſter, belonging to the place 'here undermentioned.

'Sir Philip de Somervile held the manors of Whiche-'novre, Scireſcot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowley, 'all in com. Stafford, of the earls of Lancaſter, by this 'memorable ſervice. The ſaid Sir Philip ſhall find, 'maintain, and ſuſtain, one bacon-flitch, hanging in his 'hall at Whichenovre, ready arrayed all times of the 'year, but in lent, to be given to every man or woman 'married, after the day of the year of their marriage 'be paſt, in form following.

Whenſoever

Whenſoever that any ſuch before-named will come to enquire for the bacon, in their own perſon, they ſhall come to the bailiff, or to the porter of the lordſhip, of Whichenovre, and ſhall ſay to them in the manner as enſueth.

'Bayliff, or porter, I do you to know, that I am 'come for myſelf, to demand one bacon flyke hanging 'in the hall of the lord of Whichenovre, after the form 'thereunto belonging.'

After which relation, the bailiff or porter ſhall aſſign a day to him, upon promiſe by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the mean time the ſaid bailiff ſhall take with him twain of the freeholders of the lordſhip of Whichenovre, and they three ſhall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to Robert Knightleye, and there ſhall ſummon the aforeſaid Knightleye or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whichenovre the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to ſay, a horſe and a ſaddle, a ſack and a prike, for to convey the ſaid bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, as his coſtages. And then the ſaid bailiff ſhall with the ſaid freeholders, ſummon all the tenants of the ſaid manor, to be ready at the day appointed, at Whichenovre, for to do and perform the ſervices which they owe to the bacon. And at the day aſſigned, all ſuch as owe ſervices to the bacon, ſhall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whichenovre, from the ſun-riſing to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon. And when he is come, there ſhall be delivered to him and his fellows, chapelets; and to all thoſe which ſhall be there, to do their ſervices due to the bacon. And they ſhall lead the ſaid demandant with trumps and tabours, and other manner of minſtrelſy, to the hall-door, where he ſhall find the lord of Whichenovre, or his ſteward, ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

He ſhall enquire of him, which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him: which muſt anſwer, 'They be here ready.' And then the ſteward ſhall cauſe theſe two neighbours to ſwear, if the ſaid

ſaid demandant be a wedded man, or have been a man wedded; and if ſince his marriage one year and a day be paſt; and if he be a freeman, or a villain. And if his ſaid neighbours make oath, that he hath for him all theſe three points rehearſed; then ſhall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall-door, and ſhall there be laid upon one half quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon ſhall kneel upon his knee, and ſhall hold his right hand upon a book, which book ſhall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and ſhall make oath in this manner.

'Here ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, lord of Whiche-'novre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne: that I A 'ſithe I wedded B my wife, and ſithe I had hyr in my 'kepying, and at my wylle, by a year and a day after 'our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none 'other; farer, ne fowler; richer ne pourer; ne for none 'other deſcended of greater lynage; ſlepying ne waking 'at noo tyme. And if the ſeyd B were ſole and I ſole, 'would take her to be my wife before all the wymen of 'the worlde, of what condiciones ſoever they be, good 'or evylle: as help me God and his ſeyntes, and this 'fleſh and all fleſhes.'

And his neighbours ſhall make oath, that they truſt verily he hath ſaid truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before-mentioned, that he be a freeman, there ſhall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheeſe; and if he be a villain, he ſhall have half a quarter of rye without cheeſe. And then ſhall Knightleye, the lord of Rudlow, be called for to carry all theſe things tofore rehearſed; and the ſaid corn ſhall be laid on one horſe and the bacon above it: and he to whom the bacon appertaineth ſhall aſcend upon his horſe, and ſhall take the cheeſe before him, if he have a horſe. And if he have none, the lord of Whichenovre ſhall cauſe him to have one horſe and ſaddle to ſuch time as he be paſſed his lordſhip: and ſo ſhall they depart the manor of Whichenovre with the corn and the bacon tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, tabourets, and other manner of minſtrelſy. And all the free tenants of

Whichenovre ſhall conduct him to be paſſed the lordſhip of Whichenovre. And then ſhall they all return except him, to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the coſts of his lord of Whichenovre.

No. DCVIII. MONDAY, OCTOBER, 18.

——————Perjuria ridet amantûm. Ovid.

——————Forgiving with a ſmile
The perjuries that eaſy maids beguile. Dryden.

'Mr. Spectator,

'ACCORDING to my promiſe I herewith tranſmit to you a liſt of ſeveral perſons, who from time to time demanded the flitch of bacon of Sir Philip de Somervile, and his deſcendents; as it is preſerved in an ancient manuſcript under the title of the regiſter of Whichenovre-hall, and of the bacon flitch there maintained.

'In the beginning of this record is recited the law of inſtitution in form, as it is already printed in your laſt paper: to which are added two by-laws, as a comment upon the general law the ſubſtance whereof is, that the wife ſhall take the ſame oath as the huſband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the judges ſhall, as they think meet interrogate or croſs-examine the witneſſes. After this proceeds the regiſter in manner following.

'Aubry de Falſtaff, ſon of Sir John Falſtaff, Kt. with dame Maude his wife, were the firſt that demanded the bacon, he having bribed twain of his father's companions to ſwear falſly in his behoof, whereby he gained the flitch: but he and his ſaid wife falling immediately into a diſpute how the ſaid bacon ſhould be dreſſed, it was by order of the judges taken from him, and hung up again in the hall.

'Aliſon

'Aliſon the wife of Stephen Freckle, brought her 'ſaid huſband along with her, and ſet forth the good 'conditions and behaviour of her conſort, adding withal 'that ſhe doubted not but that he was ready to atteſt the 'life of her, his wife; whereupon he, the ſaid Stephen, 'ſhaking his head, ſhe turned ſhort upon him, and gave 'him a box on the ear.

'Philip de Waverland, having laid his hand upon the 'book when the clauſe, were I ſole and ſhe ſole, was 'rehearſed, found a ſecret compunction riſing in his 'mind, and ſtole it off again.

'Richard de Loveleſs, who was a courtier, and a very 'well bred man, being obſerved to heſitate at the words 'after our marriage, was thereupon required to explain 'himſelf. He replied, by talking very largely of his 'exact complaiſance while he was a lover; and alledged, 'that he had not in the leaſt diſobliged his wife for a 'year and a day before marriage, which he hoped was 'the ſame thing.

'Rejected.

'Joceline Jolly, Eſq; making it appear by unqeſtion-'able teſtimony, that he and his wife had preſerved full 'and entire affection for the ſpace of the firſt month 'commonly called the honey-moon; he had in conſidera-'tion thereof one raſher beſtowed upon him.

'After this, ſays the record, many years paſſed over 'before any demandant appeared at Whichenovre-hall; 'inſomuch that one would have thought that the whole 'country were turned Jews, ſo little was their affection 'to the flitch of bacon.

'The next couple enrolled had like to have carried 'it, if one of the witneſſes had not depoſed, that dining 'on a Sunday with the demandant, whoſe wife had ſat 'below the ſquire's lady at church, ſhe the ſaid wife 'dropped ſome expreſſions, as if ſhe thought her huſband 'deſerved to be knighted; to which he returned a paſſi-'onate piſh! The judges taking the premiſes into con-'ſideration, declared the aforeſaid behaviour to imply 'an unwarrantable ambition in the wife, and anger in 'the huſband.

'It is recorded as a ſufficient diſqualification of a certain wife, that ſpeaking of her huſband, ſhe ſaid, God forgive him.

'It is likewiſe remarkable, that a couple were rejected upon the depoſition of one of their neighbours, that the lady had once told her huſband, that it was her duty to obey; to which he replied, Oh, my dear! you are never in the wrong.

'The violent paſſion of one lady for her lap-dog; the turning away of the old houſe-maid by another; a tavern-bill torn by the wife, and a tailor's by the huſband; a quarrel about the kiſſing-cruſt; ſpoiling of dinners, and coming in late at nights: are ſo many ſeveral articles which occaſioned the reprobation of ſome ſcores of demandants, whoſe names are recorded in the aforeſaid regiſter.

'Without enumerating other particular perſons, I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that the ſentence pronounced againſt one Gervaſe Poacher is, that he might have had bacon to his eggs, if he had not hitherto ſcolded his wife when they were over boiled. And the depoſition againſt Dorothy Doolittle runs in theſe words; that ſhe had ſo far uſurped the dominion of the coalfire, (the ſtirring whereof her huſband claimed to himſelf) that by her good will ſhe never would ſuffer the poker out of her hand.

'I find but two couples, in this firſt century that, were ſucceſsful: the firſt was a ſea-captain and his wife, who ſince the day of their marriage had not ſeen one another till the day of the claim. The ſecond was an honeſt pair in the neighbourhood; the huſband was a man of plain good ſenſe, and a peaceable temper; the woman was dumb.'

WEDNESDAY,

No. DCIX. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20.

——————Farrago libelli. Juv.

The miſcellaneous ſubjects of my book.

' Mr. Spectator,

' I HAVE for ſome time deſired to appear in your pa-
' per, and have therefore choſen a day to ſteal into
' the *Spectator*, when I take it for granted you will not
' have many ſpare minutes for ſpeculations of your own.
' As I was the other day walking with an honeſt coun-
' try-gentleman, he very often was expreſſing his aſton-
' iſhment to ſee the town ſo mightily crouded with doc-
' tors of divinity: upon which I told him he was very
' much miſtaken if he took all thoſe gentlemen he ſaw
' in ſcarfs to be perſons of that dignity; for that a
' a young divine, after his firſt degree in the univer-
' ſity, uſually comes hither only to ſhow himſelf; and,
' on that occaſion, is apt to think he is but half
' equipped with a gown and caſſock for his public ap-
' pearance, if he hath not the additional ornament of a
' ſcarf of the firſt magnitude to intitle him to the appel-
' lation of Doctor from his landlady, and the boy at
' Child's. Now ſince I know that this piece of garni-
' ture is looked upon as a mark of vanity or affectation,
' as it is made uſe of among ſome of the little ſpruce ad-
' venturers of the town, I ſhould be glad if you would
' give it a place among thoſe extravagancies you have
' juſtly expoſed in ſeveral of your papers, being very well
' aſſured that the main body of the clergy, both in the
' country and the univerſities, who are almoſt to a man
' untainted with it, would be very well pleaſed to ſee
' this venerable foppery well expoſed. When my patron
' did me the honour to take me into his family (for I
' muſt own myſelf of this order) he was pleaſed to ſay
' he took me as a friend and companion; and whe-
' ther he looked upon the ſcarf as the lace and ſhoulder-
' knot of a footman, as a badge of ſervitude and depend-

'ence, I do not know, but he was so kind as to leave 'my wearing of it to my own discretion; and not having 'any just title to it from my degrees, I am content to 'be without the ornament. The privileges of our nobi- 'lity to keep a certain number of chaplains are undis- 'puted, though perhaps not one in ten of those reverend 'gentlemen have any relation to the noble families their 'scarfs belong to; the right generally of creating all 'chaplains, except the domestic, where there is one, 'being nothing more than the perquisite of a steward's 'place, who, if he happens to out-live any considerable 'number of his noble masters, shall probably, at one and 'the same time, have fifty chaplains, all in their proper 'accoutrements, of his own creation; though, perhaps, 'there hath been neither grace nor prayer said in the 'family since the introduction of the first coronet.

'I am, &c.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I WISH you would write a philosophical paper about 'natural antipathies, with a word or two concerning 'the strength of imagination. I can give you a list upon 'the first notice, of a rational China cup, of an egg 'that walks upon two legs, and a quart pot that sings 'like a nightingale. There is in my neighbourhood a 'very pretty prattling shoulder of veal, that squalls out 'at the sight of a knife. Then, as for natural antipa- 'thies, I knew a general officer who was never conquer- 'ed but by a smothered rabbit; and a wife that domi- 'neers over her husband by the help of a breast of mut- 'ton. A story that relates to myself on this subject 'may be thought not unentertaining, especially when I 'assure you that it is literally true. I had long made 'love to a lady, in the possession of whom I am now the 'happiest of mankind, whose hand I should have gained 'with much difficulty without the assistance of a cat. 'You must know then, that my most dangerous rival 'had so strong an aversion to this species, that he infalli- 'bly swooned away at the sight of that harmless crea- 'ture. My friend Mrs. Lucy her maid, having a

'greater

'greater reſpect for me and my purſe than ſhe had for my 'rival, always took care to pin the tail of a cat under 'the gown of her miſtreſs, whenever ſhe knew of his 'coming; which had ſuch an effect, that every time he 'entered the room, he looked more like one of the figures 'in Mrs. Salmon's wax-work, than a deſirable lover. 'In ſhort, he grew ſick of her company; which the young 'lady taking notice of, (who no more knew why, than 'he did) ſhe ſent me a challenge to meet her in Lin-'coln's-inn chapel, which I joyfully accepted, and have '(amongſt other pleaſures) the ſatisfacton of being praiſ-'ed by her for my ſtratagem.

'I am, &c.

From the hoop. 'TOM NIMBLE.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'THE virgins of Great-Britain are very much 'obliged to you for putting them upon ſuch tedious 'drudgeries in needle-work as were fit only for the Hil-'pa's and the Nilpa's that lived before the flood. Here 'is a ſtir indeed with your hiſtories in embroidery, your 'groves with ſhades of ſilk and ſtreams of mohair! I 'would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred 'lovers before the beſt houſewife in England can ſtitch 'out a battle, and do not fear but to provide boys and 'girls much faſter than your diſciples can embroider 'them. I love birds and beaſts as well as you, but am 'content to fancy them when they are really made. 'What do you think of gilt leather for furniture? 'There is your pretty hangings for a chamber; and 'what is more, our own country is the only place in 'Europe where work of that kind is tolerably done. 'Without minding your muſty leſſons, I am this mi-'nute going to Paul's church-yard to beſpeak a ſkreen 'and a ſet of hangings; and am reſolved to encourage 'the manufacture of my country.

'Yours,

'CLEORA.'

FRIDAY.

No. DCX. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22.

Sic, cum tranſiêrint mei
Nullo cum ſtrepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar ſenex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus, moritur ſibi. SENECA.

Thus, when my fleeting days, at laſt,
Unheeded, ſilently are paſt,
Calmly I ſhall reſign my breath,
In life unknown, forgot in death;
While he, o'ertaken unprepar'd,
Finds Death an evil to be fear'd,
Who dies, to others too much known,
A ſtranger to himſelf alone.

I HAVE often wondered that the Jews ſhould contrive ſuch a worthleſs greatneſs for the deliverer whom they expected, as to dreſs him up in external pomp and pageantry, and repreſent him to their imagination, as making havock amongſt his creatures, and acted with the poor ambition of a Cæſar or an Alexander. How much more illuſtrious doth he appear in his real character, when conſidered as the author of univerſal benevolence among men, as refining our paſſions, exalting our nature, giving us vaſt ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little ſhowy grandeur, wherein the Jews made the glory of their Meſſiah to conſiſt!

Nothing (ſays Longinus) can be great, the contempt of which is great. The poſſeſſion of wealth and riches cannot give to man a title to greatneſs, becauſe it is looked upon as a greatneſs of mind, to contemn theſe gifts of fortune, and to be above the deſire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are greater men who lie concealed among the ſpecies, than thoſe who come out, and draw upon themſelves the eyes and admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been

been heard of, had not his domeſtic misfortunes driven him out of his obſcurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we ſuppoſe that there are ſpirits or angels, who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reaſon and revelation; how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from thoſe which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us in their catalogue of ſuch worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that, which any of our own ſpecies would draw up?

We are dazzled with the ſplendor of titles, the oſtentation of learning, the noiſe of victories: they, on the contrary, ſee the philoſopher in the cottage, who poſſeſſes his ſoul in patience and thankfulneſs, under the preſſures of what little minds call poverty and diſtreſs. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in ſhades and ſolitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wiſe man is more illuſtrious in their ſight, than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thouſand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of juſtice to our detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are ſhed in ſilence for the miſery of others; a private deſire or reſentment broken and ſubdued; in ſhort, an unfeigned exerciſe of humility, or any other virtue; are ſuch actions as are glorious in their ſight, and denominate men great and reputable. The moſt famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while thoſe who are moſt obſcure among their own ſpecies, are regarded with love, with approbation, and eſteem.

The moral of the preſent ſpeculation amounts to this, that we ſhould not be led away by the cenſures and applauſes of men, but conſider the figure that every perſon will make, at that time when wiſdom ſhall be juſtified of her children, and nothing paſs for great or illuſtrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The

The ſtory of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable inſtance to our preſent purpoſe. The oracle being aſked by Gyges, who was the happieſt man, replied Aglaüs. Gyges, who expected to have heard himſelf named on this occaſion, was much ſurpriſed, and very curious to know who this Aglaüs ſhould be. After much enquiry he was found to be an obſcure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his houſe.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this ſtory ſhall cloſe this day's ſpeculation.

Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a name,
Aglaüs, now conſign'd t' eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Preſum'd at wiſe Apollo's Delphick ſeat,
Preſum'd to aſk, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
See'ſt thou a man that happier is than I?
The God, who ſcorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be?
We've heard as yet of no ſuch king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around,
No king of ſuch a name was to be found.
Is ſome old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the Gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?
Is it ſome man of endleſs wealth? ſaid he:
None, none of theſe; who can this Aglaüs be?
After long ſearch, and vain enquiries paſt,
In an obſcure Arcadian vale at laſt,
(Th' Arcadian life has always ſhady been)
Near Sopho's town, (which he but once had ſeen)
This Aglaüs, who monarch's envy drew,
Whoſe happineſs the Gods ſtood witneſs to,
This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.

So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among thoſe fooliſh gods to mention thee)

So let me act, on ſuch a private ſtage,
The laſt dull ſcenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toſs'd veſſel gain;
Of heav'nly reſt this earneſt to me lend,
Let my life ſleep, and learn to love her end.

No. DCXI. MONDAY, OCTOBER 25.

Perfide! ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hircanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.
VIRG. ÆN.

Perfidious Man! thy parent was a rock,
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee ſuck.

I AM willing to poſtpone every thing, to do any the leaſt ſervice for the deſerving and unfortunate. Accordingly I have cauſed the following letter to be inſerted in my paper the moment that it came to my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates ſo handſomely herſelf.

Mr. Spectator,

'I FLATTER myſelf, you will not only pity, but, 'if poſſible, redreſs a misfortune myſelf and ſeve-'ral others of my ſex lie under. I hope you will not 'be offended, nor think I mean by this to juſtify my 'own imprudent conduct, or expect you ſhould. No! 'I am ſenſible how ſeverely, in ſome of your former 'papers, you have reproved perſons guilty of the like 'miſmanagements. I was ſcarce ſixteen, and I may 'ſay without vanity, handſome, when courted by a 'falſe perjured man; who, upon promiſe of marriage, 'rendered me the moſt unhappy of women. After he 'had deluded me from my parents, who were people 'of very good faſhion, in leſs than three months he left 'me. My parents would not ſee, nor hear from me; 'and had it not been for a ſervant, who had lived in our 'family,

'family, I must certainly have perished for want of 'bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very 'short time, to alter my miserable condition. A gen- 'tleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My pa- 'rents were reconciled; and I might be as happy in the 'change of my condition, as I was before miserable, 'but for some things, that you shall know, which are 'insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much 'honour and compassion as to let those persons know, in 'some of your papers, how much they are in the wrong. 'I have been married near five years, and do not know 'that in all that time I ever went abroad without my 'husband's leave and approbation. I am obliged, through 'the importunities of several of my relations, to go 'abroad oftener than suits my temper. Then it is, 'I labour under insupportable agonies. That man, or 'rather monster, haunts every place I go to. Base 'villain! by reason I will not admit his nauseous wicked 'visits and appointments, he strives all the ways he can 'to ruin me. He left me destitute of friend or money, 'nor ever thought me worth enquiring after, till he un- 'fortunately happened to see me in a front-box, sparkling 'with jewels. Then his passion returned. Then the 'hypocrite pretended to be a penitent. Then he practi- 'sed all those arts that helped before to undo me. I am 'not to be deceived a second time by him. I hate and 'abhor his odious passion; and as he plainly perceives 'it, either out of spite or diversion, he makes it his 'business to expose me. I never fail seeing him in all 'public company, where he is always most industriously 'spiteful. He hath, in short, told all his acquaintance 'of our unhappy affair; they tell theirs; so that it is no 'secret among his companions, which are numerous. 'They, to whom he tells it, think they have a title to 'be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of 'good manners return it, then I am pestered with free- 'doms that are no ways agreeable to myself or company. 'If I turn my eyes from them, or seem displeased, they 'sour upon it, and whisper the next person, he is next; 'till I have at last the eyes of the whole company upon 'me.

'me. Nay, they report abominable falſehoods, under 'that miſtaken notion, "She that will grant favours to "one man, will to a hundred." I beg you will let 'thoſe who are guilty, know, how ungenerous this way 'of proceeding is. I am ſure he will know himſelf the 'perſon aimed at, and perhaps put a ſtop to the inſolence 'of others. Curſed is the fate of unhappy women! 'that men may boaſt and glory in thoſe things that we 'muſt think of with ſhame and horror! You have the 'art of making ſuch odious cuſtoms appear deteſtable. 'For my ſake, and I am ſure, for the ſake of ſeveral others, 'who dare not own it, but like me, lie under the ſame 'misfortunes, make it as infamous for a man to boaſt of 'favours, or expoſe our ſex, as it is to take the lie or a 'box on the ear, and not reſent it.

Your conſtant Reader,

and admirer,

LESBIA.

P. S. 'I am the more impatient under this misfor-'tune, having received freſh provocation, laſt Wedneſ-'day, in the Abbey.'

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate Leſbia, that an inſult upon a woman in her circumſtances, is as infamous in a man, as a tame behaviour when the lie or a buffet is given; which truth I ſhall beg leave of her to illuſtrate by the following obſervation.

It is a mark of cowardice paſſive to forbear reſenting an affront, the reſenting of which would lead a man into danger; it is no leſs a ſign of cowardice to affront a creature, that hath not power to avenge itſelf. Whatever name therefore this ungenerous man may beſtow on the helpleſs lady he hath injured, I ſhall not ſcruple to give him in return for it, the appellation of coward.

A man, that can ſo far deſcend from his dignity, as to ſtrike a lady, can never recover his reputation with either ſex, becauſe no provocation is thought ſtrong

enough to justify such treatment from the powerful towards the weak. In the circumstances, in which poor Lesbia is situated, she can appeal to no man whatsoever to avenge an insult, more grievous than a blow. If she could open her mouth, the base man knows, that a husband, a brother, a generous friend would die to see her righted.

A generous mind, however enraged against an enemy, feels its resentments sink and vanish away, when the object of its wrath falls into its power. An estranged friend, filled with jealousy and discontent towards a bosom acquaintance, is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a creature that was once dear to him, undergoes any misfortune. What name then shall we give to his ingratitude, (who forgetting the favours he solicited with eagerness, and received with rapture) can insult the miseries that he himself caused, and make sport with the pain to which he owes his greatest pleasure? There is but one being in the creation whose province it is to practise upon the imbecilities of frail creatures, and triumph in the woes which his own artifices brought about; and we well know, those who follow his example, will receive his reward.

Leaving my fair correspondent to the direction of her own wisdom and modesty; and her enemy, and his mean accomplices, to the compunction of their own hearts; I shall conclude this paper with a memorable instance of revenge, taken by a Spanish lady upon a guilty lover, which may serve to shew what violent effects are wrought by the most tender passion, when soured into hatred; and may deter the young and unwary from unlawful love. The story, however romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a truth.

Not many years ago an English gentleman, who in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church-porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door, he was surprised to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white who

who aſcended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and aſked him what he did there. He told her the truth, without reſerve, believing that he had met a ghoſt: upon which, ſhe ſpoke to him in the following manner, "Stranger, "thou art in my power: I am a murderer as thou art. "Know then, that I am a nun of a noble family. A "baſe perjured man undid me, and boaſted of it. I "ſoon had him diſpatched; but not content with the "murder, I have bribed the ſexton to let me enter his "grave, and have now plucked out his falſe heart from "his body; and thus I uſe a traitor's heart." At theſe words ſhe tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet.

No. DCXII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27.

Murranum hic, atavos & avorum antiqua ſonantem
Nomina, per regeſque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitum ſcopulo, atque ingentis turbine ſaxi
Excutit, effunditque ſolo——— VIRG. ÆN.

Murranus, boaſting of his blood, that ſprings
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Cruſh'd with the weight of an unwieldy ſtone.
DRYDEN.

IT is highly laudable to pay reſpect to men who are deſcended from worthy anceſtors, not only out of gratitude to thoſe who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the deſcendents of great men; and they who are apt to remind us of their anceſtors, only put us upon making compariſons to their own diſadvantage. There is ſome pretence for boaſting of wit, beauty, ſtrength or wealth, becauſe the communication of them may give pleaſure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any reſpect, becauſe our fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable light.

Mr. Spectator,

'WERE the genealogy of every family reserved, there would probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a beggar in the streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great man; nor any one of the highest title, who would not discover several base and indigent persons among his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one pedigree of men appear together, under the same characters they bore when they acted their respective parts among the living. Suppose therefore a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should, in the same manner as Virgil makes Æneas look over his descendents, see the whole line of his progenitors pass in a review before his eyes, with how many varying passions would he behold shepherds and soldiers, statesmen and artificers, princes and beggars, walk in the procession of five thousand years! How would his heart sink or flutter at the several sports of fortune in a scene so diversified with rags and purple, handicraft tools and sceptres, ensigns of dignity and emblems of disgrace; and how would his fears and apprehensions, his transports and mortifications, succeed one another, as the line of his genealogy appeared bright or obscure?

'In most of the pedigrees hung up in old mansion-houses, you are sure to find the first in the catalogue a great statesman, or a soldier with an honourable commission. The honest artificer that begot him, and all his frugal ancestors before him, are torn off from the top of the register; and you are not left to imagine, that the noble founder of the family ever had a father. Were we to trace many boasted lines farther backward, we should lose them in a mob of tradesmen, or a crowd of rustics, without hope of seeing them emerge again: not unlike the old Appian way, which after having run many miles in length, loses itself in a bog.

'I lately

'I lately made a viſit to an old country gentleman, 'who is very far gone in this ſort of family madneſs. I 'found him in his ſtudy peruſing an old regiſter of his 'family, which he had juſt then diſcovered, as it was 'branched out in the form of a tree, upon a ſkin of 'parchment. Having the honour to have ſome of his 'blood in my veins, he permitted me to caſt my eye over 'the boughs of this venerable plant; and aſked my ad-'vice in the reforming of ſome of the ſuperfluous bran-'ches.

'We paſſed ſlightly over three or four of our imme-'diate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition, but 'were ſoon ſtopped by an alderman of London, who, I 'perceived, made my kinſman's heart go pit-a-pat. 'His confuſion increaſed when he found the alderman's 'father to be a grazier; but he recovered his fright upon 'ſeeing Juſtice of the Quorum at the end of his titles. 'Things went on pretty well, as we threw our eyes oc-'caſionally over the tree, when unfortunately he per-'ceived a merchant-tailor perched on a bough, who was 'ſaid greatly to have increaſed the eſtate; he was juſt a 'going to cut him off, if he had not ſeen Gent. after 'the name of his ſon; who was recorded to have mort-'gaged one of the manors his father had purchaſed. A 'weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign of 'queen Mary, was pruned away without mercy; as 'was likewiſe a yeoman, who died of a fall from his own 'cart. But great was our triumph in one of the blood 'who was beheaded for high-treaſon: which neverthe-'leſs was not a little allayed by another of our an-'ceſtors who was hanged for ſtealing of ſheep. The 'expectations of my good couſin were wonderfully 'raiſed by a match into the family of a knight, but un-'fortuately for us, this branch proved barren: on the 'other hand, Margery the milk-maid being twined 'round a bough, it flouriſhed out into ſo many ſhoots, 'and bent with ſo much fruit, that the old gentleman 'was quite out of countenance. To comfort me, under 'this diſgrace, he ſingled out a branch ten times more 'fruitful than the other, which, he told me, he valued

'more than any in the tree, and bad me be of good 'comfort. This enormous bough was a graft out of a 'Welſh heireſs, with ſo many Ap's upon it that it 'might have made a little grove by itſelf. From the 'trunk of the pedigree, which was chiefly compoſed of 'labourers and ſhepherds, aroſe a huge ſprout of far-'mers; this was branched out into yeomen; and ended 'in a ſheriff of the county, who was knighted for his 'good ſervice to the crown, in bringing up an addreſs. 'Several of the names that ſeemed to diſparage the fa-'mily, being looked upon as miſtakes, were lopped off 'as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no ſmall 'number appearing without any titles, my couſin, to 'ſupply the defects of the manuſcript, added, Eſq. at 'the end of each of them.

'This tree ſo pruned, dreſſed, and cultivated, was, 'within a few days, tranſplanted into a large ſheet of 'vellum and placed in the great hall, where it attracts 'the veneration of his tenants every Sunday morning, 'while they wait till his worſhip is ready to go to church; 'wondering that a man, who had ſo many fathers before 'him, ſhould not be made a knight, or at leaſt a juſtice 'of the peace.

FRIDAY,

No. DCXIII. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29.

———Studiis florentem ignobilis oti. VIRG.

Affecting ſtudies of leſs noiſy praiſe. DRYDEN.

IT is reckoned a piece of ill-breeding for one man to ingroſs the whole talk to himſelf. For this reaſon, ſince I keep three viſiting-days in the week, I am content now and then to let my friends put in a word. There are ſeveral advantages hereby accruing both to my readers and myſelf. As firſt, young and modeſt writers have an opportunity of getting into print: again, the town enjoys the pleaſure of variety; and poſterity will ſee the humour of the preſent age, by the help of theſe little lights into private and domeſtic life. The benefits I receive from thence, are ſuch as theſe: I gain more time for future ſpeculations; pick up hints which I improve for the public good; give advice; redreſs grievances; and, by leaving commodious ſpaces between the ſeveral letters that I print, furniſh out a *Spectator* with little labour and great oſtentation.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I WAS mightily pleaſed with your ſpeculation of 'Friday. Your ſentiments are noble, and the whole 'worked up in ſuch a manner, as cannot but ſtrike upon 'every reader. But give me leave to make this re-'mark; that while you write ſo pathetically on con-'tentment and a retired life, you ſooth the paſſion of 'melancholy, and depreſs the mind from actions 'truly glorious. Titles and honours are the reward of 'virtue, we therefore ought to be affected with them: 'and though light minds are too much puffed up with 'exterior pomp, yet I cannot ſee why it is not as truly 'philoſophical, to admire the glowing ruby, or the 'ſparkling green of an emerald, as the fainter and leſs 'permanent beauties of a roſe or a myrtle. If there are 'men of extraordinary capacities who lie concealed from the

'the world, I ſhould impute it to them as a blot in their 'character, did not I believe it owing to the meanneſs 'of their fortune rather than of their ſpirit. Cowley, 'who tells the ſtory of Aglaüs with ſo much pleaſure, was 'no ſtranger to courts, nor inſenſible of praiſe.

What ſhall I do to be for ever known.
And make the age to come my own?

'was the reſult of a laudable ambition. It was not till 'after frequent diſappointments, that he termed himſelf 'the melancholy Cowley; and he praiſed ſolitude, when 'he deſpaired of ſhining in a court. The ſoul of a man 'is an active principle. He therefore who withdraws 'from the ſcene before he has played his part, ought to 'be hiſſed off the ſtage, and cannot be deemed virtuous, 'becauſe he refuſes to anſwer his end. I muſt own I am 'fired with an honeſt ambition to imitate every illuſtrious 'example. The battle of Blenheim and Ramillies have 'more than once made me wiſh myſelf a ſoldier. And 'when I have ſeen thoſe actions ſo nobly celebrated by 'our poets, I have ſecretly aſpired to be one of that 'diſtinguiſhed claſs. But in vain I wiſh, in vain I part 'with the deſire of action. I am chained down in obſcu-'rity, and the only pleaſure I can take is in ſeeing ſo 'many brighter genius's join their friendly lights, to 'add to the ſplendor of the throne. Farewel then, dear 'Spec, and believe me to be with great emulation, and 'no envy,

'Your profeſſed admirer,

'WILL HOPELESS.'

'SIR, Middle-temple, October 26, 1714.

'THOUGH you have formerly made eloquence the 'ſubject of one or more of your papers, I do not 'remember that you ever conſidered it as poſſeſſed by 'a ſet of people, who are ſo far from making Quintili-'an's rules their practice, that, I dare ſay for them, 'they never heard of ſuch an author, and yet are no

'leſs

'leſs maſters of it than Tully or Demoſthenes among the 'ancients, or whom you pleaſe among the moderns. 'The perſons I am ſpeaking of are our common beggars 'about this town, and that what I ſay is true, I appeal 'to any man who has a heart one degree ſofter than a 'ſtone. As for my part, who do not pretend to more 'humanity than my neighbours, I have oftentimes gone 'from my chambers with money in my pocket, and return-'ed to them not only pennyleſs, but deſtitute of a far-'thing, without beſtowing of it any other way than on 'theſe ſeeming objects of pity. In ſhort, I have ſeen 'more eloquence in a look from one of thoſe deſpicable 'creatures, than in the eye of the faireſt ſhe I ever ſaw, 'yet no one a greater admirer of that ſex than myſelf. 'What I have to deſire of you is, to lay down ſome 'directions in order to guard againſt theſe powerful 'orators, or elſe I know nothing to the contrary but 'I muſt myſelf be forced to leave the profeſſion of 'the law, and endeavour to get the qualifications ne-'ceſſary to that more profitable one of begging. But 'in which ſoever of theſe two capacities I ſhine, I 'ſhall always deſire to be your conſtant reader, and ever 'will be

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'J. B.'

'SIR,

'UPON reading a *Spectator* laſt week, where Mrs. 'Fanny Fickle ſubmitted the choice of a lover 'for life to your deciſive determination, and imagining 'I might claim the favour of your advice in an affair 'of the like, but much more difficult nature, I called 'for pen and ink, in order to draw the characters of 'ſeven humble ſervants, whom I have equally encou-'raged for ſome time. But alas! while I was reflect-'ing on the agreeable ſubject, and contriving an ad-'vantageous deſcription of the dear perſon I was moſt 'inclined to favour, I happened to look into my glaſs. 'The ſight of the ſmall-pox, out of which I am juſt

'recovered,

'recovered, tormented me at once with the loss of my 'captivating arts and my captives. The confusion 'I was in, on this unhappy, unseasonable discovery, is 'inexpressible. Believe me, Sir, I was so taken up 'with the thoughts of your fair correspondent's case, and 'so intent on my own design, that I fancied myself as 'triumphant in my conquests as ever.

'Now, Sir, finding I was incapacitated to amuse 'myself on that pleasing subject, I resolved to apply 'myself to you, or your casuistical agent, for advice 'in my present circumstances. I am sensible the tinc-'ture of my skin, and the regularity of my features, 'which the malice of my late illness has altered, are 'irrecoverable; yet do not despair, but that loss, by 'your assistance, may in some measure be reparable, if 'you will please to propose a way for the recovery of me 'only of my fugitives.

'One of them is in a more particular manner be-'holden to me than the rest; he for some private rea-'sons being desirous to be a lover incognito, always 'addressed me with *billet-doux*, which I was so care-'ful of in my sickness, that I secured the key of my 'love magazine under my head, and hearing a noise 'of opening a lock in my chamber, endangered my 'life by getting out of bed, to prevent, if it had been 'attempted, the discovery of that amour.

'I have formerly made use of all those artifices, which 'our sex daily practises over yours, to draw, as it 'were undesignedly, the eyes of a whole congregation 'to my pew; I have taken a pride in the number of 'admirers at my afternoon levee; but am now quite 'another creature. I think, could I regain the attrac-'tive influence I once had, if I had a legion of suitors, 'I should never be ambitious of entertaining more than 'one. I have almost contracted an antipathy to the 'trifling discourses of impertinent lovers, though I 'must needs own, I have thought it very odd of late, 'to hear gentlemen, instead of their usual complacen-'cies, fall into disputes before me of politics, or else 'weary me with the tedious repetition of how thank-

'ful

'ful I ought to be, and satisfied with my recovery out 'of so dangerous a distemper: this, though I am very 'sensible of the blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, be'cause such advice from them rather seems to insult 'than comfort me, and reminds me too much of what 'I was; which melancholy consideration I cannot yet 'perfectly surmount, but hope your sentiments on this 'head will make it supportable.

'To shew you what a value I have for your dictates, 'these are to certify the persons concerned, that unless 'one of them returns to his colours, (if I may so call 'them now) before the winter is over, I will volun'tarily confine myself to a retirement, where I will pu'nish them all with my needle. I will be revenged on 'them by deciphering them on a carpet, humbly begging 'admittance, myself scornfully refusing it. If you dis'approve of this, as favouring too much of malice, be 'pleased to acquaint me with a draught you like better, 'and it shall be faithfully performed.

'By the unfortunate,

'MONIMIA.'

MONDAY,

No. DCXIV. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque ſederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellum ſociare jugali,
Poſtquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæſum thalami, tædæque fuiſſet;
Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere culpæ VIRG.

——Were I not reſolv'd againſt the yoke
Of hapleſs marriage; never to be curs'd
With ſecond love, ſo fatal was the firſt;
To this one error I might yield again. DRYDEN.

THE following account hath been tranſmitted to me by the love-caſuiſt.

'Mr. Spectator,

'HAVING, in ſome former papers taken care of 'the two ſtates of virginity and marriage, and 'being willing that all people ſhould be ſerved in their 'turn, I this day drew out my drawer of widows, 'where I met with ſeveral caſes, to each whereof I have 'returned ſatisfactory anſwers by the poſt. The caſes 'are as follow:

'Q. Whether Amoret be bound by a promiſe of 'marriage to Philander, made during her huſband's 'life.

'Q. Whether Sempronia, having faithfully given 'a promiſe to two ſeveral perſons during the laſt ſick-'neſs of her huſband, is not thereby left at liberty to 'chooſe which of them ſhe pleaſes, or to reject them both 'for the ſake of a new lover?

'Cleora aſks me, Whether ſhe be obliged to con-'tinue ſingle, according to a vow made to her huſband 'at the time of his preſenting her with a diamond neck-'lace; ſhe being informed by a very pretty young fellow 'of a good conſcience that ſuch vows are in their nature 'ſinful?

'Another enquires, Whether ſhe hath not the right 'of widowhood, to diſpoſe of herſelf to a gentleman of 'great

'gentleman of great merit, who preſſes very hard; her 'huſband being irrecoverably gone in a conſumption?

'An unreaſonable creature hath the confidence to aſk, 'whether it be proper for her to marry a man who is 'younger than her eldeſt ſon?

'A ſcrupulous well-ſpoken matron, who gives me a 'great many good words, only doubts whether ſhe is 'not obliged in conſcience to ſhut up her too marriage-'able daughters, till ſuch time as ſhe hath comfortably 'diſpoſed of herſelf?

'Sophronia, who ſeems by her phraſe and ſpelling to 'be a perſon of condition, ſets forth, that whereas ſhe 'hath a great eſtate, and is but a woman, ſhe deſires 'to be informed, whether ſhe would not do prudently to 'marry Camillus, a very idle tall young fellow, who 'hath no fortune of his own, and conſequently hath no-'thing elſe to do but to manage hers.'

Before I ſpeak of widows, I cannot but obſerve one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a widow is always more ſought after, than an old maid of the ſame age. It is common enough among ordinary people, for a ſtale virgin to ſet up in a place where ſhe is not known; where the large thumb ring, ſuppoſed to be given her by her huſband, quickly recommends her to ſome wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow, that would have overlooked the venerable ſpinſter.

The truth of it is, if we look into this ſet of women, we find, according to the different characters or circumſtances wherein they are left, that widows may be divided into thoſe who raiſe love, and thoſe who raiſe compaſſion.

But not to ramble from this ſubject, there are two things in which conſiſts chiefly the glory of a widow; the love of her deceaſed huſband, and the care of her children: to which may be added a third ariſing out of the former, ſuch a prudent conduct as may do honour to both.

A widow poſſeſſed of all theſe three qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a ſublime character.

There is something so great and so generous in this state of life, when it is accompanied with all its virtues, that it is the subject of one of the finest among our modern tragedies in the person of Andromache; and had met with an universal and deserved applause, when introduced upon our English stage by Mr. Philips.

The most memorable widow in history is queen Artemisia, who not only erected the famous mausoleum, but drank up the ashes of her dead lord; thereby inclosing them in a nobler monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the wonders of architecture.

This last lady seems to have had a better title to a second husband than any I have read of, since not one dust of her first was remaining. Our modern heroines might think a husband a very bitter draught, and would have good reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second partner, till they had taken such a troublesome method of losing the memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious examples out of ancient story, a remarkable instance of the delicacy of our ancestors in relation to the state of widowhood, as I find it recorded in Cowell's Interpreter. 'At East and West-enborne, in the county of Berks, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her free-bench in all his copy-hold lands, dum sola & casta fuerit; that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commits incontinency, she forfeits her estate: yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to her free-bench.'

Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And for my crincum crancum,
Have lost my bincum bancum;
And, for my tail's game,
Have done this worldly shame;
Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my land again.

The

The like cuſtom there is in the manor of Torre in Devonſhire, and other parts of the Weſt.

It is not impoſſible but I may in a little time preſent you with a regiſter of Berkſhire ladies, and other weſtern dames, who rode publicly upon this occaſion; and I hope the town will be entertained with a cavalcade of widows.

No. DCXV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

—— Qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire. Hor.

Who ſpend their treaſure freely as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent Heav'n;
Who in a fix'd unalterable ſtate
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,
And ſcorn alike her friendſhip and her hate:
Who poiſon leſs than falſehood fear,
Loth to purchaſe life ſo dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
And ſeal their country's love with their departing breath. Stepney.

IT muſt be owned that fear is a very powerful paſſion ſince it is eſteemed one of the greateſt of virtues to ſubdue it. It being implanted in us for our preſervation, it is no wonder that it ſticks cloſe to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preſerve. But as life, and all its enjoyments, would be ſcarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual dread of loſing them; it is the buſineſs of religion and philoſophy to free us from all unneceſſary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we conſider the painfulneſs of this paſſion, and the violent effects it produces, we ſhall ſee how dangerous it

it is to give way to it upon ſlight occaſions. Some have frightened themſelves into madneſs, others have given up their lives to theſe apprehenſions. The ſtory of a man who grew grey in the ſpace of one night's anxiety is very famous.

O! Nox, quàm longaes, quæ facis unà ſenem!

A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old.

Theſe apprehenſions, if they proceed from a conſciouſneſs of guilt, are the ſad warnings of reaſon; and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is viſibly lifted againſt the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withſtand him. We have this paſſion ſublimely repreſented in the puniſhment of the Egyptians, tormented with the plague of darkneſs, in the apocryphal book of Wiſdom aſcribed to Solomon.

'For when unrighteous men thought to oppreſs the 'holy nation; they being ſhut up in their houſes, the 'priſoners of darkneſs, and fettered with the bonds of 'a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal Provi-'dence. For while they ſuppoſed to lie hid in their ſe-'cret ſins, they were ſcattered under a dark veil of for-'getfulneſs, being horribly aſtoniſhed and troubled with 'ſtrange apparitions.——For wickedneſs, condemned 'by her own witneſs, is very timorous, and being op-'preſſed with conſcience, always forecaſteth grievous 'things. For fear is nothing elſe but the betraying of 'the ſuccours which reaſon offereth——For the whole 'world ſhineth with clear light, and none were hinder-'ed in their labour. Over them only was ſpread a heavy 'night, an image of that darkneſs which ſhould after-'wards receive them, but yet they were unto themſelves 'more grievous than the darkneſs.'

To fear, ſo juſtly grounded, no remedy can be propoſed; but a man who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of juſtice and integrity, and yet either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of ſerious reflexion, ſuffers himſelf to be moved by this abject and unmanly paſſion, would

would do well to consider that there is nothing which deserves his fear, but that beneficent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us when we are sure of the approbation of him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives so, as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any incidental anxiety.

The intrepidity of a just good man is so nobly set forth by Horace, that it cannot be too often repeated.

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

The vanity of fear may be yet farther illustrated, if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little circumstance intervening may spoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleasure, and understands the thoughts long before, may by ten thousand acci-

dents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, diſconcert the moſt ſubtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own ſervants.

In the next place we ſhould conſider, though the evil we imagine ſhould come to paſs, it may be much more ſupportable than it appeared to be. As there is no proſperous ſtate of life without its calamities, ſo there is no adverſity without its benefits. Aſk the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Enquire of the poor and needy, if they have not taſted the ſweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the miſconſtructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for ſome time accuſtomed to theſe preſſures) are ſenſible of ſecret flowings of comfort, the preſent reward of a pious reſignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a diſtance, but at our nearer approach we find little fruitful ſpots, and refreſhing ſprings, mixed with the harſhneſs and deformities of nature.

In the laſt place, we may comfort ourſelves with this conſideration; that, as the thing feared may not reach us, ſo we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not ſuffer us to be tempted beyond our ſtrength, is often pleaſed in his tender ſeverity, to ſeparate the ſoul from its body and miſeries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we ſhall never be in danger of falling down thoſe precipices which our imagination is apt to create. Like thoſe who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may ſtep forward ſecurely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either ſide will infallibly deſtroy us.

FRIDAY,

No. DCXVI. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

Qui bellus homo eſt, cotta, puſillus homo eſt.
MARTIAL.

A pretty fellow is but half a man.

CICERO hath obſerved, that a jeſt is never uttered with a better grace, than when it is accompanied with a ſerious countenance. When a pleaſant thought plays in the features, before it diſcovers itſelf in words, it raiſes too great an expectation, and loſes the advantage of giving ſurpriſe. Wit and humour are no leſs poorly recommended by a levity of phraſe, and that kind of language which may be diſtinguiſhed by the name of Cant. Ridicule is never more ſtrong, than when it is concealed in gravity. True humour lies in the thought, and ariſes from the repreſentation of images in odd circumſtances, and uncommon lights. A pleaſant thought ſtrikes us by the force of its natural beauty; and the mirth of it is generally rather palled, than heightened by that ridiculous phraſeology, which is ſo much in faſhion among the pretenders to humour and pleaſantry. This tribe of men are like our mountebanks; they make a man a wit, by putting him in a fantaſtic habit.

Our little burleſque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in theſe pert phraſes, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I lately ſaw an inſtance of this kind of writing, which gave me ſo lively an idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the gentleman who ſhewed it to me. It is written by a country wit, upon the occaſion of the rejoicings on the day of the king's coronation.

Paſt two o'clock and
a froſty morning.

'Dear Jack,

'I HAVE juſt left the right worſhipful and his myr-
'midons about a ſneaker of five gallons. The whole
'magiſtracy was pretty well diſguiſed before I gave them
'the

'the ſlip. Our friend the alderman was half ſeas over 'before the bonfire was out. We had with us the at- 'torney, and two or three other bright fellows. The 'Doctor plays leaſt in ſight.

'At nine o'clock in the evening we ſet fire to the 'whore of Babylon. The devil acted his part to a mi- 'racle. He has made his fortune by it. We equip- 'ped the young dog with a teſter a-piece. Honeſt old 'Brown of England was very drunk, and ſhowed his 'loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mob 'drank the king's health on their marrow-bones, in 'mother Day's double. They whipped us half a dozen 'hogſheads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have been 'demoliſhed with the end of a ſky-rocket, that fell upon 'the bridge of his noſe as he was drinking the king's 'health, and ſpoiled his tip. The mob were very loyal 'till about midnight, when they grew a little mutinous 'for more liquor. They had like to have dumfounded 'the juſtice; but his clerk came in to his aſſiſtance, and 'took them all down in black and white.

'When I had been huzzaed out of my ſeven ſenſes, 'I made a viſit to the women, who were guzzling very 'comfortably. Mrs. Mayoreſs clipped the king's Eng- 'liſh. Clack was the word.

'I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the poſſe 'had his hat cocked with a diſtich: the ſenators ſent us 'down a cargo of ribband and metre for the occaſion.

'Sir Richard to ſhew his zeal for the proteſtant reli- 'gion, is at the expence of a tar-barrel and a ball. I 'peeped into the knight's great hall, and ſaw a very 'pretty bevy of ſpinſters. My dear relict was amongſt 'them, and ambled in a country-dance as notably as the 'beſt of them.

'May all his majeſty's liege ſubjects love him as well 'as his good people of this his ancient borough. Adieu.'

MONDAY,

No. DCXVII. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Torva Mimalloneis implêrunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura ſuperbo
Baſſaris, & lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adſonat Echo. PERSIUS.

Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris, who ſlew
The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when, with ivy-bridles bound,
She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung around,
Evion from woods and floods repairing Echoe's ſound.
DRYDEN.

THERE are two extremes in the ſtyle of humour, one of which conſiſts in the uſe of that little pert phraſeology which I took notice of in my laſt paper; the other in the affectation of ſtrained and pompous expreſſions, fetched from the learned languages. The firſt favours too much of the town; the other of the college.

As nothing illuſtrates better than example, I ſhall here preſent my reader with a letter of pedantic humour, which was written by a young gentleman of the univerſity to his friend, on the ſame occaſion, and from the ſame place, as the lively epiſtle publiſhed in my laſt Spectator.

'Dear Chum,

'IT is now the third watch of the night, the greateſt 'part of which I have ſpent round a capacious bowl 'of China, filled with the choiceſt products of both the 'Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular table, diametrically oppoſite to the mace-bearer. The viſage of 'that venerable herald was, according to cuſtom, moſt 'glorioufly illuminated on this joyful occaſion. The 'mayor and aldermen, thoſe pillars of our conſtitution, 'began to totter; and if any one at the board could

'have

'have so far articulated, as to have demanded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor, the whole assembly had been by this time extended under the table.

'The celebration of this night's solemnity was opened by the obstreperous joy of drummers, who with their parchment thunder, gave a signal for the appearance of the mob under their several classes and denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious clank of marrow-bone and cleaver, while a chorus of bells filled up the consort. A pyramid of stack-faggots cheared the hearts of the populace with the promise of a blaze: The guns had no sooner uttered the prologue, but the heavens were brightened with artificial meteors and stars of our own making; and all the High-street lighted up from one end to another, with a galaxy of candles. We collected a largess for the multitude who tippled eleemosynary till they grew exceeding vociferous. There was a paste-board pontiff, with a little swarthy demon at his elbow, who, by his diabolical whispers and insinuations, tempted his holiness into the fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The mobile were very sarcastic with their clubs, and gave the old gentleman several thumps upon his triple head-piece. Tom Tyler's phiz is something damaged by the fall of a rocket, which hath almost spoiled the gnomon of his countenance. The mirth of the commons grew so very outrageous, that it found work for our friend of the quorum, who by the help of his amanuensis, took down their names and their crimes, with a design to produce his manuscript at the next quarter-sessions, &c. &c. &c.'

I shall subjoin to the foregoing piece of a letter, the following copy of verses translated from an Italian poet, who was the Cleveland of his age, and had multitudes of admirers. The subject is an accident that happened under the reign of pope Leo, when a firework, that had been prepared upon the Castle of St. Angelo, began to play before its time, being kindled by a flash of lightning. The author hath written a poem in the same kind of

of ſtyle, as that I have already exemplified in proſe. Every line in it is a riddle, and the reader muſt be forced to conſider it twice or thrice, before he will know that the Cynick's tenement is a tub, and Bacchus his caſt-coat a hogſhead, &c.

'Twas night, and heav'n, a Cyclops all the day,
An Argus now did countleſs eyes diſplay;
In ev'ry window Rome her joy declares,
All bright, and ſtudded with terreſtrial ſtars.
A blazing chain of lights her roofs entwines,
And round her neck the mingled luſtre ſhines;
The Cynick's rolling tenement conſpires,
With Bacchus his caſt-coat, to feed the fires.

The pile, ſtill big with undiſcover'd ſhows,
The Tuſcan pile did laſt its freight diſcloſe,
Were the proud tops of Rome's new Ætna riſe,
Whence giants ſally, and invade the ſkies.

Whilſt now the multitude expect the time,
And their tir'd eyes the lofty mountain climb,
A thouſand iron mouths their voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful harmony;
In treble notes the ſmall artill'ry plays,
The deep-mouth'd cannon bellows in the baſs;
The lab'ring pile now heaves, and having giv'n
Proofs of its travail, ſighs in flames to heav'n.

The clouds invelop'd heav'n from human ſight,
Quench'd ev'ry ſtar, and put out ev'ry light;
Now real thunder grumbles in the ſkies,
And in diſdainful murmurs Rome defies;
Nor doth its anſwer'd challenge Rome decline;
But whilſt both parties in full conſort join,
While heav'n and earth in rival peals reſound,
The doubtful cracks the hearer's ſenſe confound;
Whether the claps of thunderbolts they hear,
Or elſe the burſt of cannon wounds their ear;
Whether clouds raged by ſtruggling metals rent,
Or ſtruggling clouds in Roman metals pent.
But O, my muſe, the whole adventure tell,
As ev'ry accident in order fell.

Tall

Tall groves of trees the Hadrian tow'r ſurround,
Fictitious trees with paper garlands crown'd.
Theſe knew no ſpring, but when their bodies ſprout
In fire, and ſhoot their gilded bloſſoms out;
When blazing leaves appear above their head,
And into branching flames their bodies ſpread.
Whilſt real thunder ſplits the firmament,
And heav'n's whole roof in one vaſt cleft is rent,
The three-fork'd tongue amidſt the rupture lolls,
Then drops, and on the airy turret falls.
The trees now kindle, and the garland burns,
And thouſand thunderbolts for one returns:
Brigades of burning archers upwards fly,
Bright ſpears and ſhining ſpear-men mount on high,
Flaſh in the clouds, and glitter in the ſky.
A ſeven-fold ſhield of ſpheres doth heav'n defend,
And back again the blunted weapons ſend;
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their ſouls, their ſulph'rous ſouls, and groan.

With joy, great ſir, we view'd this pompous ſhow,
While heav'n, that ſat ſpectator ſtill till now,
Itſelf turn'd actor, proud to pleaſure you;
And ſo 'tis fit, when Leo's fires appear,
That heav'n itſelf ſhould turn an engineer;
That heav'n itſelf ſhould all its wonders ſhow,
And orbs above conſent with orbs below.

No. DCXVIII. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10.

——— Neque enim concludere verſum
Dixeris eſſe ſatis: neque ſiquis ſcribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc eſſe Poëtam. HOR.

'Tis not enough the meaſur'd feet to cloſe;
Nor will you give a poet's name to thoſe,
Whoſe humble verſe, like mine, approaches proſe.

Mr. Spectator,

'YOU having, in your two laſt Spectators, given Town a couple of remarkable letters in very the 'different ſtyles: I take this opportunity to offer to you 'ſome remarks upon the epiſtolary way of writing in 'verſe. This is a ſpecies of poetry by itſelf; and has not 'ſo much as been hinted at in any of the arts of poetry, 'that have ever fallen into my hands: neither has it in 'any age, or in any nation, been ſo much cultivated, as 'the other ſeveral kinds of poeſy. A man of genius 'may, if he pleaſes, write letters in verſe upon all man-'ner of ſubjects, that are capable of being embelliſhed 'with wit and language, and may render them new and 'agreeable by giving the proper turn to them. But in 'ſpeaking, at preſent, of Epiſtolary Poetry, I would be 'underſtood to mean only ſuch writings in this kind, as 'have been in uſe among the ancients, and have been 'copied from them by ſome moderns. Theſe may 'be reduced into two claſſes: in the one I ſhall range 'love-letters, letters of friendſhip, and letters upon 'mournful occaſions: in the other I ſhall place ſuch 'epiſtles in verſe, as may properly be called familiar, 'critical, and moral; to which may be added letters of 'mirth and humour. Ovid for the firſt, and Horace for 'the latter, are the beſt originals we have left.

'He that is ambitious of ſucceeding in the Ovidian 'way, ſhould firſt examine his heart well, and feel whe-'ther his paſſion (eſpecially thoſe of the gentler kind) 'play eaſy, ſince it is not his wit, but the delicacy and

'tenderneſs of his ſentiments, that will affect his readers. His verſification likewiſe ſhould be ſoft, and all 'his numbers flowing and querulous.

'The qualifications requiſite for writing epiſtles, 'after the model given us by Horace, are of a quite different nature. He that would excel in this kind muſt 'have a good fund of ſtrong maſculine ſenſe: to this 'there muſt be joined a thorough knowledge of mankind, 'together with an inſight into the buſineſs, and the prevailing humours of the age. Our author muſt have 'his mind well ſeaſoned with the fineſt precepts of morality, and be filled with nice reflexions upon the bright 'and the dark ſides of human life: he muſt be a maſter 'of refined raillery, and underſtand the delicacies, as 'well as the abſurdities of converſation. He muſt have 'a lively turn of wit, with an eaſy and conciſe manner 'of expreſſion: every thing he ſays, muſt be in a free 'and diſengaged manner. He muſt be guilty of nothing 'that betrays the air of a recluſe, but appear a man of 'the world throughout. His illuſtrations, his compariſons, and the greateſt part of his images muſt be 'drawn from common life. Strokes of ſatire and criticiſm, as well as panegyrick, judiciouſly thrown in '(and as it were by the bye) give a wonderful life and 'ornament to compoſitions of this kind. But let our 'poet, while he writes epiſtles, though never ſo familiar, 'ſtill remember that he writes in verſe, and muſt for that 'reaſon have a more than ordinary care not to fall into 'proſe, and a vulgar diction, excepting where the nature and humour of the thing does neceſſarily require 'it. In this point Horace hath been thought by ſome 'critics to be ſometimes careleſs, as well as too negligent 'of his verſification; of which he ſeems to have been 'ſenſible himſelf.

'All I have to add is, that both theſe manners 'of writing may be made as entertaining, in their way, 'as any other ſpecies of poetry, if undertaken by perſons duly qualified; and the latter ſort may be managed 'ſo as to become in a peculiar manner inſtructive.' I am, &c.

I ſhall

I ſhall add an obſervation or two to the remarks of my ingenious correſpondent, and, in the firſt place, take notice, that ſubjects of the moſt ſublime nature are often treated in the epiſtolary way with advantage, as in the famous epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus. The poet ſurprizes us with his pomp, and ſeems rather betrayed into his ſubject, than to have aimed at it by deſign. He appears, like the viſit of a king incognito, with a mixture of familiarity and grandeur. In works of this kind, when the dignity of the ſubject hurries the poet into deſcriptions and ſentiments, ſeemingly unpremeditated, by a ſort of inſpiration; it is uſual for him to collect himſelf, and fall back gracefully into the natural ſtyle of a letter.

I might here mention an epiſtolary poem, juſt publiſhed by Mr. Euſden on the king's acceſſion to the throne; wherein, amongſt many other noble and beautiful ſtrokes of poetry, his reader may ſee this rule very happily obſerved.

No. DCXIX. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

——————— dura
Exerce imperia, & ramos compeſce fluentes.
VIRG. GEORG.

——— Exert a rigorous ſway,
And lop the too luxuriant boughs away.

I HAVE often thought, that if the ſeveral letters, which are written to me under the character of Spectator, and which I have not made uſe of, were publiſhed in a volume, they would not be an unentertaining collection. The variety of the ſubjects, ſtyles, ſentiments, and informations, which are tranſmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle reader, inſenſibly along, through a great many pages. I know ſome authors, who would pick up a ſecret hiſtory out of ſuch materials, and make a bookſeller an alderman by the copy.

I shall therefore carefully preserve the original papers in a room set apart for that purpose, to the end that they may be of service to posterity; but shall at present content myself with owning the receipt of several letters, lately come to my hands, the authors whereof are impatient for an answer.

Clarissa, whose letter is dated from Cornhill, desires to be eased in some scruples relating to the skill of astrologers. Referred to the dumb man for an answer.

J. C. who proposes a love-case, as he calls it, to the love-casuist, is hereby desired to speak of it to the minister of the parish; it being a case of conscience.

The poor young lady, whose letter is dated October 26, who complains of a harsh guardian, and an unkind brother, can only have my good wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The petition of a certain gentleman, whose name I have forgot, famous for renewing the curls of decayed periwigs, is referred to the censor of small wares.

The remonstrance of T. C. against the profanation of the sabbath by barbers, shoe-cleaners, &c. had better be offered to the society of reformers.

A learned and laborious treatise upon the art of fencing, returned to the author.

To the gentleman of Oxford, who desires me to insert a copy of Latin verses, which were denied a place in the university book. Answer, *Nonum prematur in annum.*

To my learned correspondent who writes against masters gowns, and poke-sleeves, with a word in defence of large scarfs. Answer. I resolve not to raise animosities among the clergy.

To the lady who writes with rage against one of her own sex, upon the account of party warmth. Answer. Is not the lady she writes against reckoned handsome?

I desire Tom Truelove, (who sends me a sonnet upon his mistress with a desire to print it immediately) to consider, that it is long since I was in love.

I shall answer a very profound letter from my old friend the upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the king of

of Sweden be living or dead, by whiſpering him in the ear, that I believe he is alive.

Let Mr. Dapperwit conſider, what is that long ſtory of the cuckoldom to me?

At the earneſt deſire of Moninia's lover, who declares himſelf very penitent, he is recorded in my paper by the name of the faithful Caſtalio.

The petition of Charles Cockſure, which the petitioner ſtyles very reaſonable——Rejected.

The memorial of Philander, which he deſires may be diſpatched out of hand, poſtponed.

I deſire S. R. not to repeat the expreſſion 'under the ſun' ſo often in his next letter.

The letter of P. S. who deſires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the flames. Not to be printed entire.

No. DCXX. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

Hic ver, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſæpiùs audis.

VIRG.

Behold the promis'd chief!

HAVING lately preſented my reader with a copy of verſes full of the falſe ſublime, I ſhall here communicate to him an excellent ſpecimen of the true: though it hath not been yet publiſhed, the judicious reader will readily diſcern it to be the work of a maſter: and if he hath read that noble poem on the Proſpect of Peace, he will not be at a loſs to gueſs at the author.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN *Brunſwick* firſt appear'd, each honeſt heart,
Intent on verſe, diſdain'd the rules of art;
For him the ſongſters, in unmeaſur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turbant from the ſultan's head.

One, in old fables, and the pagan ſtrain,
With Nymphs and Tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes ſome Druid, to foretel
Each future triumph from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauſeates what ſhe can't believe.
My muſe th' expected hero ſhall purſue
From clime to clime, and keep him ſtill in view:
His ſhining march deſcribe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor preſume to praiſe;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth ſupplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties riſe.

By longing nations for the throne deſign'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;
With ſecret grief his god-like ſoul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyleſs luſtre ſhines,
While prayers and tears his deſtin'd progreſs ſtay,
And crouds of mourners choke their ſov'reign's way.
Not ſo he march'd, when hoſtile ſquadrons ſtood
In ſcenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courſer paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverſe legions ſtood the ſhock in vain.
His frontiers paſt, the Belgian bounds he views,
And croſs the level fields his march purſues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to ſurvey,
He greatly ſcorns the thirſt of boundleſs ſway.
O'er the thin ſoil, with ſilent joy, he ſpies
Tranſplanted goods, and borrow'd verdure riſe;
Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
From haughty tyrants, and the raging flood,
With fruits and flow'rs the careful hind ſupplies,
And clothes the marſhes in a rich diſguiſe,
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heav'n decree,
And ſuch thy gifts, celeſtial liberty!

Through ſtately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.
Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with inſatiate eyes,

In

In Hagá's towers he waits, 'till eaſtern gales
Propitious riſe to ſwell the Britiſh ſails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendſhips of the neighb'ring kings;
Mature in wiſdom, his extenſive mind
Takes in the blended int'reſts of mankind.
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breaſt,
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy reſt;
Henceforth thy kingdoms ſhall remain confin'd
By rocks and ſtreams, the mounds which heav'n deſign'd;
The Alps their new-made monarch ſhall reſtrain,
Nor ſhall thy hills, Pyrene, riſe in vain.

But ſee! to Britain's iſle the ſquadrons ſtand,
And leave the ſinking towers, and leſſening land.
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks thro' the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vaſt deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A watry proſpect bounded by the ſkies:
Ten thouſand veſſels, from ten thouſand ſhores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's ſtores:
Behold the tributes haſtening to thy throne,
And ſee the wide horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the cheerful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs, juſt whitening to the view.
Before the wind with ſwelling ſails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening train,
The roarings of the hoarſe reſounding main.

As in the flood he ſails, from either ſide,
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;
A various ſcene the wide ſpread landſcape yields,
O'er rich incloſures and luxuriant fields:
A lowing herd each fertile paſture fills,
And diſtant flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
(Shade above ſhade) now riſes to the ſight:
His woods ordain'd to viſit ev'ry ſhore,
And guard the iſland which they grac'd before.

The

The ſun now rolling down the weſtern way,
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
Leſs thick the finny ſhoals, a countleſs fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vaſt ſhout he ſeeks the crouded ſtrand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

Welcome, great ſtranger, to our longing eyes,
Oh! king deſir'd, adopted Albion cries.
For thee the eaſt breath'd out a proſp'rous breeze,
Bright were the ſuns, and gently ſwell'd the ſeas.
Thy preſence did each doubtful heart compoſe,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes;
That joyful day they loſt each hoſtile name,
The ſame their aſpect, and their voice the ſame.

So two fair twins, whoſe features were deſign'd
At one ſoft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the ſame beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled ſtrangers which is which enquire;
Deluſion grateful to the ſmiling ſire.

From that fair* hill, where hoary ſages boaſt
To name the ſtars, and count the heav'nly hoſt,
By the next dawn doth great Auguſta riſe,
Proud town! the nobleſt ſcene beneath the ſkies.
O'er Thames her thouſand ſpires their luſtre ſhed,
And a vaſt navy hides his ample bed,
A floating foreſt. From the diſtant ſtrand
A line of golden cars ſtrikes o'er the land:
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king, triumphant, lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright proceſſion, ſhines along the plain.

So haply through the heav'n's wide pathleſs ways
A comet draws a long extended blaze;

From

* Mr. Flamſtead's houſe.

From East to West burns through th' ethereal frame,
And half heav'n's convex glitters with the flame.

Now to the regal towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought,
Resumes the delegated pow'r he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
Whom shall the muse from out the shining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her song?
Thee, Hallifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consign'd.
Her coin (while Nassau fought debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! Again thy charge we see,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease:
Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on arts thyself didst once adorn:
For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,
And envy less thy garter, than thy bays.

The muse, if fir'd with thy enliv'ning beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,
Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
And sing the op'ning wonders of his reign;
Bright *Carolina*'s heav'nly beauties trace,
Her valiant *consort*, and his blooming race.
A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;
Who sees by *Brunswick*'s hand her sceptre sway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

WEDNESDAY,

No. DCXXI. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

——————Poſtquam ſe lumine puro
Implevit, ſtellaſque vagas miratur & aſtra
Fixa polis, vidit quanta ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſitque ſui ludibria——————

LUCAN.

Now to the bleſt abode, with wonder fill'd,
The ſun and moving planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the ſun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our duſky, faint imperfect day
And under what a cloud of night we lay.

ROWE.

THE following letter having in it ſome obſervations out of the common road, I ſhall make it the entertainment of this day.

'Mr. Spectator,

'THE common topics againſt the pride of man, 'which are laboured by florid and declamatory 'writers, are taken from the baſeneſs of his original, 'the imperfections of his nature, or the ſhort duration 'of thoſe goods in which he makes his boaſt. Though 'it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought 'to raiſe our vanity, yet a conſciouſneſs of our own merit may be ſometimes laudable. The folly therefore 'lies here: we are apt to pride ourſelves in worthleſs 'or perhaps ſhameful things; and on the other hand, 'count that diſgraceful which is our trueſt glory.

'Hence it is, that the lovers of praiſe take wrong 'meaſures to attain it. Would a vain man conſult his 'own heart, he would find, that if others knew his 'weakneſſes as well as he himſelf doth, he could not 'have the impudence to expect the public eſteem. Pride 'therefore flows from want of reflexion, and ignorance 'of ourſelves. Knowledge and humility come upon us 'together.

'The proper way to make an eſtimate of ourſelves, 'is to conſider ſeriouſly what it is we value or deſpiſe in others.

'others. A man who boasts of the goods of fortune, 'a gay dress or a new title, is generally the mark 'of ridicule. We ought therefore not to admire in 'ourselves, what we are so ready to laugh at in other 'men.

'Much less can we with reason pride ourselves in those 'things, which at some time of our life we shall cer-'tainly despise. And yet, if we will give ourselves the 'trouble of looking backward and forward on the seve-'ral changes which we have already undergone and here-'after must try, we shall find that the greater degrees of 'our knowledge and wisdom serve only to shew us our 'own imperfections.

'As we rise from childhood to youth, we look with 'contempt on the toys and trifles which our hearts have 'hitherto been set upon. When we advance to man-'hood, we are held wise in proportion to our shame 'and regret for the rashness and extravagance of youth. 'Old age fills us with mortifying reflexions upon a 'life misspent in the pursuit of anxious wealth or uncer-'tain honour. Agreeable to this gradation of thought 'in this life, it may be reasonably supposed, that in a 'future state, the wisdom, the experience, and the max-'ims of old age, will be looked upon by a separate spirit 'in much the same light as an ancient man now sees the 'little follies and toyings of infants. The pomps, 'the honours, the policies, and arts of mortal men, will 'be thought as trifling as hobby-horses, mock-battles, 'or any other sports that now employ all the cunning, 'and strength, and ambition of rational beings from 'four years old to nine or ten.

'If the notion of a gradual rise in beings, from the 'meanest to the most high, be not a vain imagination, 'it is not improbable that an angel looks down upon a 'man, as a man doth upon a creature which approaches 'the nearest to the rational nature. By the same rule '(if I may indulge my fancy in this particular) a supe-'rior brute looks with a kind of pride on one of an in-'ferior species. If they could reflect, we might, ima-'gine from the gestures of some of them that they think

'themſelves the ſovereigns of the world, and that all 'things were made for them. Such a thought would 'not be more abſurd in brute creatures, than one which 'men are apt to entertain, namely, that all the ſtars 'in the firmament were created only to pleaſe their 'eyes and amuſe their imaginations. Mr. Dryden, in 'his fable of the Cock and the Fox, makes a ſpeech 'for his hero the cock, which is a pretty inſtance for 'this purpoſe.

Then turning, ſaid to Partlet, ſee, my dear,
How laviſh nature hath adorn'd the year;
How the pale primroſe and the violet ſpring,
And birds eſſay their throats, diſus'd to ſing:
All theſe are ours, and I with pleaſure ſee
Man ſtrutting on two legs, and aping me.

'What I would obſerve from the whole is this, that 'we ought to value ourſelves upon thoſe things only 'which ſuperior beings think valuable, ſince that is 'the only way for us not to ſink in our own eſteem 'hereafter.'

No. DCXXII. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

——————Fallentis ſemita vitæ. Hor.

——A ſafe private quiet, which betrays
Itſelf to eaſe, and cheats away the days. Pooly.

'Mr. Spectator,

'IN a former ſpeculation you have obſerved, that true 'greatneſs doth not conſiſt in that pomp and noiſe 'wherein the generality of mankind are apt to place it. 'You have there taken notice, that virtue in obſcurity 'often appears more illuſtrious in the eye of ſuperior 'beings, than all that paſſes for grandeur and magnifi-'cence among men.

'When

'When we look back upon the history of those who 'have born the parts of kings, statesmen, or command-'ers, they appear to us stripped of those outside orna-'ments that dazzled their contemporaries; and we re-'gard their persons as great or little, in proportion to 'the eminence of their virtues or vices. The wise say-'ings, generous sentiments, or disinterested conduct of 'a philosopher under mean circumstances of life, set 'him higher in our esteem than the mighty potentates 'of the earth, when we view them both through the 'long prospect of many ages. Were the memoirs of 'an obscure man, who lived up to the dignity of his 'nature, and according to the rules of virtue, to be laid 'before us, we should find nothing in such a character 'which might not set him on a level with men of the 'highest stations. The following extract out of the 'private papers of an honest country-gentleman will 'set this matter in a clear light. Your reader will per-'haps conceive a greater idea of him from these actions 'done in secret, and without a witness, than of those 'which have drawn upon them the admiration of 'multitudes.

MEMOIRS.

"In my 22d year I found a violent affection for my "cousin Charles's wife growing upon me, wherein I was "in danger of succeeding, if I had not upon that account "begun my travels into foreign countries.

"A little after my return into England, at a private "meeting with my uncle Francis, I refused the offer of "his estate, and prevailed upon him not to disinherit his "son Ned.

"Mem. Never to tell this to Ned, lest he should think "hardly of his deceased father; though he continues to "speak ill of me for this very reason.

"Prevented a scandalous law-suit betwixt my nephew "Harry and his mother by allowing her underhand, out "of my own pocket, so much money yearly as the dis-"pute was about.

" Procured a benefice for a young divine, who is fa-
" ther's ſon to the good man who was my tutor, and hath
" been dead twenty years.

" Gave ten pounds to poor Mrs.———, my friend
" H———'s widow.

" Mem. To retrench one diſh at my table, till I have
" fetched it up again.

" Mem. To repair my houſe and finiſh my gardens in
" order to employ poor people after harveſt time.

" Ordered John to let out goodman D——'s ſheep
" that were pounded, by night: but not to let his fellow-
" ſervants know it.

" Prevailed upon M. T. eſq; not to take the law of
" the farmer's ſon for ſhooting a partridge, and to give
" him his gun again.

" Paid the apothecary for curing an old woman that
" confeſſed herſelf a witch.

" Gave away my favourite dog for biting a beggar.

" Made the miniſter of the pariſh and a whig juſtice of
" one mind, by putting them to explain their notions to
" one another.

" Mem. To turn off Peter for ſhooting a doe while
" ſhe was eating acorns out of his hand.

" When my neighbour John, who hath often injured
" me, comes to make his requeſt to-morrow:

" Mem. I have forgiven him.

" Laid up my chariot, and ſold my horſes, to relieve
" the poor in a ſcarcity of corn.

" In the ſame year remitted to my tenants a fifth part
" of their rents.

" As I was airing to day, I fell into a thought that
" warmed my heart, and ſhall, I hope, be the better for
" it as long as I live.

" Mem. To charge my ſon in private to erect no mo-
" nument for me; but not to put this in my laſt will."

MONDAY,

No. DCXXIII. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem priùs ima dehiſcat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras erebi noctem¡ue profundam,
Antè, pudor, quàm te violem, aut tua jura reſolvam.
Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit: ille habeat ſecum, ſervet¡ue ſepulchro. VIRG.

But firſt let yawning earth a paſſage rend,
And let me thro' the darſt abyſs deſcend;
Firſt let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether ſky,
Condemn'd with ghoſts in endleſs night to lie;
Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows, ſhall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worſhip in the grave.
DRYDEN.

I AM obliged to my friend the love-caſuiſt, for the following curious piece of antiquity, which I ſhall communicate to the public in his own words.

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOU may remember, that I lately tranſmitted to 'you an account of an ancient cuſtom, in the 'manors of Eaſt and Weſt Enborne in the county of 'Berks, and elſewhere. If a cuſtomary tenant die, 'the widow ſhall have what the law calls her free-bench 'in all his copy-hold lands, *dum ſolo & caſta fuerit*, 'that is, while ſhe lives ſingle and chaſte; but if ſhe com-'mits incontinency, ſhe forfeits her eſtate: yet if ſhe will 'come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, 'with his tail in her hand, and ſay the words following, 'the ſteward is bound by the cuſtom to readmit her to 'her free-bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And, for my crincum crancum,
Have loſt my bincum bancum;

And, for my tail's game,
Have done this worldly ſhame;
Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my land again.

'After having informed you that my lord Coke obſerves, that it is the moſt frail and ſlippery tenure of any in England, I ſhall tell you, ſince the writing of that letter, I have according to my promiſe, been at great pains in ſearching out the records of the black ram; and have at leaſt met with the proceeding of the court-baron held in that behalf, for the ſpace of a whole day. The record ſaith, that a ſtrict inquiſition having been made into the right of the tenants to their ſeveral eſtates, by a crafty old ſteward, he found that many of the lands of the manor were, by default of the ſeveral widows, forfeited to the lord, and accordingly would have entered on the premiſes: upon which the good woman demanded the benefit of the ram. The ſteward, after having peruſed their ſeveral pleas, adjourned the court to Barnabybright, that they might have day enough before them.

'The court being ſet, and filled with a great concourſe of people, who came from all parts to ſee the ſolemnity, the firſt who entered was the widow Frontly, who had made her appearance in the laſt year's cavalcade. The regiſter obſerves, that finding it an eaſy pad-ram, and foreſeeing ſhe might have further occaſion for it, ſhe purchaſed it of the ſteward.

'Mrs. Sarah Dainty, reliſt of Mr. John Dainty, (who was the greateſt prude in the pariſh) came next in the proceſſion. She at firſt made ſome difficulty of taking the tail in her hand; and was obſerved in pronouncing the form of penance, to ſoften the two moſt emphatical words into clincum clancum: but the ſteward took care to make her ſpeak plain Engliſh, before he would "let her have her land again."

'The third widow that was "brought to this worldly "ſhame," being mounted upon a vicious ram, had the misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which ſhe hoped to be excuſed from going through the reſt of the ceremony: but the ſteward being well verſed in the law,

'obſerved

'observed very wisely upon this occasion, that the break-
'ing of the rope does not hinder the execution of the
'criminal.

'The fourth lady upon record was the widow Ogle, a
'famous coquette, who had kept half a score young
'fellows off and on for the space of two years; but hav-
'ing been more kind to her carter John, she was intro-
'duced with the huzzas of all her lovers about her.

'Mrs. Sable appearing in her weeds, which were
'very new and fresh, and of the same colour with her
'whimsical palfrey, made a very decent figure in the
'solemnity.

'Another, who had been summoned to make her ap-
'pearance, was excused by the steward, as well knowing
'in his heart, that the good squire himself had qualified
'her for the ram.

'Mrs. Quick having nothing to object against the
'indictment pleaded her belly. But it was remembered
'that she made the same excuse the year before. Upon
'which the steward observed, that she might so contrive
'it, as never to do the service of the manor.

'The widow Fidget being cited into court, insisted
'that she had done no more since the death of her hus-
'band, than what she used to in his life-time; and with-
'al desired Mr. Steward to consider his own wife's case
'if he should chance to die before her.

'The next in order was a dowager of a very corpulent
'make, who would have been excused as not finding any
'ram that was able to carry her; upon which the stew-
'ard commuted her punishment, and ordered her to make
'her entry upon a black ox.

'The widow Maskwell, a woman who had long lived
'with a most unblemished character, having turned off
'her old chambermaid in a pet, was by that revengeful
'creature brought in upon the black ram nine times the
'same day.

'Several widows of the neighbourhood, being brought
'upon their trial, shewed that they did not hold of the
'manor, and were discharged accordingly.

'A pretty young creature who closed the procession
'came ambling in, with so bewitching an air, that the

'steward was observed to cast a sheep's eye upon her, and 'married her within a month after the death of his wife.

'N.B. Mrs. Touchwood appeared, according to sum-'mons, but had nothing laid to her charge; having lived 'irreproachably since the decease of her husband, who 'left her a widow in the sixty-ninth year of her age.'

'I am, SIR, &c.

No. DCXXIV. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, qui squis
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quisquis luxuriâ———— Hor.

Sit still, and hear, those whom proud thoughts do swell,
Those that look pale by loving coin too well;
Whom luxury corrupts. Creech.

MANKIND is divided into two parts, the busy and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious. The vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore likely to be attentive to such means, as shall be promised to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world, nor the next, are emphatically called by Dr. Tillotson, 'fools at large.' They propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue; but will leave them with this short saying of Plato, that 'labour is prefer-'able to idleness, as brightness to rust.'

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall, therefore, compare the pursuits of avarice ambition and sensual delight with their opposite virtues;

and

and ſhall conſider which of theſe principles engages men in a courſe of the greateſt labour, ſuffering and aſſiduity. Moſt men, in their cool reaſonings, are willing to allow that a courſe of virtue will in the end be rewarded the moſt amply; but repreſent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that men ſtruggle through as many troubles to be miſerable, as they do to be happy, my readers may perhaps be perſuaded to be good, when they find they ſhall loſe nothing by it.

Firſt, for avarice. The miſer is more induſtrious than the ſaint; the pains of getting, the fears of loſing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of ſatire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his ſorrow for his being over-reached, his hope of improving a ſum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects; they would make ſo many different chriſtian graces and virtues. He may apply a great part of St. Paul's catalogue of ſufferings. 'In journeying often; in perils 'of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among falſe 'brethren. In wearineſs and painfulneſs, in watchings 'often, in hunger and thirſt, in faſtings often'——— At how much leſs expence might he 'lay up treaſures 'in heaven? or if I may in this place, be allowed to add the ſaying of a great philoſopher, he may 'provide 'ſuch poſſeſſions, as fear neither arms, nor men, nor 'Jove himſelf.'

In the ſecond place, if we look upon the toils of ambition, in the ſame light as we have conſidered thoſe of avarice, we ſhall readily own that far leſs trouble is requiſite to gain laſting glory, than the power and reputation of a few years; or, in other words, we may with more eaſe deſerve honour, than obtain it. The ambitious man ſhould remember Cardinal Wolſey's complaint. 'Had I ſerved God, with the ſame application, where-'with I ſerved my king, he would not have forſaken me 'in my old age.' The cardinal here ſoftens his ambition by the ſpecious pretence of ſerving his king: whereas his words, in the proper conſtruction, imply, that

that if instead of being acted by ambition, he had been acted by religion, he should now have felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, let us compare the pains of the sensual, with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier in the balance. It may seem strange at the first view, that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight; under so many disquiets, and the sport of such various passions; let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other, the debasement of reason, the pangs of expectation, the disappointments in possession, the stings of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights that make up this business of life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise till he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The sum of all is this. Man is made an active being. Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is sure to meet with many difficulties to prove his patience, and excite his industry. The same, if not greater labour, is required in the service of vice and folly, as of virtue and wisdom: and he hath this easy choice left him, whether, with the strength he is master of he will purchase happiness or repentance.

FRIDAY,

No. DCXXV. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

——————amores
De tenero meditatur ungui. HOR.

Love, from her tender years, her thoughts employ'd

THE Love-Caſuiſt hath referred to me the following letters of queries, with his anſwers to each queſtion, for my approbation. I have accordingly conſidered the ſeveral matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratify his anſwers, and require the gentle queriſt to conform herſelf thereunto.

'SIR,

'I Was thirteen the ninth of November laſt, and muſt 'now begin to think of ſettling myſelf in the world, 'and ſo I would humbly beg your advice, what I muſt 'do with Mr Fondle, who makes his addreſſes to me. 'He is a very pretty man, and hath the blackeſt eyes 'and whiteſt teeth you ever ſaw. Though he is but a 'younger brother, he dreſſes like a man of quality, and 'nobody comes into a room like him. I know he hath 'refuſed great offers, and if he cannot marry me, he 'will never have any body elſe. But my father hath 'forbid him the houſe, becauſe he ſent me a copy of 'verſes, for he is one of the greateſt wits in town. My 'eldeſt ſiſter, who, with her good-will, would call me 'Miſs as long as I live, muſt be married before me, 'they ſay. She tells them Mr. Fondle makes a fool of 'me, and will ſpoil the child, as ſhe calls me, like a 'confident thing as ſhe is. In ſhort, I am reſolved to 'marry Mr. Fondle, if it be but to ſpite her. But be'cauſe I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of 'you to give me your anſwers to ſome queſtions I will 'write down, and deſire you to get them printed in the 'SPECTATOR, and I do not doubt but you will give 'ſuch advice, as, I am ſure, I ſhall follow.

When

'When Mr. Fondle looks upon me for half an hour 'together, and calls me angel, is he not in love?

Anſwer, No.

'May not I be certain he will be a kind huſband, 'that has promiſed me half my portion in pin-money, 'and to keep me a coach and ſix in the bargain?

No.

'Whether I, who have been acquainted with him 'this whole year almoſt, am not a better judge of his 'merit, than my father and mother, who never heard 'him talk but at table?

No.

'Whether I am not old enough to chooſe for 'myſelf?

No.

'Whether it would not have been rude in me to re-'fuſe a lock of his hair.

No.

'Should not I be a very barbarous creature, if I 'did not pity a man who is always ſighing for my 'ſake?

No.

'Whether you would not adviſe me to run away with 'the poor man?

No.

'Whether you do not think, that if I will not have him, he will not drown himſelf?

No.

'What

'What ſhall I ſay to him the next time he aſks me if 'I will marry him?

No.

The following letter requires neither introduction nor anſwer.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I Wonder that, in the preſent ſituation of affairs, 'you can take pleaſure in writing any thing but 'news; for in a word, who minds any thing elſe? The 'pleaſure of increaſing in knowledge, and learning ſome-'thing new every hour of life, is the nobleſt entertain-'ment of a rational creature. I have a very good ear 'for a ſecret, and am naturally of a communicative 'temper; by which means I am capable of doing you 'great ſervices in this way. In order to make myſelf 'uſeful, I am early in the antichamber, where I thruſt 'my head into the thick of the preſs, and catch the news, 'at the opening of the door, while it is warm. Some-'times I ſtand by the beef-eaters, and take the buz 'as it paſſes by me. At other times I lay my ear cloſe 'to the wall, and ſuck in many a valuable whiſper, as 'it runs in a ſtraight line from corner to corner. When 'I am weary with ſtanding, I repair to one of the neigh-'bouring coffee-houſes, where I ſit ſometimes for a 'whole day, and have the news as it comes from court 'freſh and freſh. In ſhort, Sir, I ſpare no pains to 'know how the world goes. A piece of news loſes its 'flavour when it has been an hour in the air. I love, 'if I may ſo ſpeak, to have it freſh from the tree; and 'to convey it too my friends before it is faded. Ac-'cordingly my expences in coach-hire make no ſmall 'article; which you may believe, when I aſſure you, 'that I poſt away from coffee-houſe to coffee-houſe, 'and foreſtal the Evening-Poſt by two hours. There 'is a certain gentleman, who hath given me the ſlip 'twice or thrice, and hath been beforehand with me at 'Child's. But I have played him a trick. I have pur-

chaſed

'chaſed a pair of the beſt coach-horſes I could buy for 'money, and now let him out-ſtrip me if he can. Once 'more, Mr. SPECTATOR, let me advice you to deal 'in news. You may depend upon my aſſiſtance. But 'I muſt break off abruptly, for I have twenty letters to 'write.'

'Yours in haſte,

'THO. QUIDNUNC.'

No. DCXXVI. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

—Dulcique animos novitate tenebo. OVID.

With ſweet novelty your taſte I'll pleaſe EUSDEN.

I Have ſeen a little work of a learned man, conſiſting of extemporary ſpeculations, which owed their birth the moſt trifling occurrences in life. His uſual method was, to write down any ſudden ſtart of thought which aroſe in his mind upon the ſight of any odd geſticulation in a man, any whimſical reaſon in a beaſt, or whatever appeared remarkable in any object af the viſible creation. He was able to moralize upon a ſnuff-box, would flouriſh eloquently upon a tucker or a pair of ruffles, and draw practical inferences from a full-bottomed periwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of excuſe, for my ingenious correſpondent, who hath introduced the following letter by an image, which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in ſo ſerious and noble a ſpeculation.

'Mr. Spectator,

'WHEN I have ſeen young puſs playing her wanton gambols, and with a thouſand antic 'ſhapes expreſs her own gaiety at the ſame time that 'ſhe moved mine, while the old grannum hath ſat by 'with

'with a moſt exemplary gravity, unmoved at all that 'paſt; it hath made me reflect what ſhould be the occa- 'ſion of humours ſo oppoſite in two creatures, between 'whom there was no viſible difference but that of age; 'and I have been able to reſolve it into nothing elſe but 'the force of novelty."

'In every ſpecies of creatures, thoſe who have been 'leaſt time in the world, appear beſt pleaſed with their 'condition: for, beſides that to a new comer the world 'hath a freſhneſs on it that ſtrikes the ſenſe after a moſt 'agreeable manner, being itſelf, unattended with any 'great variety of enjoyments, excites a ſenſation of plea- 'ſure. But as age advances, every thing ſeems to wi- 'ther, the ſenſes are diſguſted with their old entertain- 'ments, and exiſtence turns flat and inſipid. We may 'ſee this exemplified in mankind: the child, let him be 'free from pain, and gratified in his change of toys, is 'diverted with the ſmalleſt trifle. Nothing diſturbs the 'mirth of the boy, but a little puniſhment or confine- 'ment. The youth muſt have more violent pleaſures to 'employ his time; the man loves the hurry of an active 'life, devoted to the purſuits of wealth or ambition; 'and laſtly, old age, having loſt its capacity for theſe 'avocations, becomes its own inſupportable burden. 'This variety may in part be accounted for by the vi- 'vacity and decay of the faculties; but I believe is 'chiefly owing to this, that the longer we have been in 'poſſeſſion of being, the leſs ſenſible is the guſt we have 'of it; and the more it requires of adventitious amuſe- 'ments to relieve us from the ſatiety and wearineſs it 'brings along with it.

'And as novelty is of a very powerful, ſo of a moſt 'extenſive influence. Moraliſts have long ſince obſerved 'it to be the ſcource of admiration, which leſſens in 'proportion to our familiarity with objects, and upon 'a thorough acquaintance is utterly extinguiſhed. But 'I think it hath not been ſo commonly remarked, that 'all the other paſſions depend conſiderably on the ſame 'circumſtances. What is it but novelty that awakens 'deſire, enhances delight, kindles anger, provokes en-

'vy, inſpires horror? To this cauſe we muſt aſcribe it, 'that love languiſhes with fruition, and friendſhip itſelf 'is recommended by intervals of abſence: hence mon-'ſters, by uſe, are beheld without lothing, and the 'moſt enchanting beauty without rapture. That emo-'tion of the ſpirits in which paſſion conſiſts, is uſually 'the effect of ſurpriſe, and as long as it continues, 'heightens the agreeable or diſagreeable qualities of its 'object; but as this emotion ceaſes (and it ceaſes with 'the novelty) things appear in another light, and affect 'us even leſs than might be expected from their proper 'energy, for having moved us too much before.

'It may not be an uſeleſs enquiry how far the love of 'novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in 'what reſpects it is peculiarly adapted to the preſent 'ſtate. To me it ſeems impoſſible, that a reaſonable 'creature ſhould reſt abſolutely ſatisfied in any acqui-'ſitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for 'after its higheſt improvements, the mind hath an idea of 'an infinity of things ſtill behind worth knowing, to the 'knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; 'as by climbing up a hill in the midſt of a wide plain, 'a man hath his proſpect enlarged, and, together with 'that, the bounds of his deſires. Upon this account, 'I cannot think he detracts from the ſtate of the bleſſed, 'who conceives them to be perpetually employed in 'freſh ſearches into nature, and to eternity advancing 'into the fathomleſs depths of the divine perfections. 'In this thought there is nothing but what doth honour 'to theſe glorified ſpirits; provided ſtill it be remem-'bered, that their deſire of more proceeds not from 'their diſreliſhing what they poſſeſs; and the pleaſure 'of a new enjoyment is not with them meaſured by its 'novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and acciden-'tal) but by its real intrinſic value. After an acquain-'tance of many thouſand years with the works of God, 'the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills them 'with the ſame pleaſing wonder and profound awe, 'which Adam felt himſelf ſeized with as he firſt opened 'his eyes upon this glorious ſcene. Truth captivates

with

'with unborrowed charms, and whatever hath once 'given ſatisfaction will always do it: in all which they 'have manifeſtly the advantage of us, who are ſo much 'governed by fickly and changeable appetites, that we 'can with the greateſt coldneſs behold the ſtupendous 'diſplays of Omnipotence, and be in tranſports at the 'puny eſſays of human ſkill; throw aſide ſpeculations 'of the ſublimeſt nature and vaſteſt importance into ſome 'obſcure corner of the mind, to make room for new 'notions of no conſequence at all; are even tired of 'health, becauſe not enlivened with alternate pain; and 'prefer the firſt reading of an indifferent author, to the 'ſecond or third peruſal of one whoſe merit and reputa-'tion are eſtabliſhed.

'Our being thus formed ſerves many uſeful purpoſes 'in the preſent ſtate. It contributes not a little to the 'advancement of learning; for, as Cicero takes notice, 'that which makes men willing to undergo the fatigues 'of philoſophical diſquiſitions, is not ſo much the great-'neſs of objects as their novelty. It is not enough that 'there is field and game for the chace, and that the un-'derſtanding is prompted with a reſtleſs thirſt of know-'ledge, effectually to rouſe the ſoul, ſunk into the ſtate 'of ſloth and indolence; it is alſo neceſſary that there 'be an uncommon pleaſure annexed to the firſt appear-'ance of truth in the mind. This pleaſure being ex-'quiſite for the time it laſts, but tranſient, it hereby 'comes to paſs that the mind grows into an indiffer-'ence to its former notions, and paſſes on after new 'diſcoveries, in hope of repeating the delight. It is 'with knowledge as with wealth, the pleaſure of which 'lies more in making endleſs additions, than in taking 'a review of our old ſtore. There are ſome inconveni-'encies that follow this temper, if not guarded againſt, 'particularly this, that through a too great eagerneſs 'of ſomething new, we are many times impatient of 'ſtaying long enough upon a queſtion that requires 'ſome time to reſolve it, or, which is worſe, perſuade 'ourſelves that we are maſters of the ſubject before we 'are ſo, only to be at the liberty of going upon a freſh

'ſcent; in Mr. Lock's words, "we ſee a little, pre-
"ſume a great deal, and ſo jump to the concluſion."

'A farther advantage of our inclination for novelty
'as at preſent circumſtantiated, is, that it annihilates
'all the boaſted diſtinctions among mankind. Look not
'up with envy to thoſe above thee. Sounding titles,
'ſtately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich
'equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but
'the poſſeſſor: to him that is accuſtomed to them they
'are cheap and regardleſs things: they ſupply him not
'with brighter images, or more ſublime ſatisfactions
'than the plain man may have, whoſe ſmall eſtate may
'juſt enable him to ſupport the charge of a ſimple un-
'incumbered life. He enters heedleſs into his rooms of
'ſtate as you and I do into our poor ſheds. The noble
'paintings and coſtly furniture are loſt on him; he ſees
'them not; as how can it be otherwiſe, when by cuſtom,
'a fabrick infinitely more grand and finiſhed, that of
'the univerſe, ſtands unobſerved by the inhabitants, and
'the everlaſting lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain,
'for any notice that mortals take of them? Thanks to
'indulgent nature, which not only placed her children
'originally upon a level, but ſtill, by the ſtrength of
'this principle, in a great meaſure preſerves it, in ſpite
'of all the care of man to introduce artificial diſtinctions.

'To add no more, is not this fondneſs for novelty,
'which makes us out of conceit with all we already
'have, a convincing proof of a future ſtate? Either
'man was made in vain, or this was not the only world
'he was made for: for there cannot be a greater in-
'ſtance of vanity, than that to which man is liable, to
'be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting
'ſhadows of happineſs. His pleaſures, and thoſe not
'conſiderable neither, die in the poſſeſſion, and freſh
'enjoyments do not riſe faſt enough to fill up half his
'life with ſatisfaction. When I ſee perſons ſick of
'themſelves any longer than they are called away by
'ſomething that is of force to chain down the preſent
'thought; when I ſee them hurry from country to
'town, and then from town back again into the coun-
try

'try, continually ſhifting poſtures, and placing life in 'all the different lights they can think of; "ſurely, "ſay I to myſelf, life is vain, and the man beyond ex- "preſſion ſtupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of "life cannot gather, he is deſigned for immortality."

No. DCXXVII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1.

Tantùm inter denſas umbroſa cacumina fagos
Aſſiduè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita ſolus
Montibus & ſylvis ſtudio jactabat inani. VIRG.

He, underneath the beechen ſhade alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
DRYDEN.

THE following account, which came to my hands ſome time ago, may be no diſagreeable entertainment to ſuch of my reader as have tender hearts and nothing to do.

'Mr. Spectator,

'A Friend of mine died of a fever laſt week which he 'caught by walking too late in a dewy evening 'amongſt his reapers. I muſt inform you that his great- 'eſt pleaſure was in huſbandry and gardening. He had 'ſome humours which ſeemed inconſiſtent with that good 'ſenſe he was otherwiſe maſter of. His uneaſineſs in the 'company of women was very remarkable in a man of 'ſuch perfect good-breeding, and his avoiding one par- 'ticular walk in his garden, where he had uſed to 'paſs the greateſt part of his time, raiſed abundance of 'idle conjectures in the village where he lived. Upon 'looking over his papers we found out the reaſon, which 'he never intimated to his neareſt friends. He was, it 'ſeems, a paſſionate lover in his youth, of which a large 'parcel of letters he left behind him are a witneſs. I

'ſend you a copy of the laſt he ever wrote upon that ſub-
'ject, by which you will find that he concealed the true
'name of his miſtreſs under that of Zelinda.'

A Long month's abſence would be inſupportable to me, if the buſineſs I am employed in were not for the ſervice of my Zelinda, and of ſuch a nature as to place her every moment in my mind. I have furniſhed the houſe exactly according to your fancy, or, if you pleaſe, my own; for I have long ſince learned to like nothing but what you do. The apartment deſigned for your uſe is ſo exact a copy of that which you live in, that I often think myſelf in your houſe when I ſtep into it, but ſigh when I find it without its proper inhabitant. You will have the moſt delicious proſpect from your cloſet window that England affords: I am ſure I ſhould think it ſo, if the landſcape that ſhews ſuch variety did not at the ſame time ſuggeſt to me the greatneſs of the ſpace that lies between us.

The gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dreſſed up every hedge in woodbines, ſprinkled bowers and arbours in every corner, and made a little Paradiſe round me: yet I am ſtill like the firſt man in his ſolitude, but half bleſt without a partner in my happineſs. I have directed one walk to be made for two perſons, where I promiſe ten thouſand ſatisfactions to myſelf in your converſation. I already take my evening's turn in it, and have worn a path upon the edge of this little alley, while I ſoothed myſelf with the thought of your walking by my ſide. I have held many imaginary diſcourſes with you in this retirement; and when I have been weary, have ſat down with you in the midſt of a row of jeſſamins. The many expreſſions of joy and rapture I uſe in theſe ſilent converſations have made me, for ſome time, the talk of the pariſh; but a neighbouring young fellow, who makes love to the farmer's daughter, hath found me out, and made my caſe known to the whole neighbourhood.

In planting of the fruit-trees I have not forgot the peach you are ſo fond of. I have made a walk of elms

along

along the river ſide, and intend to ſow all the place about with cow-ſlips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your father's houſe in the country.

Oh! Zelinda, what a ſcheme of delight have I drawn up in my imagination! what day-dreams do I indulge myſelf in! When will the ſix weeks be at an end, that lie between me and my promiſed happineſs?

How could you break off ſo abruptly in your laſt, and tell me you muſt go and dreſs for the play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more company in a crowd, than I have in my ſolitude.

I am, &c.

'On the back of this letter is written in the hand of 'the deceaſed, the following piece of hiſtory.'

Mem. Having waited a whole week for an anſwer to this letter, I hurried to town, where I found the perfidious creature married to my rival. I will bear it as becomes a man, and endeavour to find out happineſs for myſelf in that retirement, which I had prepared in vain for a falſe ungrateful woman.

I am, &c.

FRIDAY,

No. DCXXVIII. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3.

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. Hor.

It rolls, and rolls, and will for ever roll.

'Mr. Spectator,

'THERE are none of your ſpeculations which 'pleaſe me more than thoſe upon infinitude and 'eternity. You have already conſidered that part of 'eternity which is paſt, and I wiſh you would give us 'your thoughts upon that which is to come.

'Your readers will perhaps receive greater pleaſure 'from this view of eternity than the former, ſince we 'have every one of us a concern in that which is to 'come: whereas a ſpeculation on that which is paſt is 'rather curious than uſeful.

'Beſides, we can eaſily conceive it poſſible for ſucceſ-'ſive duration never to have an end; though as you 'have juſtly obſerved, that eternity which never had a 'beginning is altogether incomprehenſible; that is, we 'can conceive an eternal duration which may be, though 'we cannot an eternal duration which hath been; or, 'if I may uſe the philoſophical terms, we may appre-'hend a potential though not an actual eternity.

'This notion of a future eternity, which is natural 'to the mind of man, is an unanſwerable argument that 'he is a being deſigned for it; eſpecially if we conſider 'that he is capable of being virtuous or vicious here; 'that he hath faculties improveable to all eternity; and 'by a proper or wrong employment of them, may be 'happy or miſerable throughout that infinite duration. 'Our idea indeed of this eternity is not of an adequate 'or fixed nature, but is perpetually growing and en-'larging itſelf toward the object, which is too big for 'human comprehenſion. As we are now in the begin-'nings of exiſtence, ſo ſhall we always appear to our-'ſelves as if we were for ever entering upon it. After a 'million or two of centuries, ſome conſiderable things, already

'already paſt, may ſlip out of our memory; which, if 'it be not ſtrengthened in a wonderful manner, may poſ-'ſibly forget that ever there was a ſun or planets, and 'yet, notwithſtanding the long race that we ſhall then 'have run, we ſhall ſtill imagine ourſelves juſt ſtarting 'from the goal, and find no proportion between that 'ſpace which we know had a beginning, and what we 'are ſure will never have an end.

'But I ſhall leave this ſubject to your management, 'and queſtion not but you will throw it into ſuch lights 'as ſhall at once improve and entertain your reader.

'I have incloſed ſent you a tranſlation of the ſpeech 'of Cato on this occaſion, which hath accidentally fallen 'into my hands, and which for conciſeneſs, purity, 'and elegance of phraſe cannot be ſufficiently admired.'

ACT

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

CATO ſolus, &c.

SIC, ſic ſe habere rem neceſſe prorsùs eſt,
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.
Quid enim dediſſet, quæ dedit fruſtra nihil,
Æternitatis incitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorſum hæc dulcis expectatio;
Vitæque non explenda melioris ſitis?
Quid vult ſibi aliud iſte redeundi in nihil
Horror, ſub imis quemque agens præcordiis?
Cur territa in ſe refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe eſt cuique naſcenti indita
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;
Hominique ſuccinit, tua eſt æternitas.
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aſpici,
Mixtumque dulci gaudium formidine?

Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quæ terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus,
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?
Hæc intuenti ſpatia mihi quaquà patent
Immenſa: ſed caliginoſa nox premit;
Nec luce clarâ vult videri ſingula.
Figendus hic pes; certa ſunt hæc hactenus:
Si quod gubernet numen humanum genus,
(At, quod gubernet, eſſe clamant omnia)
Virtute non gaudere certa non poteſt:
Nec eſſe non beata, quâ gaudet, poteſt.
Sed quâ beata ſede? Quove in tempore?
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota eſt Cæſaris.
Quid dubius hæret animus uſque adeò? Brevi
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor,
In utramque partem facta; quaquæ vim inferant,
Et quæ propulſent! Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam ſiniſtra: vulnus hæc dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris: hic ad exitum
Deducet, ictu ſimplici; hæc vetant mori.

Secura

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO alone, &c.

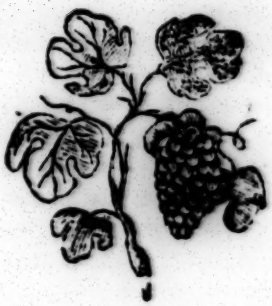
IT muſt be ſo——Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well——
Elſe why this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itſelf, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, thought!

Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect, lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) He muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when, or where!——This world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures——This muſt end 'em.
Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.

The

Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Enſeſque ſtrictos, interire neſcia.
Extinguet ætas ſidera diuturnior:
Ætate languens ipſe ſol obſcuriùs
Emittet orbi conſeneſcenti jubar:
Natura et ipſa ſentiet quondam vices
Ætatis; annis ipſa deficiet gravis:
At tibi juventus, at tibi immortalitas;
Tibi parta divûm eſt vita. Periment multi:
Elementa ſeſe et interibunt ictibus:
Tu permanebis ſola ſemper integra,
Tu cuncta rerum quaſſa, cuncta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipſo tuta, contemplabere.
Compage ruptâ, corruent in ce invicem,
Orbeſque fractis ingerentur orbibus;
Illæſa tu ſedebis extra fragmina.

The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.



No. DCXXIX. MONDAY, DECEMBER 6.

——Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum flaminiâ tegitur cinis, atque Latinâ. Juv.

——Since none the living dare implead,
Arraign them in the perſons of the dead. Dryden.

NEXT to the people who want a place, there are none to be pitied more than thoſe who are ſolicited for one. A plain anſwer with a denial in it, is looked upon as pride, and a civil anſwer as a promiſe.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the pretenſions of people upon theſe occaſions. Every thing a man hath ſuffered, while his enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the malice of the oppoſite party. A bad cauſe would not have been loſt, if ſuch an one had not been upon the bench; nor a profligate youth diſinherited, if he had not got drunk every night by toſting an outed miniſtry. I remember a tory, who having been fined in a court of juſtice for a prank that deſerved the pillory, deſired upon the merit of it to be made a juſtice of the peace when his friends came into power; and ſhall never forget a whig criminal, who, upon being indicted for a rape, told his friends, 'You ſee what a man ſuffers 'for ſticking to his principles.

The truth of it is, the ſufferings of a man in a party are of a very doubtful nature. When they are ſuch as have promoted a good cauſe, and fallen upon a man undeſervedly, they have a right to be heard and recompenſed beyond any other pretenſions. But when they riſe out of raſhneſs or indiſcretion, but the purſuit of ſuch meaſures as have rather ruined, than promoted the intereſt they aim at, (which hath always been the caſe of many great ſufferers) they only ſerve to recommend them to the children of violence or folly.

I have by me a bundle of memorials preſented by ſeveral cavaliers upon the Reſtoration of king Charles II. which may ſerve as ſo many inſtances to our preſent purpoſe.

Among

Among ſeveral perſons and pretenſions recorded by my author, he mentions one of a very great eſtate, who, for having roaſted an ox whole, and diſtributed a hogſhead upon king Charles's birth-day, deſired to be provided for, as his majeſty in his great wiſdom ſhall think fit.

Another put in to be prince Henry's governor, for having dared to drink his health in the worſt of times.

A third petitioned for a colonel's commiſſion, for having curſed Oliver Cromwell, the day before his death, on a public bowling-green.

But the moſt whimſical petition I have met with is that of B. B. Eſq.; who deſired the honour of knighthood, for having cuckolded Sir T. W. a notorious roundhead.

There is likewiſe the petition of one who having let his beard grow from the martyrdom of king Charles the Firſt, till the reſtoration of king Charles the Second, deſired in conſideration thereof to be made a privy-counſeller.

I muſt not omit a memorial ſetting forth that the memorialiſt had, with great diſpatch, carried a letter from a certain lord to a certain lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, meaſures were concerted for the Reſtoration, and without which he verily believes that happy revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made poſt-maſter-general.

A certain gentleman who ſeems to write with a great deal of ſpirit, and uſes the words gallantry and gentleman-like very often in his petition, begs (that in conſideration of his having worn his hat for ten years paſt in the loyal cavalier cock, to his great danger and detriment) he may be made a captain of the guards.

I ſhall cloſe my account of this collection of memorials, with the copy of one petition at length, which I recommend to my reader as a very valuable piece.

The petition of E. H. Eſq; humbly ſheweth.

'THAT your petitioner's father's brother's uncle, 'colonel W. H. loſt the third finger of his left 'hand, at Edgehill fight.

'That your petitioner notwithſtanding the ſmallneſs 'of his fortune (he being a younger brother) always

'kept hoſpitality, and drank confuſion to the round-
'heads in half a ſcore bumpers every Sunday in the year,
'as ſeveral honeſt gentlemen (whoſe names are under-
'written) are ready to teſtify.

'That your petitioner is remarkable in his country
'for having dared to treat Sir P. P. a curſed ſequeſtra-
'tor, and three members of the aſſembly of divines, with
'brawn and minced-pies upon new-year's day.

'That your ſaid humble petitioner hath been five
'times impriſoned in five ſeveral county-goals, for hav-
'ing been a ring-leader in five different riots; in-
'to which his zeal for the royal cauſe hurried him,
'when men of greater eſtates had not the courage to riſe.

'That he the ſaid E. H. hath had ſix duels and four
'and twenty boxing matches in defence of his majeſty's
'title; and that he received ſuch a blow upon his head
'at a bonfire in Stratford upon Avon, as he hath been
'never the better for from that day to this.

'That your petitioner hath been ſo far from improv-
'ing his fortune, in the late damnable times, that he
'verily believes, and hath good reaſon to imagine, that
'if he had been maſter of an eſtate, he had infallibly been
'plundered and ſequeſtred.

'Your petitioner, in conſideration of his ſaid merits
'and ſufferings, humbly requeſts that he may have the
'place of receiver of the taxes, collector of the cuſtoms,
'clerk of the peace, deputy-lieutenant, or whatſoever
'elſe he ſhall be thought qualified for.'

And your petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.

No DCXXX. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8.

Favete linguis———— Hor.

With mute attention wait.

HAVING no ſpare time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is ſent me by others, I have thought fit to publiſh the following letters.

SIR,

'SIR, Oxford, November 22.

'IF you would be ſo kind to me, as to ſuſpend that 'ſatisfaction, which the learned world muſt receive 'in reading one of your ſpeculations, by publiſhing this 'endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, 'who has the boldneſs to hope, that he may be admitted 'into the number of your correſpondents.

'I have often wondered to hear men of good ſenſe 'and good nature profeſs a diſlike to muſic, when at 'the ſame time, they do not ſcruple to own, that is has 'the moſt agreeable and improving influences over their 'minds: it ſeems to me an unhappy contradiction, that 'thoſe perſons ſhould have an indifference for an art, 'which raiſes in them ſuch a variety of ſublime plea-'ſures.

'However, though ſome few, by their own or the 'unreaſonable prejudices of others may be led into a 'diſtaſte for thoſe muſical ſocieties, which are erected 'merely for entertainment; yet ſure I may venture to 'ſay, that no one can have the leaſt reaſon for diſaffec-'tion to that ſolemn kind of melody which conſiſts of 'the praiſes of our Creator.

'You have, I preſume, already prevented me in an 'argument upon this occaſion (which ſome divines have 'ſucceſsfully advanced upon a much greater) that mu-'ſical ſacrifice and adoration has claimed a place in 'the laws and cuſtoms of the moſt different nations; 'as the Grecians and Romans of the profane, the Jews 'and Chriſtian's of the ſacred world did as unanimouſly 'agree in this, as they diſagreed in all other parts of their 'œconomy.

'I know there are not wanting ſome who are of opi-'nion that the pompous kind of muſic which is in uſe in 'foreign churches is the moſt excellent, as it moſt affects 'our ſenſes. But I am ſwayed by my judgment to the 'modeſty which is obſerved in the muſical part of our 'devotions. Methinks there is ſomething very laudable 'in the cuſtom of a voluntary before the firſt leſſon; by 'this we are ſuppoſed to be prepared for the admiſſion of 'thoſe divine truths which we are ſhortly to receive.

'We are then to caſt all wordly regards from off our 'hearts, all tumults within are then becalmed, and there 'ſhould be nothing near the ſoul but peace and tranquil- 'lity. So that in this ſhort office of praiſe, the man is 'raiſed above himſelf, and is almoſt loſt already amidſt 'the joys of futurity.

'I have heard ſome nice obſervers frequently com- 'mend the policy of our church in this particular, that 'it leads us on by ſuch eaſy and regular methods, that 'we are perfectly deceived into piety. When the ſpirits 'begin to languiſh (as they too often do) with a con- 'ſtant ſeries of petitions, ſhe takes care to allow them a 'pious reſpite, and relieves them with the raptures of 'an anthem. Nor can we doubt that the ſublimeſt po- 'etry, ſoftened in the moſt moving ſtrains of muſic, can 'never fail of humbling or exalting the ſoul to any pitch 'of devotion. Who can hear the terrors of the Lord 'of Hoſts deſcribed in the moſt expreſſive melody, with- 'out being awed into a veneration? Or who can hear 'the kind and endearing attributes of a merciful Father, 'and not be ſoftened into love towards him?

'As the riſing and ſinking of the paſſions, the caſting 'ſoft or noble hints into the ſoul, is the natural pri- 'vilege of muſic in general, ſo more particularly of that 'kind which is employed at the altar. Thoſe impreſſi- 'ons which it leaves upon the ſpirits are more deep and 'laſting, as the grounds from which it receives its au- 'thority are founded more upon reaſon. It diffuſes a 'calmneſs all around us, it makes us drop all thoſe vain 'or immodeſt thoughts which would be an hindrance to 'us in the performance of that great duty of thankſgiv- 'ing, which, as we are informed by our Almighty 'Benefactor, is the moſt acceptable return which can be 'made for thoſe infinite ſtores of bleſſings which he daily 'condeſcends to pour down upon his creatures. When 'we make uſe of this pathetical method of addreſſing 'ourſelves to him, we can ſcarce contain from raptures! 'The heart is warmed with a ſublimity of goodneſs! 'We are all piety and all love!

'How do the bleſſed ſpirits rejoice and wonder to be- 'hold unthinking man proſtrating his ſoul to his dread

'reign

'Sovereign in such a warmth of piety as they themselves 'might not be ashamed of!'

I shall close these reflexions with a passage taken out of the third book of Milton's Paradise Lost where those harmonious beings are thus nobly described.

Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side,
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
The sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No one exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.

'Mr Spectator,

'THE town cannot be unacquainted, that in divers 'parts of it there are vociferous sets of men who are 'called rattling-clubs; but what shocks me most is, 'they have now the front to invade the church and insti-'tute those societies there as a clan of them have in late 'times done, to such a degree of insolence, as has given 'the partition where they reside in a church near one 'of the city gates, the denomination of the rattling-'pew. These gay fellows from humble lay professions 'set up for critics without any tincture of letters for 'reading, and have the vanity to think they can lay 'hold of something from the parson which may be 'formed into ridicule.

'It is needless to observe, that the gentlemen who 'every Sunday have the hard province of instructing these 'wretches in a way they are in no present disposition to 'take, have a fixed character for learning and eloquence 'not to be tainted by the weak efforts of this contempt-'ible part of their audiences. Whether the pulpit is 'taken by these gentlemen, or any strangers their 'friends, the way of the club is this: if any sentiments 'are delivered too sublime for their conception; if any 'uncommon topic is entered on, or one in use new mo-'dified with the finest judgment and dexterity; or any 'controverted point be never so elegantly handled; in 'short whatever surpasses the narrow limits of their the-'ology, or is not suited to their taste, they are all im-

'mediately

'mediately upon their watch, fixing their eyes upon 'each other, with as much warmth as our gladiators of 'Hockley in the Hole, and waiting like them for a hit; if 'one touches, all take fire, and their noddles instantly meet 'in the centre of the pew; then, as by beat of drum, 'with exact discipline, they rear up into a full length of 'stature, and with odd looks and gesticulations confer 'together in so loud and clamorous a manner, conti-'nued to the close of the discourse, and during the af-'ter-psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the bells. 'Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propa-'gate their noise through all the church, by signals gi-'ven to the adjoining seats, where others designed for 'this fraternity are sometimes placed upon trial to re-'ceive them.

'The folly as well as rudeness of this practice is in 'nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that fol-'lows in the sermon is lost; for whenever our sparks 'take alarm, they blaze out and grow so tumultuous 'that no after-explanation can avail, it being impossi-'ble for themselves or any near them to give an ac-'count thereof. If any thing really novel is advanced 'how averse soever it may be to their way of think-'ing, to say nothing of duty, men of less levity than 'these would be led by a natural curiosity to hear the 'whole.

'Laughter, where things sacred are transacted, is far 'less pardonable than whining at a conventicle; the last 'has at least a semblance of grace, and where the affecta-'tion is unseen may possibly imprint wholesome lessons on 'the sincere; but the first has no excuse, breaking through 'all the rules of order and decency, and manifesting 'a remissness of mind in those important matters, 'which require the strictness composure and steadiness 'of thought: a proof of the greatest folly in the 'world.

'I shall not here enter upon the veneration due to the 'sanctity of the place, the reverence owing the minis-'ter, or the respect that so great an assembly as a whole 'parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them, that 'as the Spanish cobler, to reclaim a profligate son, bid

'him

'him have ſome regard to the dignity of his family, ſo 'they as gentlemen (for we citizens aſſume to be ſuch 'one day in a week) are bound for the future to repent 'of, and abſtain from, the groſs abuſes here mentioned, 'whereof they have been guilty in contempt of heaven 'and earth, and contrary to the laws in this caſe made 'and provided.

'I am, SIR,

'Your very humble ſervant,

'R. M.'

No. DCXXXI. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10.

Simplex munditiis——— Hor.

Charms neat without the help of art. Creech.

I HAD occaſion to go a few miles out of town, ſome days ſince, in a ſtage-coach, where I had for my fellow-travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young Quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myſelf backward, with a deſign to ſurvey them and pick a ſpeculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were ſufficient of themſelves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dreſſed in a ſuit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from ſome few ſpaces, that had eſcaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greateſt part of his coat: his periwig, which coſt no ſmall ſum, was after ſo ſlovenly a manner caſt over his ſhoulders, that it ſeemed not to have been combed ſince the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spaniſh from the chin to the loweſt button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water,) put me in mind how it ſparkled amidſt the rubbiſh of the mine, where it was firſt diſcovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanlineſs. Not a ſpeck was to be found on her. A clear, clean oval face, juſt edged about with little thin plaits of the pureſt cambric, received great advantages

advantages from the ſhade of her black hood; as did the whiteneſs of her arms from that ſober-coloured ſtuff, in which ſhe had clothed herſelf. The plainneſs of her dreſs was very well ſuited to the ſimplicity of her phraſes; all which put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion they did of her innocence.

This adventure occaſioned my throwing together a few hints upon cleanlineſs, which I ſhall conſider as one of the half-virtues, as Ariſtotle calls them, and ſhall recommend it under the three following heads, as it is a mark of politeneſs: as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

Firſt, It is a mark of politeneſs. It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifeſt offence. The eaſier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty riſes proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much diſtinguiſhed by their cleanlineſs, as by their arts and ſciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they conſult this part of politeneſs. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an Engliſh beauty to be ſatisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanlineſs may be ſaid to be the foſter-mother of love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that paſſion in the mind, but cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent face and perſon, kept in perpetual neatneſs, hath won many a heart from a pretty ſlattern. Age itſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied: like a piece of metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more pleaſure than on a new veſſel that is cankered with ruſt.

I might obſerve farther, that as cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others, ſo it makes us eaſy to ourſelves; that it is an excellent preſervative of health; and that ſeveral vices, deſtructive both to mind and body, are inconſiſtent with the habit of it. But theſe reflexions I ſhall leave to the leiſure of my readers, and ſhall obſerve in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with pu-

rity

rity of mind, and naturally inſpires refined ſentiments and paſſions.

We find from experience, that through the prevalence of cuſtom, the moſt vicious actions loſe their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, thoſe who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the firſt appearances of what is ſhocking. It fares with us much after the ſame manner, as our ideas. Our ſenſes, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only tranſmit the impreſſion of ſuch things as uſually ſurround them. So that pure and unſullied thoughts are naturally ſuggeſted to the mind, by thoſe objects that perpetually encompaſs us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the Eaſt, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanlineſs more immediately neceſſary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewiſh law, (and the Mahometan, which in ſome things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above named convenient reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanlineſs of heart by thoſe outward waſhings. We read ſeveral injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill-accounted for by ſaying as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for convenience in the Deſert, which otherwiſe could not have been habitable for ſo many years.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay, with a ſtory which I have ſomewhere read in an account of Mahometan ſuperſtitions.

A Derviſe of great ſanctity one morning had the misfortune as he took up a cryſtal cup which was conſecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and daſh it in pieces. His ſon coming in, ſome time after, he ſtretched out his hand to bleſs him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out ſtumbled over the threſhold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at theſe events, a caravan paſſed by in its way from Mecca. The Derviſe approached it to beg

beg a bleſſing; but as he ſtroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beaſt, that ſorely bruiſed him, till he recollected that through hurry and inadvertency he had that morning come abroad without waſhing his hands.

No. DCXXXII. MONDAY, DECEMBER 13.

——Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.
VIRG.

——the number I'll complete,
Then to obſcurity well-pleas'd retreat.

THE love of ſymmetry and order, which is natural to the mind of man, betrays him ſometimes into very whimſical fancies. 'This noble principle,' ſays a French author, 'loves to amuſe itſelf on the moſt 'trifling occaſions. You may ſee a profound philoſo-'pher,' ſays he, 'walk for an hour together in his 'chamber, and induſtriouſly treading, at every ſtep, up-'on every other board in the flooring.' Every reader will recollect ſeveral inſtances of this nature without my aſſiſtance. I think it was Gregorio Leti who had publiſhed as many books as he was years old; which was a rule he had laid down and punctually obſerved to the year of his death. It was, perhaps, a thought of the like nature, which determined Homer himſelf to divide each of his poems into as many books, as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus has in the ſame manner adapted his books to the number of the Muſes, for which reaſon many a learned man hath wiſhed there had been more than nine of that ſiſterhood.

Several epic poets have religiouſly followed Virgil as to the number of his books; and even Milton is thought by many to have changed the number of his books from ten to twelve, for no other reaſon; as Cowley tells us, it was his deſign, had he finiſhed his Davideis, to have alſo imitated the Æneid in this particular. I believe every

every one will agree with me, that a perfection of this nature hath no foundation in reaſon; and, with due reſpect to theſe great names, may be looked upon as ſomething whimſical.

I mention theſe great examples in defence of my bookſeller, who occaſioned this eighth volume of Spectators, becauſe, as he ſaid, he thought ſeven a very odd number. On the other ſide, ſeveral grave reaſons were urged on this important ſubject; as in particular, that ſeven was the preciſe number of the wiſe men, and that the moſt beautiful conſtellation in the heavens was compoſed of ſeven ſtars. This he allowed to be true, but ſtill inſiſted that ſeven was an odd number; ſuggeſting at the ſame time that if he were provided with a ſufficient ſtock of leading papers, he ſhould find friends ready enough to carry on the work. Having by this means got his veſſel launched and ſet afloat, he hath committed the ſteerage of it, from time to time, to ſuch as he thought capable of conducting it.

The cloſe of this volume, which the town may now expect in a little time, may poſſibly aſcribe each ſheet to its proper author,

It were no hard taſk to continue this paper a conſiderable time longer, by the help of large contributions ſent from unknown hands.

I cannot give the town a better opinion of the *Spectator*'s correſpondents, than by publiſhing the following letter, with a very fine copy of verſes upon a ſubject perfectly new.

'Mr. Spectator, Dublin, November 30, 1714.

'YOU lately recommended to your female readers, 'the good old cuſtom of their grandmothers, who 'uſed to lay out a great part of their time in needle-'work: I entirely agree with you in your ſentiments, 'and think it would not be of leſs advantage to them-'ſelves, and their poſterity, than to the reputation of 'many of their good neighbours, if they paſſed many 'of thoſe hours in this innocent entertainment, which 'are loſt at the tea-table. I would, however humbly 'offer to your conſideration, the caſe of the poetical

'ladies; who, though they may be willing to take any 'advice given them by the *Spectator*, yet cannot ſo 'eaſily quit their pen and ink, as you may imagine. 'Pray allow them, at leaſt now and then, to indulge 'themſelves in other amuſements of fancy, when they 'are tired with ſtooping to their tapeſtry. There is a 'very particular kind of work, which of late ſeveral 'ladies here in our kingdom are very fond of, which 'ſeems very well adapted to a poetical genius: it is the 'making of grottos, I know a lady who has a very beau-'tiful one, compoſed by herſelf, nor is there one ſhell in 'it not ſtuck up by her own hands. I here ſend you a 'poem to the fair architect, which I would not offer to 'herſelf, till I knew whether this method of a lady's 'paſſing her time were approved of by the Britiſh Specta-'tor, which, with the poem, I ſubmit to your cenſure, 'who am,

'Your conſtant reader,

'and humble ſervant,

'A. B.'

To Mrs.———— on her grotto.

A grotto ſo complete, with ſuch deſign,
What hands, Calypſo, cou'd have form'd but thine?
Each checker'd pebble, and each ſhining ſhell,
So well proportion'd, and diſpos'd ſo well,
Surpriſing luſtre from thy thought receive,
Aſſuming beauties more than nature gave.
To her their various ſhapes, and gloſſy hue,
Their curious ſymmetry they owe to you.
Not fam'd Amphion's lute, whoſe pow'rful call
Made willing ſtones dance to the Theban wall,
In more harmonious ranks cou'd make them fall.
Not ev'ning cloud a brighter arch can ſhow,
Not richer colours paint the heav'nly bow.

Where can unpoliſh'd nature boaſt a piece,
In all her moſſy cells exact as this?
At the gay party-colour'd ſcene we ſtart,
For chance too regular, too rude for art.

Charm'd

Charm'd with the ſight, my raviſh'd breaſt is fir'd
With hints like thoſe which ancient bards inſpir'd;
All the feign'd tales by ſuperſtition told,
All the bright train of fabled nymphs of old,
Th' enthuſiaſtic muſe believes are true,
Thinks the ſpot ſacred, and its genius you.
Loſt in wild rapture, wou'd ſhe fain diſcloſe,
How by degrees the pleaſing wonder roſe:
Induſtrious in a faithful verſe to trace
The various beauties of the lovely place;
And while ſhe keeps the glowing work in view,
Through ev'ry maze thy artful hand purſue.

O were I equal to the bold deſign,
Or cou'd I boaſt ſuch happy art as thine!
That could rude ſhells in ſuch ſweet order place,
Give common objects ſuch uncommon grace!
Like them my well choſe words in ev'ry line,
As ſweetly temper'd ſhould as ſweetly ſhine.
So juſt a fancy ſhould my numbers warm,
Like the gay piece ſhould the deſcription charm.
Then with ſuperior ſtrength my voice I'd raiſe,
The echoing Grotto ſhould approve my lays
Pleas'd to reflect the well-ſung founder's praiſe.

No. DCLXIII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15.

Omnia profectò, cùm ſe à cœleſtibus rebus referet ad humanas, excélſiùs magnificentiùſque & dicet & ſentiet.
Cic.

The contemplation of celeſtial things will make a man both ſpeak and think more ſublimely and magnificently, when he deſcends to human affairs.

THE following diſcourſe is printed, as it came to my hands, without variation.

Cambridge, Dec. 11.

'IT was a very common enquiry among the ancients 'why the number of excellent orators, under all the 'encouragements the moſt flouriſhing ſtates could give

'them, fell so far short of the number of those who ex-
'celled in all other sciences. A friend of mine used
'merrily to apply to this case an observation of Hero-
'dotus, who says, That the most useful animals are the
'most fruitful in their generation; whereas the species
'of those beasts that are fierce and mischievous to man-
'kind are but scarcely continued. The historian in-
'stances in a hare, which always either breeds or brings
'forth; and a lioness, which brings forth but once, and
'then loses all power of conception. But, leaving my
'friend to his mirth, I am of opinion, that in these lat-
'ter ages we have greater cause of complaint than the
'ancients had. And since that solemn festival is ap-
'proaching, which calls for all the power of oratory,
'and which affords as noble a subject for the pulpit as
'any revelation has taught us, the design of this paper
'shall be to shew, that our moderns have greater advan-
'tages towards true and solid eloquence, than any which
'the celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.

'The first great and substantial difference is, that
'their common places, in which almost the whole force
'of amplification consists, were drawn from the profit or
'honesty of the action, as they regarded only this pre-
'sent state of duration. But Christianity, as it exalts
'morality to a greater perfection, as it brings the con-
'sideration of another life into the question, as it pro-
'poses rewards and punishments of a higher nature and
'a longer continuance, is more adapted to affect the
'minds of the audience, naturally inclined to pursue
'what it imagines its greatest interest and concern. If
'Pericles, as historians report, could shake the firmest
'resolutions of his hearers, and set the passions of all
'Greece in a ferment, when the present welfare of his
'country, or the fear of hostile invasions, was the sub-
'ject: what may be expected from that orator, who
'warns his audience against those evils which have
'no remedy, when once undergone, either from pru-
'dence or time? As much greater as the evils in a fu-
'ture state are than these at present, so much are the

'motives

'motives to perſuaſion under Chriſtianity greater than 'thoſe which mere moral conſiderations could ſupply us 'with. But what I now mention relates only to the 'power of moving the affections. There is another 'part of eloquence, which is indeed its maſter-piece; I 'mean the marvellous or ſublime. In this the Chriſtian 'orator has the advantage beyond contradiction. Our 'ideas are ſo infinitely enlarged by revelation, the eye 'of reaſon has ſo wide a proſpect into eternity, the no-'tions of a Deity are ſo worthy and refined, and the ac-'counts we have of a ſtate of happineſs or miſery ſo 'clear and evident, that the contemplation of ſuch ob-'jects will give our diſcourſe a noble vigour, an invin-'cible force, beyond the power of any human conſider-'ation. Tully requires in his Perfect Orator ſome ſkill 'in the nature of heavenly bodies, becauſe, ſays he, 'his mind will become more extenſive and unconfined; 'and when he deſcends to treat of human affairs, he 'will both think and write in a more exalted and mag-'nificent manner. For the ſame reaſon that excellent 'maſter would have recommended the ſtudy of thoſe 'great and glorious myſteries which revelation has diſ-'covered to us; to which the nobleſt parts of this ſyſ-'tem of the world are as much inferior, as the creature 'is leſs excellent than its Creator. The wiſeſt and moſt 'knowing among the heathens had very poor and imper-'fect notions of a future ſtate. They had indeed ſome 'uncertain hopes, either received by tradition, or ga-'thered by reaſon, that the exiſtence of virtuous men 'would not be determined by the ſeparation of ſoul and 'body: but they either diſbelieved a future ſtate of pu-'niſhment and miſery; or, upon the ſame account that 'Apelles painted Antigonus with one ſide only towards 'the ſpectator, that the loſs of his eye might not caſt a 'blemiſh upon the whole piece; ſo theſe repreſented the 'condition of man in its faireſt view, and endeavoured 'to conceal what he thought was a deformity to human 'nature. I have often obſerved, that whenever the 'abovementioned orator in his philoſophical diſcourſes is

'led by his argument to the mention of immortality, he 'ſeems like one awaked out of ſleep: rouſed and alarmed 'with the dignity of the ſubject, he ſtretches his imagi- 'nation to conceive ſomething uncommon, and, with 'the greatneſs of his thoughts, caſts, as it were, a 'glory round the ſentence. Uncertain and unſettled as 'he was, he ſeems fixed with the contemplation of it. 'And nothing but ſuch a glorious proſpect could have 'forced ſo great a lover of truth, as he was, to declare 'his reſolution never to part with his perſuaſion of im- 'mortality, though it ſhould be proved to be an errone- 'ous one. But had he lived to ſee all that Chriſtianity 'has brought to light, how would he have laviſhed out 'all the force of eloquence in thoſe nobleſt contempla- 'tions which human nature is capable of, the reſurrec- 'tion and the judgment that follows it? How had his 'breaſt glowed with pleaſure, when the whole compaſs 'of futurity lay open and expoſed to his view? How 'would his imagination have hurried him on in the pur- 'ſuit of the myſteries of the Incarnation? How would 'he have entered with the force of lightning, into the 'affections of his hearers, and fixed their attention, in 'ſpite of all the oppoſition of corrupt nature, upon 'thoſe glorious themes which his eloquence has painted 'in ſuch lively and laſting colours.

'This advantage Chriſtians have; and it was with 'no ſmall pleaſure I lately met with a fragment of Lon- 'ginus, which is preſerved, as a teſtimony of that cri- 'tic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuſcript of 'the New Teſtament in the Vatican Library. After 'that author has numbered up the moſt celebrated ora- 'tors among the Grecians, he ſays, Add to theſe Paul of 'Tarſus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved. 'As a Heathen he condemns the Chriſtian religion; 'and, as an impartial critic, he judges in favour of the 'promoter and preacher of it. To me it ſeems, that 'the latter part of his judgment adds great weight to 'his opinion of St. Paul's abilities, ſince, under all the 'prejudice of opinions directly oppoſite, he is conſtrained

'to

'to acknowledge the merit of that apoſtle. And no 'doubt, ſuch as Longinus deſcribes St. Paul, ſuch he 'appeared to the inhabitants of thoſe countries which 'he viſited and bleſſed with thoſe doctrines he was divine-'ly commiſſioned to preach. Sacred ſtory gives us, in 'one circumſtance, a convincing proof of his eloquence, 'when the men of Lyſtra called him Mercury, becauſe 'he was the chief ſpeaker, and would have paid divine 'worſhip to him, as to the god who invented and preſi-'ded over eloquence. This one account of our apoſtle 'ſets his character, conſidered as an orator only, above 'all the celebrated relations of the ſkill and influence of 'Demoſthenes and his contemporaries. Their power in 'ſpeaking was admired, but ſtill it was thought human: 'their eloquence warmed and raviſhed the hearers, but 'ſtill it was thought the voice of man, not the voice of 'God. What advantage then had St. Paul above thoſe 'of Greece or Rome? I confeſs I can aſcribe this excel-'lence to nothing but the power of the doctrines he deli-'vered, which may have ſtill the ſame influence on the 'hearers; which have ſtlil the power, when preached by 'a ſkilful orator, to make us break out in the ſame ex-'preſſions, as the diſciples, who met our Saviour in their 'way to Emmaus, made uſe of; 'Did not our hearts burn 'within us, when he talked to us by the way, and while 'he opened to us the ſcriptures?' I may be thought bold 'in my judgment by ſome; but I muſt affirm, that no 'one orator has left us ſo viſible marks and footſteps 'of his eloquence as our apoſtle. It may perhaps be 'wondered at, that in his reaſonings upon idolatry at 'Athens, where eloquence was born and flouriſhed, he 'confines himſelf to ſtrict argument only; but my rea-'der may remember what many authors of the beſt cre-'dit have aſſured us, That all attempts upon the affec-'tions and ſtrokes of oratory were expreſsly forbidden 'by the laws of that country, in courts of judicature. 'His want of eloquence therefore here, was the effect of 'his exact conformity to the laws. But his diſcourſe on 'the reſurrection to the Corinthians, his harangue be-

'fore

'fore Agrippa upon his own converſion, and the neceſ-
'ſity of that of others, are truly great, and may ſerve
'as full examples to thoſe excellent rules for the ſublime,
'which the beſt of critics has left us. The ſum of all
'this diſcourſe is, that our clergy have no farther to look
'for an example of the perfection they may arrive at,
'than to St. Paul's harangues; that when he, under the
'want of ſeveral advantages of nature (as he himſelf
'tells us) was heard, admired, and made a ſtandard to
'ſucceeding ages by the beſt judge of a different perſua-
'ſion in religion, I ſay, our clergy may learn, that how-
'ever inſtructive their ſermons are, they are capable of
'receiving a great addition; which St. Paul has given
'them a noble example of, and the Chriſtian religion
'has furniſhed them with certain means of attaining
'to.'

No. DCXXXIV. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17.

Ὁ ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἔοικε θεοῖς.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we reſemble the gods.

IT was the common boaſt of the heathen philoſophers, that by the efficacy of their ſeveral doctrines, they made human nature reſemble the divine. How much miſtaken ſoever they might be in the ſeveral means they propoſed for this end, it muſt be owned that the deſign was great and glorious. The fineſt works of invention and imagination are of very little weight, when put in the balance with what refines and exalts the rational mind. Longinus excuſes Homer very handſomely, when he ſays the poet made his gods like men, that he might make his men appear like the gods: but it muſt be allowed that ſeveral of the ancient philoſophers acted, as Cicero wiſhes Homer had done; they endeavoured rather to make men like gods, than gods like men.

According

According to this general maxim in philoſophy, ſome of them have endeavoured to place men in ſuch a ſtate of pleaſure, or indolence at leaſt, as they vainly imagined the happineſs of the Supreme Being to conſiſt in. On the other hand, the moſt virtuous ſect of philoſophers have created a chimerical wiſe man, whom they made exempt from paſſion and pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him all-ſufficient.

This laſt character when diveſted of the glare of human philoſophy that ſurrounds it, ſignifies no more, than that a good and a wiſe man ſhould ſo arm himſelf with patience, as not to yield tamely to the violence of paſſion and pain; that he ſhould learn ſo to ſuppreſs and contract his deſires as to have few wants; and that he ſhould cheriſh ſo many virtues in his ſoul, as to have a perpetual ſource of pleaſure in himſelf.

The Chriſtian religion requires, that, after having framed the beſt idea, we are able, of the divine nature, it ſhould be our next care to conform ourſelves to it, as far as our imperfections will permit. I might mention ſeveral paſſages in the ſacred writings on this head, to which I might add many maxims and wiſe ſayings of moral authors among the Greeks and Romans.

I ſhall only inſtance a remarkable paſſage, to this purpoſe, out of Julian's Cæſars. That emperor having repreſented all the Roman emperors, with Alexander the Great, as paſſing in review before the gods, and ſtriving for the ſuperiority, lets them all drop, excepting Alexander, Julius Cæſar, Auguſtus Cæſar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Conſtantine. Each of theſe great heroes of antiquity lays in his claim for the upper place; and, in order to it, ſets forth his actions after the moſt advantageous manner. But the gods, inſtead of being dazzled with the luſtre of their actions, enquire, by Mercury, into the proper motive and governing principle that influenced them throughout the whole ſeries of their lives and exploits. Alexander tells them, that his aim was to conquer: Julius Cæſar, that his was to gain the higheſt poſt in his country; Auguſtus, to govern

govern well; Trajan, that his was the ſame as that of Alexander, namely, to conquer. The queſtion, at length, was put to Marcus Aurelius, who replied, with great modeſty, "that it had always been his care to imi-"tate the gods." This conduct ſeems to have gained him the moſt votes and beſt place in the whole aſſembly. Marcus Aurelius being afterwards aſked to explain himſelf, declares, that by imitating the gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the uſe of his underſtanding, and of all other faculties; and, in particular, that it was always his ſtudy to have as few wants as poſſible in himſelf, and to do all the good he could to others.

Among the many methods by which revealed religion has advanced morality, this is one, that it has given us a more juſt and perfect idea of that Being whom every reaſonable creature ought to imitate. The young man, in a heathen comedy, might juſtify his lewdneſs by the example of Jupiter; as, indeed, there was ſcarce any crime that might not be countenanced by thoſe notions of the Deity which prevailed among the common people in the heathen world. Revealed religion ſets forth a proper object for imitation, in that Being who is the pattern, as well as the ſource, of all ſpiritual perfection.

While we remain in this life, we are ſubject to innumerable temptations, which, if liſtened to, will make us deviate from reaſon and goodneſs, the only things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next life we meet with nothing to excite our inclinations that doth not deſerve them. I ſhall therefore diſmiſs my reader with this maxim, viz. "Our happineſs in this "world proceeds from the ſuppreſſion of our deſires, "but in the next world from the gratification of them."

No. DCXXXV. MONDAY, DECEMBER 20.

Sentio te ſedem Hominum ac Domum contemplari; quæ ſi tibi parva (ut eſt) ita videtur, hæc cœleſtia ſemper ſpectato; illa humana contemnito. Cic.

I perceive you contemplate the ſeat and habitation of men; which if it appears as little to you as it really is, fix your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and deſpiſe earthly.

THE following eſſay comes from the ingenious author of the letter upon Novelty, printed in a late Spectator. The notions are drawn from the Platonic way of thinking; but as they contribute to raiſe the mind, and may inſpire noble ſentiments of our own future grandeur and happineſs, I think it well deſerves to be preſented to the public.

IF the univerſe be the creature of an intelligent mind, this mind could have no immediate regard to himſelf in producing it. He needed not to make trial of his omnipotence, to be informed what effects were within his reach: the world as exiſting in his eternal idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into being; and in the immenſe abyſs of his eſſence are contained far brighter ſcenes than will be ever ſet forth to view; it being impoſſible that the great Author of nature ſhould bound his own power by giving exiſtence to a ſyſtem of creatures ſo perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other exertions of his almighty will. Between finite and infinite there is an unmeaſured interval, not to be filled up in endleſs ages; for which reaſon, the moſt excellent of all God's works muſt be equally ſhort of what his power is able to produce as the moſt imperfect, and may be exceeded with the ſame eaſe.

This thought hath made ſome imagine, (what it muſt be confeſſed, is not impoſſible) that the unfathomed ſpace

ſpace is ever teeming with new births, the younger ſtill inheriting a greater perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my preſent view, I ſhall content myſelf with taking notice, that the conſideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the ideal worlds in the divine underſtanding yield a proſpect incomparably more ample, various, and delightful, than any created world can do: and that therefore as it is not to be ſuppoſed that God ſhould make a world merely of inanimate matter, however diverſified; or inhabited only by creatures of no higher an order than brutes; ſo the end for which he deſigned his reaſonable offſpring is the contemplation of his works, the enjoyment of himſelf, and in both to be happy; having, to this purpoſe, endowed them with correſpondent faculties and deſires. He can have no greater pleaſure from a bare review of his works, than from the ſurvey of his own ideas; but we may be aſſured that he is well pleaſed in the ſatisfaction derived to beings capable of it, and for whoſe entertainment he hath erected this immenſe theatre. Is not this more than an intimation of our immortality? Man, who when conſidered as on his probation for a happy exiſtence hereafter, is the moſt remarkable inſtance of divine wiſdom, if we cut him off from all relation to eternity, is the moſt wonderful and unaccountable compoſition in the whole creation. He hath capacities to lodge a much greater variety of knowledge than he will ever be maſter of, and an unſatisfied curioſity to tread the ſecret paths of nature and providence; but, with this, his organs, in their preſent ſtructure, are rather fitted to ſerve the neceſſities of a vile body, than to miniſter to his underſtanding; and from the little ſpot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering gueſſes concerning the innumerable worlds of light that encompaſs him, which, though in themſelves of a prodigious bigneſs, do but juſt glimmer in the remote ſpaces of the heavens; and, when with a great deal of time and pains he hath laboured a little way up the ſteep aſcent of truth, and beholds with pity the groveling multitude beneath, in a

moment

moment, his foot ſlides, and he tumbles down headlong into the grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in juſtice to the Creator of the world, that there is another ſtate when man ſhall be better ſituated for contemplation, or rather have it in his power to remove from object to object, and from world to world; and be accommodated with ſenſes, and other helps, for making the quickeſt and moſt amazing diſcoveries. How doth ſuch a genius as Sir Iſaac Newton, from amidſt the darkneſs that involves human underſtanding, break forth, and appear like one of another ſpecies! The vaſt machine we inhabit lies open to him; he ſeems not unacquainted with the general laws that govern it; and while with the tranſport of a philoſopher he beholds and admires the glorious work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational homage to his Maker. But alas! how narrow is the proſpect even of ſuch a mind? and how obſcure to the compaſs that is taken in by the ken of an angel; or of a ſoul but newly eſcaped from its impriſonment in the body! For my part I freely indulge my ſoul in the confidence of its future grandeur; it pleaſes me to thing that I who know ſo ſmall a portion of the works of the Creator, and with ſlow and painful ſteps creep up and down on the ſurface of this globe, ſhall ere long ſhoot away with the ſwiftneſs of imagination, trace out the hidden ſprings of nature's operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career, be a ſpectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds, viſit the ſeveral apartments of the creation, know how they are furniſhed and how inhabited, comprehend the order, and meaſure the magnitudes and diſtances of thoſe orbs, which to us ſeem diſpoſed without any regular deſign, and ſet all in the ſame circle; obſerve the dependence of the parts of each ſyſtem, and (if our minds are big enough to graſp the theory) of the ſeveral ſyſtems upon one another, from whence reſults the harmony of the univerſe. In eternity a great deal may be done of this

kind. I find it of uſe to cheriſh this generous ambition; for beſides the ſecret refreſhment it diffuſes through my ſoul, it engages me in an endeavour to improve my faculties, as well as to exerciſe them conformably to the rank I now hold among reaſonable beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted ſtation.

The other, and that the ultimate end of man, is the enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a wiſh. Dim at beſt are the conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his creatures in ſuſpenſe, neither diſcovering, nor hiding himſelf; by which means, the libertine hath a handle to diſpute his exiſtence, while the moſt are content to ſpeak him fair, but in their hearts prefer every trifling ſatisfaction to the favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good man for the ſingularity of his choice. Will there not a time come when the free-thinker ſhall ſee his impious ſchemes overturned, and be made a convert to the truths he hates; when deluded mortals ſhall be convinced of the folly of their purſuits, and the few wiſe who followed the guidance of Heaven, and, ſcorning the blandiſhments of ſenſe and the ſordid bribery of the world, aſpired to a celeſtial abode, ſhall ſtand poſſeſſed of their utmoſt wiſh in the viſion of the Creator? Here the mind heaves a thought now and then towards him, and hath ſome tranſient glances of his preſence: When, in the inſtant it thinks itſelf to have the faſteſt hold, the object eludes its expectation, and it falls back tired and baffled to the ground. Doubtleſs there is ſome more perfect way of converſing with heavenly beings. Are not ſpirits capable of mutual intelligence, unleſs immerſed in bodies, or by their intervention? Muſt ſuperior natures depend on inferior for the main privilege of ſociable beings, that of converſing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had matter never been created? I ſuppoſe, not have lived in eternal ſolitude. As incorporeal ſubſtances are of a nobler order, to be ſure, their manner of intercourſe is anſwerably

ably more expedite and intimate. This method of communication, we call intellectual vision, as somewhat analogous to the sense of seeing, which is the medium of our acquaintance with this visible world. And in some such way can God make himself the object of immediate intuition to the blessed; and as he can, it is not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the circumstances of doing it, to the weakness and proportion of finite minds. His works but faintly reflect the image of his perfections, it is a second-hand knowledge: To have a just idea of him, it may be necessary that wee see him as he is. But what is that? It is something that never entered into the heart of man to conceive; yet, what we can easily conceive, will be a fountain of unspeakable, of everlasting rapture. All created glories will fade and die away in his presence. Perhaps it will be my happiness to compare the world with the fair exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original plan of those wise designs that have been executing in a long succession of ages. Thus employed in finding out his works, and contemplating their Author, how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my body swallowed up in the immensity of matter, my mind in the infinitude of his perfections!

THE INDEX.

A.

ACTIONS, principles of, two in man, N. 588. Adulterers, how punished by the Primitive Christians, N. 579.
Aglaïs, his story told by Cowley, N. 610.
Ambition, various kinds of it, N. 570. Laudable, 613
Anacharsis, the Corinthian drunkard, a saying of his, N. 569.
Ancestry, how far honour is to be paid to it, N. 612.
Answers to several letters at once, N. 581, and 619.
Antipathies, a letter about them, N. 609.
Anxieties, unnecessary, the evil of them and the vanity of them, N. 615.
Applause and censure should not mislead us, N. 610.
Araspas and Panthea, their story out of Xenophon, N. 564.
Aristippus, his saying of content, N. 574.
Augustus, his saying of mourning for the dead, N. 575.

B.

BACON Flitch, at Wichenovre in Staffordshire, who are entitled to it, N. 607. Several demands for it, N. 608.
Bantam, ambassador of, his letter to his master about the English, N. 557.
Baxter, what a blessing he had, N. 598.
Benevolence treated of, N. 601.
Beneficence, the pleasure of it, N. 588. A discourse of it, N. 601.
Bion, his saying of a greedy search after happiness, N. 574.
Blank, his letter to the Spectator about his family, N. 563.
Bonosus, the drunken Briton, a saying of him after he had hanged himself, N. 569.
Burlesque authors the delight of ordinary readers, N. 616, and 625.
Burlesque humour, N. 616.
Busy world, N. 624.

C.

CACOETHES, or itch of writing, an epidemical distemper, N. 582.

Calamities, whimſical ones, N. 558.
Calumny, the great offence of it, N. 594. Rules againſt it by the Fathers of la Trape, *ibid.*
Caſes in love anſwered, N. 614.
Cato, an inſtance of his probity, N. 557.
Cave of Trophonius, ſeveral people put into it to be mended, N. 599.
Cenſure and applauſe ſhould not miſlead us, N. 610.
Chancery-court, why erected, N. 564.
Chaſtity, how prized by the Heathens, N. 579.
Cherubims, what the Rabbins ſay they they are, N. 600.
Chit-chat club's letter to the Spectator, N. 560.
Chriſtianity, the only ſyſtem that can produce content, N. 574. How much above Philoſophy, N. 634.
Cleanlineſs, the praiſe of it, N. 631.
Clergymen, the vanity of ſome, in wearing ſcarfs, N. 609.
Coach, ſtage, its company, N. 631.
Content, how deſcribed by a Roſicruſian, N. 574. The virtue of it, *ibid.*
Country-gentlemen, advice to them about ſpending their time, N. 583. Memoirs of the life of one, N. 622.
Cowley, Mr. his deſcription of heaven, N. 590. His ſtory of Aglaïs, 610. His ambition, 613.
Crazy, a man thought ſo by reading Milton aloud, N. 577.
Critics, modern ones, ſome errors of theirs about plays, N. 592.
Cyrus, how he try'd a young lord's virtue, N. 564.

D.

DISCRETION abſolutely neceſſary in a good huſband, N. 607.
Diſtempers, difficult to change them for the better, N. 599.
Divine nature, our narrow conceptions of it, N. 565. Its omnipreſence and omniſcience, *ibid.*
Dreams, a diſcourſe of them, N. 593, and 597. Several extravagant ones, *ibid.* Of Trophonius Cave, 599.
Drunkard, a character of one, N. 569. Is a monſter, *ibid.*

Drunkenneſs, the ill effects of it, N, 569. What Seneca and Publius Syrius ſaid of it, *ibid.*

Dryden, Mr. his tranſlation of Iapis's cure of Æneas, out of Virgil, N. 572. Of Æneas's ſhips being turned to goddeſſes, N. 589. His cock's ſpeech to dame Partlet, N. 621.

Dumb conjurer's letter to the Spectator, N. 560.

E.

EDGAR, king, an amour of his, N. 605.

Egotiſm, the vanity of it condemned, N. 562. A young fellow very guilty of it, *ibid.*

Egyptians tormented with the plague of darkneſs, N. 615.

Eloquence of beggars, N. 613.

Engliſh, a character of them by a great preacher, N. 557. By the Bantam ambaſſador, *ibid.* A diſtemper they are very much afflicted with, 582.

Epiſtolary poetry, the two kinds of ſtyles, N. 618.

Erratum, a ſad one committed in printing the bible. N. 579.

Eternity, an eſſay upon it, N. 590. Part is to come, 628. Speech in Cato on it, tranſlated into Latin, *ib.*

F.

FACES, every man ſhould be pleaſed with his own, N. 559.

Fadlallah, his ſtory out of the Perſian tales, N. 578.

Family madneſs in pedigrees, N. 612.

Fancy, her character, N. 558. her calamities, *ibid.*

Favours, Ladies, not to be boaſted of, N. 611.

Fear, how neceſſary it is to ſubdue it, N. 615.

Fellow of a college, a wiſe ſaying of one about poſterity, N. 583.

Flattery, how grateful, N. 621.

Fontenelle, his ſaying of the ambitious and covetous, N. 576.

Free-thinkers put into Trophonius's cave, N. 599.

Fritilla's Dream, N. 597.

Funnel, Will, the toper, his character, N. 569.

Futurity, the ſtrong inclination man has to know it, N. 604. A weakneſs, *ibid.* The miſery of knowing it, *ibid.*

G.

GENEALOGY, a letter about it, N. 612.
Gladio's dream, N. 597.
God, a contemplation of his omnipreſence and omniſcience, N. 555. He cannot be abſent from us, *ibid.* Conſiderations on his ubiquity, 571.
Grotto, verſes on one, N. 632.
Gyges and Aglaüs, their ſtory, N. 610.

H.

HAMADRYADS, the fable of them to the honour of trees, N. 589.
Happineſs of ſouls in heaven treated of, N. 600. An argument that God has aſſigned us for it, *ibid.*
Hearts, a viſion of them, N. 587.
Heaven, its glory, N. 580. Deſcribed by Mr. Cowley, 590. The notions ſeveral nations have of it, 600. What Dr. Tillotſon ſays of it, *ibid.*
Hermit, his ſaying to a lewd young fellow, N. 575.
Heroiſm, an eſſay upon it, N. 601.
Hilpa, the Chineſe antediluvian princeſs, her ſtory, N. 584. Her letter to Shalum, 585.
Hiſtory, ſecret, an odd way of writing one, N. 619
Hobbes's notions debaſe human nature, N. 588.
Humour, the two extremes, N. 617. Burleſque, 616. Pedantic, 617.
Hunting reproved, N. 583.
Huſbands: rules for marrying them by the widow club, N. 561. Qualities neceſſary to make good ones, 607.

I.

IAPIS's cure of Æneas, a tranſlation of Virgil, by Mr. Dryden, N. 572.
Idle world, N. 624.
Jeſt, how it ſhould be uttered, N. 616.
Initial letters, the uſe party-writers make of them, N. 567. An inſtance of it, *ibid.* Criticiſms upon it, 568.
Integrity, great care to be taken of it, N. 557.
Intrepidity of a juſt good man taken from Horace, N. 615.
John a Nokes and John a Stiles, their petition, N. 577.

Iriſh gentlemen, widow-hunters, N. 561.
Ladas the Spartan, his valour, N. 564.
Julian the emperor, an excellent paſſage out of his Caſars relating to the imitation of the gods, N. 634.
Jupiter, his firſt proclamation about griefs and calamities, N. 558. His ſecond, *ibid.* His juſt diſtribution of them, 559.
Juſtice, the Spartans famous for it, N. 564.

L.

LADIES, not to mind party, N. 607.
Laughter indecent in any religious aſſembly, N. 630.
Leſbia's letter to the Spectator, giving an account how ſhe was deluded by her lover, N. 611.
Letter from the Bantam ambaſſador to his maſter about the Engliſh, N. 557. From the dumb conjuror to the Spectator, 560. From the chit-chat club, *ibid.* From Oxford about his recovering his ſpeech, *ibid.* From Frank Townly, *ibid.* About the widow's club, 561. From Blank about his family, 563. About an angry huſband, *ibid.* From Will Warly, about military education, 566. From an half-pay officer about a widow, *ibid.* From Peter Puſh on the ſame ſubject, *ibid.* Againſt quacks, 572. From the preſident of the widows club, 573. From a man taken to be mad for reading poetry aloud, 577. A ſecond letter about the ubiquity of the godhead, 580. Several anſwered at once, 581. From Conſtantio Spec, *ibid.* From Amanda Lovelength, *ibid.* From Shalum the Chineſe to the princeſs Hilpa, before the Flood, 584. From Hilpa to Shalum, 585. From John Shadow, at Oxford, about reflecting at night on the paſt day's actions, 586. About a viſion of hearts, 587. About planting, 589. From John Shadow about dreams, 593. Of inconſiſtent metaphors, 595. From Jeremy Lovemore, with an account of his life, 596. About making love, 602. From Fanny Fickle, 605. From an aunt about her niece's idleneſs, 606. About the vanity of ſome clergymens wearing ſcarfs, 609. From Tom Nimble, about antipathies, *ibid.* From Cleora againſt the ladies worſt, *ibid.* From Leſbia a deluded lady, 611. About genealogy, 612.

From Will Hopeleſs about ambition, 613. From the Temple about beggars eloquence, *ibid.* From Monimia to recover a loſt lover, *ibid.* From a country wit in the burleſque way, 616. From a pedant in his pedantic way on the ſame ſubject, 617. About the ſtyles of letters, 618. Anſwers to ſeveral, 619. About flattery, 621. From the love-caſuiſt about the widows tenure, and the black ram, 623. From the ſame about love-queries, 625. From one who recommended himſelf for a newſmonger, *ibid.* About the force of novelty, 626. About a croſſed lover, 627. About eternity to come, 628. About church muſic, 630. About the rattling club's getting into church, *ibid.*

Life, eternal, what we ought to be moſt ſolicitous about, N. 575. Man's not worth his care, *ibid.* Valuable only as it prepares for another, *ibid.*

Love-caſuiſt, ſome inſtruction of his, N. 591, 607.

Lover, an account of the life of one, 596. A croſſed one retires, 627.

M.

MAHOMETANS, their cleanlineſs, N. 631.

Marcia's prayer in Cato, N. 593.

Memoirs of a private country-gentleman's life, N. 622.

Man, the two views he is to be conſidered in, N. 588. An active being, 624. His ultimate end, *ibid.*

Merry part of the world amiable, N. 598.

Meſſiah, the Jews miſtaken notion of his worldly grandeur, N. 610.

Metaphors, when vicious, N. 595. An inſtance of it, *ibid.*

Military education, a letter about it, N. 566.

Miſchief rather to be ſuffered than an inconvenience, N. 564.

Montaigne, fond of ſpeaking of himſelf, N. 562. Scaliger's ſaying of him, *ibid.*

Muſic, church, recommended, N. 630.

Muſician, burleſque, an account of one, N. 570.

N.

NEEDLEWORK recommended to ladies, N. 606. A letter from Cleora againſt it, 609.

News,

News, the pleaſure of it, 625.
Newton (Sir Iſaac) his noble way of conſidering infinite ſpace, N. 564.
Night, a clear one deſcribed, N. 565. Whimſically deſcribed by William Ramſey, 582.
No, a word of uſe to women in love matters, N. 625.
Novelty, the force of it, N. 626.

O.

OBSCURITY, more illuſtrious than grandeur, 622.
Orator, what requiſite to form one, N. 633.
Ovid, his verſes on making love at the theatre, tranſlated by Mr. Dryden, N. 602. How to ſucceed in his manner, 618.

P.

PASSIONS, the work of a philoſopher to ſubdue them, N. 564. Inſtances of their power, *ibid.*
Patience, her power, N. 559.
Pedantic humour, N. 617.
Penelope's web, the ſtory of it, N. 606.
Perſon, the word defined by Mr. Locke, 578.
Petition of John a Nokes and John a Stiles, N. 577.
Petition from a cavalier for a place, with his pretences to it, N. 629.
Phebe and Colin, an original poem, N. 603.
Philoſophers (Pagan) their boaſt of exalting human nature, N. 634.
Pittacus, a wiſe ſaying of his about riches, N. 574.
Pity, the reaſonableneſs of it, N. 588.
Places, unreaſonableneſs of party pretences to them, 629.
Planting recom. to country-gentlemen, 583. Again 589.
Plato's ſaying of labour, N. 624.
Playhouſe, how improved in ſtorms, N. 592.
Politicians, the miſchief they do, N. 556. Some at the Royal Exchange, N. 568.
Puſs, ſpeculations on an old and a young one, N. 626.
Pythagoras, his advice to his ſcholars about examining at night what they had done in the day, N. 586.

Q.

QUERIES in love anſwered, N. 625.
Queſtion, a curious one by a ſchoolman about the choice of preſent and future happineſs and miſery, N. 575.
Quid-nunc (Tho.) letters to the Spectator on news, 625.

Quacks, an eſſay againſt them, N. 573.

R.

RAKE, a character of one, N. 576.
Rattling club got into the church, N. 630.
Ramſey (Wm.) the aſtrologer, deſcript. of night, 582.
Revelation, what light it gives into the joys of heaven, 600
Revenge of a Spaniſh lady on a man who boaſted of her favours, 611.
Roſicruſian, a pretended diſcovery made by one, N. 574.
Royal Progreſs, a poem. N. 620.

S.

ST. Paul's eloquence, N. 633.
Satire, whole duty of man turned into one, N. 568.
Scarfs, vanity of ſome clergymen wearing them, 609.
Scribblers, the moſt offenſive, N. 582.
Self-love, the narrowneſs and danger of it, N. 588.
Seneca, his ſaying of drunkenneſs, N. 569.
Shakeſpear, his excellence, N. 562.
Shalum the Chineſe, his letter to the princeſs Hilpa before the Flood, N. 584.
Sight (Second) in Scotland, N. 604.
Singularity, when a virtue, N. 576. An inſtance of it, in a north-country gentleman, *ibid.*
Socrates, his ſaying of misfortunes, N. 558.
Space (infinite) Sir Iſaac Newton's noble way of conſidering it, N. 564.
Spartan juſtice, an inſtance of it, N. 564.
Spectator breaks a fifty years ſilence, N. 556. How he recovered his ſpeech, *ibid.* His politics, *ibid.* Loquacity, *ibid.* Of no party, *ibid.* A calamity of his, 558. Critics upon him, 568. He ſleeps as well as wakes for the public, 599. His dream of Trophonius's cave, *ibid.* Why the eighth volume publiſhed, 632.
Spleen, its effects, N. 558.
Stars, a contemplation of them, N. 565.
Sublime in writing, what it is, N. 592.
Syncopiſts, modern ones, N. 567
Syracuſan prince, jealous of his wife, how he uſed her, 579

T.

TEMPER (ſerious) the advantage of it, N. 598.

Tender

Tender hearts, an entertainment for them, N. 627.
Tenure, the moſt ſlippery in England, N. 623.
Thales, his ſaying of truth and falſehood, N. 594.
Theatre, of making love there, N. 602.
Torre in Devonſh. unchaſte widows puniſhed there, 614.
Townly, Frank, his letter to the Spectator, N. 560
Tully praiſes himſelf, N. 562. What he ſaid of the immortality of the ſoul, 588. Of uttering a jeſt, 616. Of the force of novelty, 626. What he required in his orator, 633.

V.

UBIQUITY of the godhead conſidered, N. 571. farther conſiderations about it, 580.
Verſes by a deſpairing lover, N. 591. On Phebe and Colin, 603. Tranſlation of verſes pedantic out of Italian, 617. The royal progreſs, 620. To Mrs. ——— on her grotto, 632.
Vice as laborious as virtue, N. 624.
Viſion of human miſery, N. 604.
Vulcan's dogs, the fable of them, N. 579.

W.

WEST-ENBORNE in Berkſhire, a cuſtom for widows, N. 614. What lord Coke ſaid of the widows tenure there, 623.
Wichenovre bacon flitch, in Staffordſhire, who intitled to it, N. 607.
Whole duty of man, that book turned into a ſatire, 568.
Widows club, an account of it, N. 561. A letter from the preſident of it to the Spectator about her ſuitors, 573. Duty of widows in old times, 606. A cuſtom to puniſh unchaſte ones in Berkſhire and Devonſhire, 614. Inſtances of their riding the black ram there, 623.
Writing, the difficulty of it to avoid cenſure, N. 568.
Work neceſſary for women, N. 606.

X.

XENOPHON, his account of Cyrus's trying the virtue of a young lord, N. 564.

Z.

ZEMROUDE, queen, her ſtory out of the Perſian tales, N. 578.